

THE AUSTRALIAN OVER 300,000 COPIES Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Vol. III. No. 39.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for
transmission by post as a newspaper.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1936.

64 PAGES.

PRICE 3d E.B. 1936

SYDNEY

OF NEW SOUTH WALES



Autumn Mood



SLURS On OUR DAVIS CUP TEAM

Jack Crawford's Indignant Denial of "Slacking" "No NEED for those TABOOS"

Jack Crawford, Australia's tennis idol and Davis Cup star, is rightly jealous of the reputation of Davis Cup teams. At the moment, he feels that reputation is suffering from inferences being drawn by the public from recently-published statements of the team's manager, Mr. Cliff Sproule. These inferences, he contends, place a serious slur on the conduct of teams of previous years.

"No slacking... no wild parties... no spirits." Mr. Sproule's taboos on these and other points have been publicly broadcast in such a way that members of the team fear that most people have gathered the impression that there has been looseness in these matters in the past.

In this article, specially written for The Australian Women's Weekly, Crawford hits back. He indignantly denies that there ever has been any justification for casting reflections on the team—inferentially or otherwise.

By JACK CRAWFORD

As a member of six Davis Cup teams I strongly resent the inferences that have been woven into many of the Press reports on the training scheme adopted for the 1936 tour. I am not thin-skinned, but there were two major inferences to be drawn:

- (1) That previous teams did not train conscientiously or refrain from indulgence in spirituous liquor and wild parties.
- (2) That on some tours there was dissension between players and manager.

I give an emphatic denial to both.

By the time this is published we will be in camp at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, and all eager to faithfully follow out the schedule organised by the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia.

Never Shirked

BUT what I want to make clear to the tennis-loving public is that we have never shirked, or attempted to shirk, the responsibilities we have known to be ours as representatives of Australia.

The only differences this year are that we will be doing our training to a set schedule and that circumstances have made it possible for us to have a month together before we leave Australia.

On previous trips we have always paid strict attention to training, but it was not organised. I can honestly say—and



CLIFF SPROULE, player-manager of the 1936 Davis Cup team, whose remarks on the training of the team have caused a sensation.

I'm not trying to assume any mantle of virtue—that the only occasions on which I neglected to do my daily training on the boat were when I was ill with asthma.

On the 1933 trip I was taken bad a week after we left Sydney, and was naturally forced to avoid strenuous exertion and finally had to leave the boat at Toulon. I think it was the same trip that Quist was laid up for a day or two with asthma, also.

However, other than those rare occasions, each member of each team conscientiously did his training quite apart

from taking part most energetically in the deck games.

It is interesting to note that we travelled on the same boat as the Australian cricketers in 1934, and they were quite astonished at the time we spent training. Other than the usual deck games the cricketers did little or no training.

In conclusion of this part of my contention, I can very definitely say that no Australian tennis player to my knowledge has landed overseas in any but really good physical condition.

As regards drinking, the inferences are most unjust. I enjoy a glass of lager, and so does Don Turnbull. Viv McGrath's limit is an occasional shandy, and once in a while Adrian Quist follows suit. At no time have the players ever indulged in spirits.

Wild parties have been mentioned, but they are only myths of some fertile imagination. We have been entertained, and entertained well. But at no time have we overstepped the mark in any



JACK CRAWFORD, Australia's Davis Cup star, who strenuously denies any imputations gathered from remarks regarding the training of himself and other members of the team. —Women's Weekly photos.

SISTERS Mix Millinery with WATER-DIVINING

Help Farmers to Make Money to Buy Wives More Hats

There is a millinery and dressmaking establishment at Leeton (N.S.W.) which mixes hats and dresses with water-divining, to the pleasure and profit of the proprietors, Misses Bertha and Alexandrina Thomas, and the farmers in the dry areas of the district.

It is quite a common sight to see a utility truck pull up outside the shop and when the farmer enters the sisters put away their needles and cotton and make themselves available in their professional capacity as water-diviners. For they are anxious that the farmer's wife should be able to spend more on hats and dresses. And that is what the locating of hidden water means.

WHEN seen by a Special Commissioner of The Australian Women's Weekly, Miss Alexandrina Thomas told how years ago, in their home town of Shepparton, Victoria, she and her sister, Bertha, discovered that they possessed the uncanny gift of being able to detect subterranean streams by means of green twigs.

"As children," said Miss Thomas, "we got quite a lot of fun out of the fact that when strolling over paddocks with a green twig held in a peculiar manner we experienced the uncanny feeling of the pull of the divining rod."

"When we grew up, a Shepparton farmer named Phillips asked my sister and me to visit his farm and try out our powers of water-divining. Despite that, he felt sure there was no underground water on his property."

"The task was not a difficult one, for within a few minutes we located permanent water. A well was put down close to the homestead, and at sixteen feet permanent water was struck. Months later we visited the farm and had the pleasure of eating strawberries and cream. The berries were grown in a new kitchen garden made possible by OUR well."

"When news of our success at Phillips' place became known, many offers came from owners of dry tracts outside the district in which we lived. One of the most humorous incidents of those early days was a visit to Holohan's farm."

"Holohan's house was built at a spot where there was no surface water, and he invited us more out of curiosity than anything else. Noticing a nicely-laid-

out tennis court, my sister said: 'It would be funny to find a stream under your lovely tennis court!' At which the farmer said he'd pretty soon shift the tennis court if water were located beneath."

"As my sister and I crossed the court the twigs dipped, and we plotted the stream as running right across the court with the point nearest the surface right in the centre of the court. The divining rod was correct, and very little sinking brought good permanent water."

Fame Spreads

WHEN we came to Leeton in the Irrigation Area, we had no intention of doing any divining, but settled down to the more prosaic business of millinery and costumes. But it was not for long. One day there came into the shop a man who said: 'A fellow from Shepparton tells me you girls can find water. I've got a block out there near Barellan, which only wants decent water to make it valuable. Put away those needles and scissors, and come out and have a look at it.'

"We did so, and in a few hours indicated three spots where we considered it would be worth while sinking. Two of these spots were explored, and now excellent wells exist on both of them. Water was found at less than 15 feet in each case. A deep well is being sunk at the third location, and indications are that it also will give good water."

But though jobs of water-divining are coming to the sisters more frequently as time goes on, they have not yet considered closing up their millinery business.

'Little Man—What Now?'

Next Week's Free Novel

HANS FALLADA's story, "Little Man What Now?" will be the free novel offered with next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly. It is a beautiful story, tragic in parts, but always human, authentic and sincere.

Perhaps no contemporary novelist has created such a pathetic figure as Pionneberg, the "little man" of the story, and his reactions to life. "Bunny," the wife, is also a wonderful piece of literary portraiture. She is the essence of sweet womanliness, shrewd, clever and understanding.

The novel is not a transcript of the film story, but the original book presented in all its glowing warmth, and reasoned appreciation of the trials of the little men of the world, who tell their story through the hero, Pionneberg.

way, and the players have been very strict in avoiding all entertainments before important matches or tournaments.

Jealous of Good Name

THE six teams I have been away with were managed by Gerald Patterson, Jim Willard, Jack Clemenger, Stan Youdale (twice), and Don Turnbull. I challenge anyone to prove there has ever been friction between these gentlemen and the players. That I have enjoyed all these trips has been largely due to understanding management. Without it no tour would be enjoyable to anyone.

I hope I have not painted too solemnly a picture. What I have tried to convey is that we have been hands of normal young chaps and good cobbers. We realised we were representatives of Australia and as such have always endeavored to conduct ourselves in a fitting manner both on and off the courts.

That is why such unjust inferences as have been drawn get me a little hot under the collar.



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Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Hilary Miller

LOOKS BACK FOR 25 YEARS

MR. RAYMOND LONGFORD, producer for the new Mastercraft Film Corporation, looks back over 25 years of film production in Australia. In 1911 he produced "The Fatal Wedding" for Spencer's Pictures, and in 1916 made the original "Milkyn on the Bounty," with Mr. George Cross, now casting director for Cinesound, in the leading role.

The late Nellie Stewart starred for Mr. Longford in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" in 1914, and Mr. Harry Thomas in "The Silence of Dean Maitland."

With the advent of talkies, Mr. Longford visited the Continent and studied film production both in Germany and in England. Since his return he has been associated with Mr. E. T. Thring, who is the managing director of Mastercraft.



—Norton Trevelick

FLYING ENTHUSIAST

MR. WYNDHAM PIKE commenced to fly way back in 1916, and ever since has been one of the greatest enthusiasts in Queensland for the advancement of civil aviation.

As official examiner for all "A" class licences in Brisbane for the Civil Aviation Department, Mr. Pike is widely known throughout the flying world. He has been a member of the Royal Queensland Aero Club since 1919 and has won many races with his own Moth machine.

Chairman of the Flying School sub-committee, he is a live spark in the progress of the Royal Queensland Aero Club. He has a Royal Queensland Aero Club's licence, a "B" class commercial pilot's licence, a "C" licence for Inspector of Aircraft, and a "D" licence for the engineers, and is studying now for a "C" class navigator's licence.



MOST POPULAR PADRE

THE VERY REV. HUGH RICHARD LAWRIE SHEPPARD, Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, since 1934, who is known to thousands as Dick Sheppard, is reported to be England's most popular padre.

A chaplain in France during the war, he has since inaugurated wireless church services, and started the practice of throwing open church crypts for the benefit of down-and-outs.

Perhaps the greatest tribute ever paid to a man was when an American left him £20,000 in appreciation of his work.

EDUCATE for Living AS WELL as LIVELIHOOD

Striking Review of Trends in English and Australian Schools

Our schools should educate for living as well as livelihood, contends the author of this article, Mr. G. A. Fisher, Australian public-school master, who has just returned from a twelve months' tour abroad, studying the educational systems of England and the Continent.

He draws attention to the growing importance of cultural and scientific subjects, vocational training, sports and games, and shows also how certain schools of Europe are being used to regiment school-children along militaristic lines.

By G. A. FISHER, B.A., B.Sc.

Science Master, Sydney Church of England Grammar School.

POST-WAR England has seen many changes, and not the least important of these has been in education.

There has been a great awakening also on the Continent, but for some queer psychological reason there was a lag in British progress. Perhaps this is not quite a fair statement, because Scotland has always been to the fore in educational matters.

The secret of Scotland's success is one that interests us particularly in Australia, for she arrived very early at a democratic educational system. She adopted a form of compulsory education for all, and gave equal chances of advancement to rich and poor alike.

This was not applicable to the system in England, but it is so now, and any boy may now move from log-cabin to White House.

It is the great growth of the "secondary" schools (these are other than the "public" schools and correspond to our State High Schools) and Technical Colleges which has brought this about. They are producing scholars who vie with those from the old foundations, especially in science and mathematics. In languages, more especially in classics, the public schools of the Eton, Harrow, Shrewsbury type still are supreme.



A BEAUTIFUL GLIMPSE of one of Australia's most famous schools—King's School, Parramatta, N.S.W. Seen through the drooping willows it rivals the ancient charm of English schools.



A TYPICAL ENGLISH school house in Elizabethan style. This is Olsham's Hall at Shrewsbury. There are twelve school houses and six other fine buildings surrounding beautiful grounds.

Incidentally, Shrewsbury, founded in 1551, swept the University scholarship board for over 100 years, and is still maintaining this famous record.

Technical Training

THE Technical Colleges, too, are becoming a highly-developed branch of the English educational system. There are prominent educationists like Lord Eustace Percy, once Minister for Education, who are particularly keen on developing not only the technical side of these colleges, but the social side as well.

All types of vocational schools are well established and, undoubtedly, there is a whole-hearted endeavor to give the people as a whole every possible opportunity.

You may ask why has this progress been so tardy. That is a question as difficult to answer as the one concerning slum clearance. There was "delayed action" in this, chiefly due to lack of imagination and organisation. Why have the British a genius for colonisation? Possibly partly because of their sense of fair play. This sense is now being organised in their approach to the nation's educational problems. Of course, the public schools have always been the pride of England and the envy of other nations.

Incidentally, Germany has just established twelve boarding schools on the lines of the English public schools. Previously she had no boarding schools or University colleges, as we in Australia and England know them.

But the old idea of regimentation has already crept into these new schools, and they are failing to develop the very characteristics for which the English public school is so famous.

The outstanding character of these public schools is a mellowed efficiency consequent on long-established traditions and generous endowments. Spacious grounds, finely-equipped buildings, and large staffs are tremendous assets in the educational game.

Big Changes

THE important changes in education in the last few years can be summed up under three main headings. Firstly, a great drive in cultural subjects such as music and art.

Secondly, the advance of a more comprehensive approach to science, especially biology and geography. The last-mentioned subject has been a badly taught one for years, and our Australian schools give a much sounder grounding.

Geography in England is now a specialist's subject, and degrees are given in this subject. It is sometimes pathetic to find abroad such geographical vagueness. Australia is not really a part of China, and some of the inhabitants are white!

The third development is that of physical culture, but this does not interest us in Australia so much, because we have a well-developed physical type. The open-air life, plenty of sun, and the absence of foggy winters have been our blessings. The short winter days

in Europe send the boys indoors much more, and they are generally wider readers than our boys. The Scandinavian countries, and also Italy and Germany, have been to the fore in this cult of the physical.

The examination question is a big problem, and in England there is still some chaos. There is not as much "examining" there as here, but it exists.

Handicrafts of all types have been developed in all schools, both primary and secondary. Pupils do excellent work in leather, metal, and wood. Pot-

We in Australia should think more about these questions between our surfing and picture-going. Just as the standard of reading has been improved in late years by better and bigger libraries, so can the general taste in other matters be improved. It isn't being "highbrow," but is rather a form of growth.

Our schools do not use the wireless enough, nor even good gramophone records illustrating good music and suitably interpreted.

We hold our own in many things, and are supreme in a few, but our standards of values are shaky. It is up to the schools to correct this, and to educate for living as well as livelihood.

THE MAIN building at Shrewsbury School, the history of which goes back to February, 1551, when Edward VI granted a charter for its foundation.

tery and sculpture are also done.

All these schools have made a strong point of drawing, a subject we think of here as being "girly." But the idea is twofold—to help those who think best with their hands, and to educate for leisure and through recreation.

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AND NOW—THE *Greatest* SURPRISE of ALL!

When The Australian Women's Weekly Launches The New Telegraph

Splendid Modern Morning Newspaper!

One of the things that readers of The Australian Women's Weekly often remark about is the fact that nearly every issue contains a delightful surprise.

Now the management of this paper is about to give to its readers, and to the people of New South Wales, one of the greatest surprises of newspaper history.

Not long ago we announced that this management had bought The Telegraph. Plans for taking over this paper are now nearing completion: it will soon be transformed into the most brilliant daily paper in Australia.

AUSTRALIANS are great sportsmen; they like to see records broken; they like to see big achievements; they like a good fight. When The Telegraph comes into the control of The Australian Women's Weekly, they will see all this.

Ideas to be incorporated in the new Telegraph will be the result of extensive study of modern newspapers all over the world. To secure experienced and capable editors, journalists, artists, and photographers, we have not hesitated to obtain the services of men occupying the highest positions on leading Australian

newspapers. Brilliant Australians who have made a world-reputation in journalism have been induced to leave London or America and return to their native land to exercise their talents under our banner.

Spectacular Results

THE launching of The Australian Women's Weekly effected a revolution in women's journalism in Australia. Until the advent of this paper no attempt had been made to provide comprehensive news and services of special interest to women.

We do not have to remind our readers of the way in which our lead was followed. One of the most spectacular

results was that it broke down the century-old tradition of the "Sydney Morning Herald," which forthwith decided to bring out a free women's supplement in its Thursday's paper.

Other daily and weekly papers have since then greatly increased the amount of space they devoted to women's news.

The net result has been an enormous advance in the general entering of news and service features for women. This is all to the good, and this paper is proud of its achievement in its pioneering enterprise.

We have not feared competition, for no limitation is quite as good as the original. A series of journalistic innovations in The Australian Women's



MR. GEORGE W. WARNECKE, Editor-in-Chief of The Australian Women's Weekly, who has just spent a year abroad studying the latest newspaper methods.

Weekly has kept this paper pre-eminent in its own field. It now has the greatest circulation of any paper in Australia.

Week after week the Australian Women's Weekly has had surprises for its readers—the free novel, film section, film competition, our correspondents at the Abyssinian War, our book schemes. These are but a few. Plans that already run a long way into the future provide for good things to come that are just as spectacular.

To-day, once again, there is sensational activity in the office of the "Sydney Morning Herald," and plans are being hastily prepared there to meet the competition of the new Telegraph when it comes out under the control of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Public Will Benefit

THIS recognition by the "Sydney Morning Herald" that the new Telegraph is as likely to outlive all other daily papers in interest as The Australian Women's Weekly has out-distanced all its imitators, is, of course, a tribute to the prestige now enjoyed by The Australian Women's Weekly.

Journalism has made wonderful advances in recent years. Now that it is known that The Australian Women's Weekly management is to launch the

Telegraph as an absolutely modern newspaper, the result is sure to be followed with interest by the whole community and particularly by the 300,000 readers of The Australian Women's Weekly in New South Wales.

Competition Welcomed

WE welcome competition. We have not the slightest fear of being out-distanced by any competitor. We know that the new Telegraph will rapidly take its place with the Premier daily newspapers of Australia, just as The Australian Women's Weekly has established itself as Australia's greatest newspaper for women.

This was not intended to be an article about The Australian Women's Weekly. It was intended to be a preliminary announcement about the big changes in The Telegraph.

But the clearest way of letting our readers know what we have in mind about The Telegraph seemed to be to recall some of the promises we have carried out to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Although The Telegraph is a daily paper, we have no hesitation in talking about it to the readers of The Australian Women's Weekly. Our idea of a daily paper is that it is read by men and women alike, and should, therefore, appeal to both.

Where's Brick Bradford?

The above is not the title of a new mystery thriller, but an indication that a popular hero can't be missing from his regular haunts without someone hearing about it.

WE have been hearing quite a lot about the disappearance of Brick Bradford from the pages of The Australian Women's Weekly, but we have an answer to all inquiries.

As a matter of fact, "Brick" has not disappeared at all. The truth is that he had become so overwhelmingly popular that something had to be done about it.

The agitation has not only gone on in Australia, but is world-wide, so the creator of Brick Bradford—a famous overseas artist—decided to agree to the popular and insistent demand and make Brick Bradford a daily feature. This meant that Brick could no longer appear in The Australian Women's Weekly, as the artist was no longer drawing a weekly adventure.

Great Popularity

SOMETHING of the extraordinary popularity of Brick Bradford was conveyed to us when this decision meant the dropping of this feature. Hun-

dreds of inquiries, personal and by telephone and letter, lauded the loss of Brick.

Fortunately the Daily Telegraph, under the same managerial control as The Australian Women's Weekly, was able to step into the breach. At a date to be announced later, Brick Bradford will appear as a regular daily feature

For Special Knitting Story See Page 20

of that newspaper. The artist himself now likes the idea of the daily adventure better than the weekly story.

Six daily strips appearing in the Telegraph, he feels, will surely compensate for the interval which must elapse before the change-over. If you think of Brick having an action-packed sort of human's holiday, the time will not seem so long before he is thrilling you daily in the pages of the Telegraph.

FREE DANCING LESSONS!

Another 1500 DANCING LESSONS to be Distributed to all "Women's Weekly" Readers

For a limited time Professor Bolot, famous Dancing Instructor and Authority, is offering absolutely FREE a copy of his new book—"DANCING AS A FINE ART"—to all readers interested in dancing, and those that would learn Ballroom dancing.

Even Ginger Rogers and Fred. Astaire Had to Learn to Dance!

(Famous R.E.O. Sensational Dancing Stars)

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Learn Dancing, This New, Easy Way

NOW you can test this wonderful course on dancing yourself—try this famous system in your own home and if after 30 days you have not become an expert dancer, popular and sought after, if COSTS YOU NOTHING—not one penny! But you must hurry, this offer may never again be repeated. It places you under no obligation whatsoever; all you have to do is to post this coupon NOW!

Simple as A.B.C.

IT does not matter if you have never danced a step in your life before—or if you have been trying for years to dance—the famous BOLOT System, the system that has stood the test of 25 years, guarantees to make you an accomplished dancer in just 30 days—OR IT COSTS YOU NOT ONE PENNY—it will teach you all the latest dances—Slow Foxtrot, Quick Step, Jazz, Waltz, Tango, Rumba, etc.—together with Modern Old Time. The Bolot System never fails—you have Professor Bolot's personal guarantee.

Become Popular—Admired

MAGNETIC Personality—Popularity—Confidence can be obtained with Professor Bolot's wonderful course—you will find yourself sought after—admired by the opposite sex—invited out to all social functions—in short, you will become a "social lion." Dancing is the shortest cut to good times—non-dance and had dancers miss all the fun in life—now is the time to start and take advantage of Professor Bolot's wonderful offer NOW—but hurry, this offer is limited.

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"SURROUNDED BY PARTNERS" "I am writing to thank you for the dancing lessons which I received safely. I cannot thank you enough for I am coming on wonderfully with my dancing. The last dance I went to I never missed one dance, and when the 'Mickey' dance came, I was in the centre of a ring of men asking: 'Are you engaged for this?' 'Can I have this dance, please?' I did not know what to do, so I could not dance with the lot of them at once. I simply love dancing now, thank you. One man told me last dance he could dance with me forever." M.E. (Miss), Weymouth, N.S.W.

"WON A WAITE CONTEST" "I have much pleasure in telling you that I have mastered your wonderful course, and I must say that my dancing is a credit to you, my instructor and teacher. I must tell you that only a week ago I won a Waite Contest. Your Charla have taught me to dance so easily and lightly." E.G.B. (Mrs.), Cambridge, N.Z.

"MADE WONDERFUL PROGRESS." "I received your course safely, and I think it wonderful. I could not dance before I got it, but a week after I was able to entertain my friends with my knowledge of the Art. I have made wonderful progress, and I thank you very much." W.H. (Mr.), Milton, Qld.



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Professor J. Bolot, F.A.R., French Dancing Academy, Dept. 3, Box 3573R, G.P.O., Sydney.

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This Offer Expires Shortly—Hurry Coupon Along

FOR a limited time only, Professor Bolot is offering these "Wonderful Dancing Lessons, absolutely FREE" to all "Women's Weekly" readers, the minute the last set of coupons go it will be too late. Our sincere advice to you is, get the coupon into the post this minute and receive by return mail your dancing lessons and start on the road to popularity and good times, which only dancing can attain for you—Hurry!

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Learn Without Music—Partner—or Drudgery!

THIS guaranteed system will teach you to dance quickly—without music or partner—without drudgery or difficulty, no exorbitant fees and inconvenient classes here. You become a finished dancer almost overnight—no longer need you be the "wallflower" at all the parties or dances—YOU BECOME POPULAR. Take advantage of this wonderful OFFER OF DANCING LESSONS FREE—post the coupon NOW.

Continuing ... SACKCLOTH into SILK

A poignant and tenderly human story of a mother's love and a son's ambition!

REBECA SLOPP has three sons, but Karl, the youngest, is her favorite. She makes no excuse for this, for she firmly believes that Karl is a genius. Her other sons, Augustus and George, resent this preference, particularly when they grow older, but Rebecca is unswerving in her service to Karl, and fosters his ambition as a playwright to the last of her energies and financial resources.

Karl's mother watches his development jealously. She is proud of his brain, and his essential cleanness of outlook. The war comes, and she is worried. Karl is not of military age, but his brothers are. She attempts to induce them to enlist, so that she may still have Karl. The brothers refuse, and Emily, wife of Augustus, turns on Rebecca, accusing her of favoritism on Karl's behalf. Rebecca does not deny this. She knows that her youngest son has the ability and ambition to succeed, and to die in war would be a wastage of a fine young life. Emily returns to the attack. "I know what's at the back of your mind. Favoritism, favoritism! You want to keep Karl safe." Now read on:

THE secret brotherhood to which Augustus belonged was attempting to approach soldiers who were on leave, and to preach pacifism to these poor sheep whom a financial clique were sending to the slaughter. The weaker sort of men fresh from the horror of the Somme might be susceptible to these seductive and sympathetic voices, but not always so. Tell a man that his courage is just stupidity, and that he is being exploited in hell that the rich man may remain in heaven, and he may turn in exasperation and rend the ingenious friend. Augustus had had some success with the tired and the disillusioned, but happening one day

BY...
WARWICK DEEPING

AUTHOR OF
"Surrell & Son" and
"Old Tybus," etc.

Augustus said it, though he did not quite like the look of the weather. And then the man from Australia smote him.

"You foul coward!" Augustus rolled on the ground. He was kicked by angry feet, but the Australians let it go at that. They did not take defeatism by the collar and pass it on to the police. Augustus returned to his wife with a disfigured face and dirty clothes. He bore the stigma of his martyrdom.

Emily was furious. "Who did this to you?" Augustus mentioned Australia. "The savages," said Emily, "that's what they are, savages, boiling all round the town taking girls out in taxis and—"

Augustus was exploring a loose tooth with the tip of a finger. "Don't you worry, my dear. Our turn's coming."

Had Rebecca heard of this affair it might have caused her to feel both fear and a passing satisfaction. Karl's mother, consumed by a secret suspense, was spending herself on business. She had both big hands deep in it, clutching it by the handful. The thing had become a kind of inspired mania with her. Clothes, clothes, new clothes for a changing community. She wanted to sweep Karl into the spate of her new enterprise, involve him in it—submerge him in it. She wanted to assure Karl herself, and the world that she could not carry on without the support of her beloved.

Rebecca had done business with a certain Mr. Isenstein, who, though Rebecca had married a Gentle, did not exclude her from the chosen community. Mr. Isenstein liked Rebecca, not only because she paid for what she purchased, but because she was one of the few women he had dealt with who did not attempt to elude their responsibilities by parading their widowhood. Mr. Isenstein had been prospering. He had seen a sign in the heavens and rented a warehouse in Aldersgate Street.

"Fur, my dear. There is going to be money in fur."

REBECA had had her flair. Were not the young women suddenly in funds and freedom, and eager to express themselves. Mr. Isenstein could supply her with the goods. She interviewed her bank manager, cleared one window of her shop and put up a notice—"Next Week Will Be Fur Week."

Mr. Isenstein was scouring the country, for the humble coney had become more significant as a provider of fur than of food. There could not be too much coney. The dressers of fur were to work overtime. Rabbit pelts were to be transfigured, and to assist in the new swaggar. Lapin became lapin seal, lapin milk, lapin mole, lapin sable. The little brown beast with the white acut was to achieve social success.

A trade van from Mr. Isenstein's warehouse had unloaded Rebecca's wholesale stock. She had her tickets ready. She had agreed with Mr. Isenstein that the first prices should be tentative. She would begin with a few bargains, tempt the public, and then raise her prices should the first consignment sell well.



Illustrated
by
WEP

"I want you to help dress the widow, Karl."

"Charles, mother."

The correction depressed her. He was insisting on the Charles, and Rebecca feared any omen.

"I can't get on without you, my dear. The show opens to-morrow."

The shop blinds were down and the gas lit, and mother and son became busy in the shop. The parlor was full of trade cases. They were piled along the passage, leaving Karl just room to squeeze through. The gangway was too narrow for his mother to negotiate it.

"I want that box, Karl. Two sables in it."

Karl smiled at his mother, though he was not confronting life as a humorous affair. His youth was out in the wilderness in secret anguish. Would his mother ever think of him as Charles? He went out into the passage, extracted a box, and carried it into the shop.

"Unpack it," said his mother.

He lifted out the fur coats, and as he did so he was conscious of his hands. Soft flesh and fur? They were clean

When Karl came down the stairs for the last time with great-coat and pack, she met him in the passage with a face that was both ravaged and smiling.

with his head in a stuffy gas-poisoned atmosphere, arrange those coats.

His mother handed them to him. She might be conscious of her beloved's moody face, but she would not remark upon it. She was busy and cheerful.

"Put the sable in the middle, Charles."

"Why not call it rabbit?"

His mother laughed.

"Don't you look good business in the mouth, my dear. As if everybody didn't know? Life's just a game of bluff. Now, two seals, one in each corner."

"Who is going to buy these things?"

She ignored the question.

"One can do one's bit by keeping people cheerful. A little more that way, my dear."

Rebecca went back into the shop, like a woman concealing a secret fear.

"It looks splendid, my dear. But it wants a backdrop."

"Yes, mother."

She saw him smile at her stage fancy but he did not look at her, and after that one glance she was afraid to look at him.

No one handed Karl a white feather. Like many a sensitive lad he may have seen the white symbol floating in the air like swandown.

He did not want to go to the war. He had no illusions about the war. The make-believe of waving flags and blaring brass had passed. A resigned and dogged realism had replaced rhetoric; the whole business was as drab as khaki. Only the press, a few politicians and some old ladies of both sexes continued to talk heroic talk. Karl had spoken with the men who had come back.

He saw the war as a filthy business, a vast and savage scuffle in a foul ditch. You became a slave, or one of a herd of cattle, hardly deserving to be distinguished by a number, driven here and driven there. You were voiceless. Your consent was not asked when you were sent up to be slaughtered. How could man be fooled by so monstrous an illusion? A war to end war! He supposed that some sort of text was necessary. And the great comradeship? O, no, he was a rather separate creature, and he shrank from that anonymous herding, sharing your soul with some primitive and your shirt with the lice. Sensitive?

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Trumpet Blast of War

hands, though there was an ink stain on one finger. Ink! The hands of a scribbler and a handler of furs, and the hands of the world were bloody. Hands were holding rifles, throwing bombs, slipping shells into guns. He would be eighteen in a month. And he was helping a woman to display fur coats to tempt other women and girls.

Karl's face was overcast. The window had been supplied with six wooden stands upon which six special coats were to be displayed. The staging was none too solid, not sufficiently solid to bear Rebecca's bulk. It became Karl's business to climb up there behind the drawn blinds, and

When the window was dressed to her satisfaction she told Karl to pull up the blind, and going out by way of the shop door she stood on the pavement and appraised the show. It was half-past ten at night, and raining, and Rebecca was alone with her display. But the picture needed background, a colored sheet to show off those six models. But what was her beloved doing? He was fingering the sleeve of the lapin sable in the centre of the stage. She saw him drop the sleeve almost like someone saying good-bye and dropping a hand. His back was turned to her.

That little gesture seemed prophetic.

Silhouette
Here is the house
Where the roof swings
low,
And the lilacs against
The afterglow;
The friendly shadows
Of elm and yew,
And a ragged space
Where a star peeps
through;
And clear and dear,
Where the firelight lures,
A form in the doorway
I know is yours!

—E. Jacobson.

upon two Australian soldiers sitting on a seat in the park. Augustus approached them. The colonials looked sour and bored. It was the day after a debacle, but Augustus believed that he saw upon those fierce brown faces disgust with this world of false heroism and of humbug.

The Australians listened, eyeing him like two fierce birds. Said one, stretching his legs—"Are you being funny, you bit of chewed string?"

No, Augustus was not being funny. He was seriously assuring these two that the war was a monstrously in the way of propertied humbug, and that the poor silly sheep—

"Hell!" One of those lounging figures uncoiled itself like a spring. Its blue eyes blazed in a brown face.

"Stinking fish, you bit of chalk and cheese—Say that interesting thing again, will you?"

RED for DANGER

Complete Short Story



“**L**OVE and murder,” said old George Lann, “are the two most fascinating subjects in the world.”

Shawfield chuckled in his pawky way, and raised his shaggy eyebrows.

“Think so?”

“Certain of it. Adam and Eve—Cain and Abel.” Lann sipped his after-lunch coffee and took a puff at his cigar.

At that moment the club porter brought across a card.

“What’s this?” said Shawfield. “Carl Breiden, 15 Paxley Road—Oh! I remember. Yes, I’ll see him.” He turned to Lann.

“Rum sort of beggar, this Breiden. Stopped me on the kerb yesterday and asked me if I bought diamonds. I told him I did, if they were worth buying. But he was positively shocked when I waited for him to bring ‘em out then and there. Evidently never heard of Hatton Garden.”

George Lann laughed. “Well, after forty years in the trade, I’m still tickled by the idea of fishing out diamonds in the street.”

“I told him to come round here at two to-day, and ask for me.”

“What sort of stuff has he got?”

“Don’t know. But I’ll soon find out and where he got them, and who he is.”

Shawfield’s ponderous head nodded shrewdly, and he got up from his chair. “Scuse me, George.”

There was a room at the club allocated to business of this sort. Unlike most clubs, the Cornwall allowed business to mix with pleasure. Its members were almost exclusively dealers in precious stones and that small room on the left of the entrance passage had witnessed many big transactions.

Shawfield’s visitor was of medium height, with thick fair hair, a fair straggly moustache, and gold-rimmed spectacles. When he spoke it was to reveal a gap of three teeth missing from his upper jaw.

APART from the door opening into the passage, the Deal Room as it was called had another that gave entrance to the lounge. It was through this door that Shawfield took Breiden. He closed the door, glanced at the case Breiden was carrying, a case with a mackintosh cover, and smiled.

“Don’t mean to tell me you’ve got a bag full of diamonds?”

“Oh, no, sir.”

“I’ll see them first,” said Shaw-

Flirtation

*So you tire of me already?
Strange I find it does not
grieve me,
For your attitude of fond-
ness
Really never did deceive
me.*

*I shall ask no explanation,
Do not let that thought
distress you—
Just an idle light flirtation
That I did not mind—
God bless you!*

—Yvonne Webb.

field, studying him keenly. “Then I’ll ask a few questions. Where are they?” Breiden slipped his hand into a waistcoat pocket, produced a little wash-leather bag, and placed three tiny diamonds on the table.

Shawfield grinned. “Hm. Cheap stuff. Not much use to me, I’m afraid.” He fixed a pocket glass in his left eye, and stooped over to examine the stones.

What followed happened with the speed of three months’ practice. Breiden drove a hunting knife into Shawfield’s bent ‘eck, flashed it down with the swiftness and force of a bullet.

Shawfield merely coughed, and was dead in the instant. As he crumpled,

They talked of it as the perfect crime, but there was one little detail overlooked by the man who killed Shawfield for his diamonds

Illustrated by FISCHER



Breiden drove the hunting-knife into Shawfield's bent back, flashed it down with the swiftness and force of a bullet.

card of some man named Carl Breiden. He had stopped Jimmie on the kerb yesterday and offered to sell him some diamonds, and Jimmie had told him to call here to-day. They went into the Deal Room. I was there. I heard nothing. And now—” His voice faltered, and strengthened, and his blue eyes flashed.

“That devil Breiden with him for it. They’ll get him quick enough.”

“But why should the man have—?”

“Jimmie’s diamonds. You know what he was for carrying a small fortune about in his pockets. You know how every Tuesday he used to bring in the new lots he’d received from Amsterdam.”

“Yes, I know. Poor Shawfield!”

“Jimmie’s worth ten thousand pounds’ worth on his to-day. That devil Breiden must have found out somehow. He must have known about the Deal Room. He must have planned everything to the inch.”

That evening Lann told Black of further developments. Although Henry Black was not a diamond merchant, but a patent agent with an office nearby, he had belonged to the club for a year, and rented a bedroom and used the club restaurant for his meals. So he and Lann were comparatively close acquaintances.

Lann said, “The police have told me something. They’ve been to the place where Breiden had a room. The landlady, a Mrs. Hobbins, didn’t know much about him. He paid his rent regularly but he was there only for the week-ends. There were never any letters for him and she didn’t know where he worked.”

Henry Black shook his head sombrely and thought: “My dear Mrs. Hobbins, I quite enjoyed those week-ends. You were a good cook.”

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Breiden deftly slid an armchair beneath him to prevent the thud of the fall.

The murderer’s gloved hand felt in the right upper pocket of his victim’s waistcoat, and extracted a wash-leather bag. It contained, he knew, about twenty thousand pounds’ worth of diamonds.

Then he acted with the smooth quickness of thought—again, the result of much practice. He removed his wig, spectacles, and false moustache, his muffler, light overcoat, and spats. From the case he took out a tweed cap that matched his suit. The rest of the things, together with the mackintosh cover, went into the case.

Inside his jacket pocket was his dental plate fitted with three teeth. He pressed it up into his mouth.

He had become a neat man, his dark hair thinning towards baldness, his face rather square, a man completely and utterly unlike Carl Breiden.

A faint, brittle smile about his mouth, he listened at the door that opened upon the entrance passage. As the passage had a tiled floor, it was impossible for anybody to approach without being heard.

There was no sound. He opened the door, closed it on the dead man snatched off his gloves

thrust them into his pocket, and walked jauntily along the passage, swinging his bag into the club lounge.

Lann, lingering over his coffee, looked up and nodded affably. As the club secretary and founder-in-chief, he was friendly with everybody.

“Hallo, Black. Enjoy your week-end?”

“Yes, thanks.” Black indicated the Deal Room. “I say, nobody ill in there, is there?”

“Ill? No. Old Jimmie Shawfield’s

By DUDLEY HOYS

in there with some visitor. Why, what the—?”

“I thought I heard a funny sound as I was coming along the passage. A sort of groan. Perhaps I imagined it, but—”

Lann got up, frowning. “Well, the other chap would have called out, surely? Old Jimmie’s heart hasn’t been too good lately, but—”

He crossed to the door that opened from the lounge, and tapped. “You all right, Jimmie?”

Getting no answer, he turned the handle and pushed the door open. His high and horrified gasp brought Black running across.

“What’s the matter? Good heavens! Look, that knife!”

Lann moistened his lips. He had been very badly shaken, and for a few seconds he closed his eyes, as if to shut out the sight. But he was a man of brilliant brain-power and strong control, and he pulled himself together quickly.

“Don’t go in, Black. The two doors must be locked at once, and nobody allowed to go near. Phone the police at once.”

Lann called the porter. “Mr. Shaw-

field’s been murdered! Don’t gape, man, act! That visitor he had must have done it. Can’t have been gone a minute. Off to the front of the place, quick! Question anybody you see.”

Black returned from the phone, his face sad and shocked.

“What a ghastly business!”

Lann ran a hand over his high, bald forehead. He said, “It’s almost incredible. A few minutes ago I was chatting with old Jimmie. The porter brought the

The LOVERS' OAK



I was the sound of that magic name spoken by Ned Douthright, that made Lesley stop at the stair-foot. The door was open. She could see her father, sitting facing her, and the back of Ned's close-cropped head. And Ned was saying:

"I tell you, Mr. Bowen, there's a fortune to be made out of the Woods of Deane. This place will make one of the finest building estates ever known. We can get the whole place for a song. It's up for sale now. There's only one of these Deane's left, and either he hasn't any money or else doesn't care about it."

Lesley heard all this on her way from the stair-foot to the front door. It was no secret, anyway, she knew. Ned Douthright was always planning things. He worked with the precision and relentlessness of a sturdy machine. He had become rich, rich enough to become engaged to Lesley Bowen, to make her the envy of every other young girl in Fairfield, for Ned, besides his money, had rather coarse good looks and, when he chose, a fairly pleasing trick of making people like him.

But the Woods of Deane—a building estate! Those green towers and castles and caverns and magic pools deep-hurled in the wood—all those lovely things of ancient charm, to be turned into stark new cottages and villas, toy houses with little toy gardens, acres and hundreds of houses, green, white, and red little boxes, sitting the slopes shaven and bare, where once the Woods of Deane had stood.

Lesley Bowen loved the Woods of Deane. Her childhood fancy had peopled them with pixies, gnomes and sprites, with little men in gay cocked hats and little old women with hats like steeples. Several times, in those strange days, the Deane's house being on the edge of the wood, a yellow-haired little girl had wandered off and got lost in the Woods of Deane, but some kindly fairy had always guided the searchers to where the child slumbered under a whispering pine-tree or sat dabbling her tiny feet in a brook that laughed and sang, glancing over the round stones.

She had, a little later, become the Princess of the Wood, and one day, wandering through her kingdom, she knelt down by a little spring to drink the water scooped up in her cupped

LOVE SONG

How lovely hangs the moon

Above the sapphire sea!

This is the strange nocturnal moon

When you return to me.

And far away the hills of home

Rise towering to the sky,

And, lo, above each purple dome

The silver clouds sail by.

Now once again the scanton night

Throws off her dark disguise.

I wake, and in the dawning light

Smile up into your eyes.

—A.B.

hands; and in the mirror surface of the spring she saw a face and her cupped hands stayed motionless in front of her and she turned her head.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I'm Evan Deane. These are my woods."

"Then why have you never come here before?"

"Oh, I've lived in France with my father. But, of course, I knew all about the Woods of Deane."

"Did you know all about the Lovers' Oak?"

"Yes. I even know where it is."

"Do you?" The blue eyes shone wide and bright and Lesley's hands were clasped. In all her wanderings through the Woods of Deane she had never found the Lovers' Oak.

"Of course I do." His hair and eyes were black, his face proud. The Deane's were all proud, she had heard her mother say. "Want me to take you there?"

She nodded, breathless. She scrambled to her feet and followed the sturdy young figure through the woods, down many a brambly path, over bits of bog

... By ...
L. A. Cunningham

and on stepping-stones across a brook; and there in a little clearing was the Lovers' Oak.

"There!" He indicated the great tree.

"And there are all the initials—see."

Lesley ran up to the oak. In the bark were carved many pairs of initials, each pair enclosed in a heart; the names of men and women of the Deane's and their lovers, three generations of them. Young Evan pointed to a heart in which were carved E.M. and L.D.

"My mother and father," he said. "The only Deane left to carve my initials." He looked at her gravely with his black eyes, and drew a knife from the pocket of his tweed shorts. He opened it and cut a heart in the oak-bark, just below his father's. In it he carved E.D. This done, he turned to her. "What is your name?"

"You can't put my name there."

"Why not?"

"Because—because all those people were lovers, and I am not your lover."

"But when we grow up you can be," said Evan grandly. "Come on, tell me your initials."

"I will not!" Lesley stamped her foot and there was a fierce look in her blue eyes. "You're a very rude boy."

"Oh, very well!" He snatched the knife shut—still, across the years she could hear the click of the steel blade in his slot—"I'll put some other girl's name there, then. No, I won't!"

He scowled at her. "I'll wait—and I'll tell you this: you'll be glad to put your initials there yourself some day. I'll never put them there, but when you feel sorry you didn't tell me your name you can put your initials there under mine, and I'll be your lover."

But years slipped by, the Lovers' Oak shed its green garment and got a fresh, new one many times, and still in the bark was that one brave heart with "E.D." and beneath a blank.

LESLEY went often after that day, to the Lovers' Oak, but Evan had gone away again with his father and the Deane's house on the far edge of the wood was closed.

He was in his last year at Oxford when he came again. His father had died a year before. He had lots of money and the old house was filled with guests all that summer. Evan had no doubt forgotten the little girl with the glorious yellow curls and big blue eyes who would not let her name share with his the last heart in the oak.

So she thought. But she met him one day towards the close of that summer, in the Woods of Deane. On a rambling woodland-path where the early autumn leaves, yellow and dry, had begun to flutter down. She was tall and straight and fine, the yellow hair was cut close and bent up under a grey tweed hat, the blue eyes had seen much more of life; they were deeper, lovelier. And Evan was tall and broad and his face brown and thin, the pride of race still stamped on it. He looked at her curiously as they approached each other. She returned his look for a moment, then glanced away and would have passed on. There were so many girls in his life now, lovelier girls than she, eager to marry him. He wouldn't remember that day beneath the oak; they were so very young and the very young forget, though she would never forget.

Then suddenly he said: "You haven't carved your initials on the oak, Lesley Bowen."

She looked at him, startled. "What do you mean?"

He stood facing her, looking gravely at her. "You haven't forgotten? That day when we were kids and I wanted to carve your name on the Lovers' Oak—with mine? You wouldn't tell me your name, but I found it out in the village."

Her cheeks were flushed. She wanted to run. She wanted to be away from his cool stare. Convinced wretch! Did he think every girl he met felt for him! And to be so conscious that she remembered the day and all that had happened.

"I don't remember," she said coldly.

Complete Short Story

"Perhaps it was some—some other girl."

"Don't pretend."

There was impatience in his tone. "You are pretending. You haven't forgotten a thing that happened that day."

"Really! I think you're—"

"You knew me in an instant, just as I knew you. Perhaps you knew something else."

With suddenness that paralysed her, he caught her in his arms and held her close and forced her head back with a long, slow kiss on her mouth.

He kissed her throat then, white and smooth, and let her go.

"In case you really did forget our first meeting," he said.

"I'll make sure that you don't forget our second. My word you are raging, aren't you? You're even lovelier with your cheeks flushing and your eyes sending off sparks."

"You're an utterly conceited beast. Nothing you could ever do would make me remember you for a moment."

She brushed past him, her mouth set hard, her chin high.

"When you have changed your mind about that, Lesley," he called after her, "just put your initials with mine on the Lovers' Oak. I'll see it and know that we are lovers. You'll do it some day, you know."

"Never!" she stormed, not turning her head. "Never!"

She knew he was laughing quietly, that his dark face was amused and quite unperturbed. Was he really so sure that she would capitulate? Really so stubborn that he would force her to do his will, even in such a little thing as this? She walked on, furiously, kicking the crisp, dry leaves with the toes of her brogues, and not heeding where she walked, she came to the Lovers' Oak. Yes, there was the heart, there his initials, there the place for another's. Here? No, hers would never be there. Her lips still burned from his kiss, her body still felt the close pressure of his arms. But he had made it so that she could never bow to him now—how to him and have him laugh at her.

Twice again that summer she met him; once in the village in front of the bank, and once at the Vicar's lawn fete, and both times he smiled at her and said, as she passed him with stony face:

"I go each day to the Lovers' Oak. When, oh stubborn woman I love, will you plight your troth? Or are we to go on—"

She did not hear more

than that, but she guessed that he meant to say, "Or are we to go on till we are old as the oak and bent and weary?" And her answer to that was:

"Yes, if you wait for me to give in to you over such a silly thing. You may have the Deane pride that expects a woman to fulfil even a silly boy's caprice, but I have pride, too, and the bark will fall from the oak before I put my name there."

More years had gone by since then. Evan Deane, did not come back to Fairfield, the old house on the edge of the woods was closed and the windows boarded. Ned Douthright had descended upon Fairfield like a wolf on the fold, and in those few years became a power there. He went after Lesley Bowen just as he would go after a greatly-desired piece of land; he haunted her, and it seemed to her, without asking, he had become engaged to her. She was used to him. He was nice, quite unromantic. He seemed never to think of anything but business.

She heard of Evan Deane. Bits of gossip filtered back to Fairfield. He had spent freely of the money his father had left him; the slump had swept away the rest of it. He had gone in for painting like his father, an artist of considerable renown. But, they said, the Fairfield folk, that he would never come back to the old house on the edge of the Woods of Deane; that there was nothing to bring him back.

And Lesley began to feel with the rust that Evan had come and gone and that her own strange relation with him was a bit of boy-and-girl nonsense, to be forgotten, to be trodden out perhaps when she was reminiscent of her girlhood—to be laughed at.

She would marry Ned Douthright, be the richest and most prominent woman in Fairfield, and take her young ones walking through the shining new building estate that had once been that magic green land of wonder, the Woods of Deane. And she'd say to them, to young Ned and younger Lesley:

Illustrated by
.... by

FISCHER



"When you have changed your mind about me, Lesley," Evan Deane had said, "just put your initials with mine on the Lovers' Oak. I'll see them and know that we are lovers and will always be happy."

Please turn to Page 14

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Laif,
sketched by Petrov



For AUTUMN and Winter

Suave Wools and Velvets

THE whole range of autumn and winter fabrics is exciting this year. Interesting textures, bold, bright-color and soft, off-color shades will tempt the buyer.

This season there is no excuse for the usual drabness of cold-weather clothes. Rain or shine, color will be the passport to chic dressing.

Woolens used to be synonymous with bulkiness, scratchiness, and too much warmth. The wool materials of to-day discount these unpleasant qualities. It is as easy to buy soft, supple, sheer woolens as it is to buy crepes and satins.

There are smooth, very fine wools for your first autumn dress. Then, for later on, for dresses, coats and suits, ribbed and ridged wools, fabrics with bumpy, crinkled surfaces.

There are soft, hairy materials, very fine, and as easily draped as silk, dull surfaces with tiny, shiny patterns interwoven, embroidered spots, thin woolens like cotton aertex, but with the necessary warmth.

In Plain Colors

FOR one-piece dresses use these sheer wools in plain colors, in black, tan, brown, pale grey, burnt orange, rust, slate-blue, ink-blue, cornflower-blue, in purple and violet, and every shade of green; trim them with satin, velvet, or velvet.

Later on, for your topcoat the material will be heavier, with a ribbed or hairy texture; there are suede-like surfaces, smooth as satin.

Dull surfaces with raised spots in self color. Velvet will be used for coats. Black, brown, greens and reds are favored shades, worn over crepe or sheer wool frocks in a contrasting color.

Thicker wools with rough surfaces and tweeds for the country and for sports clothes are full of color. Two-

FEATHERY SMARTNESS

YOU will be very feather-conscious this season. Wear a little hat made entirely of colored ostrich feathers to a late afternoon party—but be sure that your dress is dark and very plain. Pierce your sports hat with a long quill. Decorate your hair with a feather ornament by night.

toned ribbed woolens, colored spots against a plain color, plaids and stripes, checks and more checks.

Bright colors are splashed together, perhaps four or five in one tweed, always two or more. Checks come in all sizes and are used principally for sports suits and country topcoats. For town suits use the rough, plain woolens in bright colors, or plain surfaces with colored knots and bumps in the weave.

Favorite color combinations seen in tweeds are black, coral and grey; black, white, and yellow; brown, white, and red; navy, white, yellow, and red; grey, white, rust, and blue.

Checked tweeds make jackets that go with plain skirts, or coats over a plain dress.

The brilliant rough wools used for suits are often in two colors, but of the same texture—olive-green jacket, strawberry skirt; yellow jacket, moss-green skirt. The range of colors here is very varied. Bright coral, vivid green, bright hard blue, clear yellow, violet, brick, grey, strawberry, wine, ginger, all the browns and greens.

Velvet in the same colors as these wools will fashion many day frocks, suit jackets, and long coats; it is an ideal autumn fabric as it is not too warm. Velvet blouses go with tweed or plain wool suits, loose velvet jackets go over sheer wool frocks; it is seen as trimming on many crepe and wool frocks.

Crepes there are in plenty—rather heavy and always dull, some have crinkled, blistered surfaces. They come in all the rich renaissance colors as well as all the new winter shades.

Velvet News

VELVET is fashion's big news this season; it will be in your day, as well as your evening wardrobe. Soft, dull velvet for late afternoon frocks, bright velvets for blouses, for belts and scarves, velvet for hats, gloves, and bags. Velvet, soft and pliable as chiffon, for draped evening dresses, stiff and heavy for long evening coats, lustreous as satin for evening frocks and capes. Two-tone shot velvets are very new.

Satin, crepes, taffetas, metal-thread fabrics, and chiffons are other evening materials. Satins, very soft, but heavy and shiny, drape beautifully, but you must be very slim to wear them. Flat crepes lend themselves gracefully to drapery, and can be worn by everybody. Taffetas are crisp and corded, often in two colors like the old-fashioned shot taffeta, or patterned in a satin design.

Metal threads run through crepes and velvets in rough, sparkling designs. For very formal evening gowns there are metal brocades and laces in all-over silver or multi-colored designs.

- (1) CHECKERED TWEED, very soft, but thick, for sports suits or sports coats. Black, white, and red checks.
- (2) A Hairy angora tweed, grey, white, yellow, and red. For the country or sports wear.
- (3) YELLOW, brown, and oatmeal checked woollen, quite thin and supple.
- (4, 5, 6, and 7) CRUSH-RESISTING velvets for evening, accessory or late afternoon wear.
- (8, 9, and 10) VELVETEEN, soft as doeskin, and dull, for day frocks and jackets.
- (11) ROUGH woollen coating in dark purple.
- (12) LONG angora hairs give a soft surface to this royal-blue woollen for a dress or suit.
- (13) THIS crinkled wool in moss-green is one of the new sheer fabrics.
- (14) FINE grey flannel with a tan diagonal stripe, ideal for a town suit.

P E T R O V.

ARISTOCRATIC HATS

... Modern Trend is "On the Wing"



• RED, black, and white wings decorate this beret by Rose Valois. The model follows the popular trend of a bird on the wing effect.

• JEAN PATOU is responsible for the model of moss-green velour at left. The height of the crown is considerable, and a saucy bow of velour adds piquancy.



THESE fashions of exclusive French designs by courtesy of Feller Ltd., and photographed by The Australian Women's Weekly fashion photographer.

• A BICORNE made in this season's fashionable purple. A tiny tuft of white ostrich feather gives a contrast to the design. (Top left).

• AGAIN the "envoiee" effect is seen in the navy velour model (left-centre). The material is given a subtle twist in front, and then fashioned into wings on either side of the head. Molyneux is the designer.

• THE VOGUE for the ancient and modern "resille" is demonstrated in the imprisoned locks beneath this mole velour model by Agnes. A tiny spray of mole-and-orange feather-tips trims the crown.



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An Editorial

FEBRUARY 29, 1936

ORGANISED YOUTH



THE newspaper talk of a re-introduction of compulsory military training has been dissipated by an official statement to the contrary.

As a policy, this is supported by both major political parties; but the old system of compulsory service within specified age groups had one great merit. It did foster national health and it did band the youth of Australia in a common service.

Putting any military aspect of the matter aside, to-day as never before the Commonwealth is definitely in need of an organisation of its youth against the very pressing emergency of aimless unemployment.

It would amaze many to learn just how the thousands of boys who yearly are turned out from our schools and who are yearly increasing the ranks of the unemployed rush towards organised sport as a solution of their difficulties.

Even junior cricket and football clubs have their "waiting lists" in common with the most exclusive golf or social clubs in the Commonwealth.

And it is just in this waiting about that the imminent danger to these youngsters lies.

Even if they cannot earn money, surely they should be encouraged to win health and the mental discipline that comes from all properly-organised physical effort.

None of us can live with unemployment of the mind: unemployment of the body may be just as destructive. And while a standing army of professional soldiers is an unentertainable proposition in Australia, a standing army of healthy youth is actually our strongest defence against any crisis—economic or otherwise.

—THE EDITOR.

Lyric of Life

Recompense

IF you should fall
And all your dreams be dust,
The ash of yesterday's dead fire
Scattered upon the uncomplaining
wind;
If you should fall
And know the pointed finger of man's
scorn
And years divorced of any hope,
Then turn your thoughts to the clean
winds
And the sweep of slow woodlands in
the dawn,
To the wide stars and the seas un-
conquerable,
And it will not seem to you
That you have ever failed at all.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

POINTS OF VIEW

The Wider View

DR. HELEN BREXTON PRYOR, of Stanford University (U.S.A.), has made the interesting discovery that a girl's weight should be judged not only by her height but by her width: to be precise "by her bi-iliac diameter"—the measurement at the crest of the hip-bones.

Thus, a girl of 18, 5ft. 4in. tall, may weigh 107lb. if her b.i.d. is 9.6in. or 133lb. if it's 12.2in.

Let us hope it is all really and truly true and not just a pseudo-scientific scheme to sell more tape-measures.

True Education

IN the public elementary schools in one county in California, formal reports and examinations have been abandoned in favor of informal notes and interviews with parents.

Ninety-nine per cent. of the parents approve, the children no longer develop inferiority complexes as the result of cut-throat competition, and, chief thing of all, if a pupil is failing, the system tells why he is failing and helps re-establish him with parental co-operation.

Here in Australia it's not our children who require education so urgently as our educators.

Life and Death

AS a partial solution of the motor traffic problem in New South Wales it is suggested that for the greater safety of pedestrians certain cross-roads be set aside.

"At these places signs would indicate that, within reason, the pedestrian must have the right of way."

We like that "within reason." We presume that it means that a pedestrian would have the right of way if he were driving a car of his own.

It Did Happen

AMERICAN novelist Sinclair Lewis wrote "It Can't Happen Here" as a satire on a possible Fascist revolution in U.S.A.

Will Hays, Director of Policy of the Motion Picture Industry, was reported to have banned the proposed filming of the book. Lewis termed this action "a fantastic exhibition of folly and cowardice."

Doesn't it rather prove the point of his satire? He should emulate that other novelist, who promptly appealed when the judge declared his book was not obscene.

"The Luck of a..."

MRS. JIMMY AH FATT, who lives near Darwin Aerodrome, had just finished hanging out washing the other day when lightning struck a telephone wire to the house, cutting it in two.

If then dashed to the clothesline, fusing it, and burning a coconut tree to which the line was tied. The clothing, which had hung on the line, was a heap of smouldering rags. We are glad to hear, however, that the Fatt was not in the fire.

Fishy Logic

DURING the recent controversy whether swordfishing is cruel, some fishermen declared the fish enjoyed the struggle after being hooked; furthermore, the Marlins and Co. were not entitled to sympathy because they were merciless to other fish.

To support the first view, they argue that the fish puts up a notable fight. Like a puppy playing with a ball on a string. The fish, of course, is not trying to get away, nor is the magnitude of the fight due to its own strength and stamina. The second statement overlooks the fact that the fish is carnivorous by nature, and can't be expected to turn vegetarian just to claim an angler's sympathy.

This is the sort of logic usually adopted by politicians angling for votes.

Wasted Effort

A MAGAZINE announces that a formula has been discovered which will make women transparent.

The men will ask: Why? It's hard enough, as it is, to know where they are at any given moment now. Also, right down history, it has been woman's looks that have made that history—public and private.

Anyhow, there'll be no great need to seek a formula to make a man transparent—every woman has that now.

Here Is Courage

THE woman who has hysterics, faints, and generally loses her head in a crisis, has disappeared with antimacassars. Consider Mrs. John Breen, of Rose Bay, Sydney. Suddenly awakened by the entrance of a masked, hooded thief, she lay in bed quietly (though terror-stricken) watching her treasures being taken, when a single word might have saved them.

The reason? Her husband and babe were fast asleep in the same room, and, fearing lest the intruder might be armed, she valued their lives beyond all material possession.



CHILD STAR and her stand-in. Famous Shirley Temple, with Marilyn Geunas (left) who occupies her place on the set while everything is being made ready for the camera. Australians are being afforded an opportunity of expressing their opinions about Shirley in the competition being conducted in our film section.

Two Speeds

GOVERNMENT offices are contrary affairs. Where speed is almost prayed for, as in a food relief depot, action is slow—insultingly so.

But when a teacher is to be moved from a town back o' Beyond, the Government strikes swiftly and mercilessly. In the latest N.S.W. lists of appointments and transfers, two days' grace has been given to get out and get in. Men and women teaching at this moment are haunted by the fear that three days hence they may be four hundred miles away.

Jazz Judgment

LAWN-MOWERS, saws, and factory whistles, according to the Rev. N. C. Goss, a N.S.W. Congregationalist, are needed to give modern jazz its true interpretation.

"Men and women with voices recalling a disorganised concertina" complete the cacophony. Well, now we know what noise annoys a pastor.

Newest Woman Politician Gives Success Recipe

Australia's newest woman Parliamentarian, Mrs. Cardell Oliver, of West Australia, in a special interview with *The Australian Women's Weekly*, states that women cannot combine the rearing of a family with a career. But there can be exceptions, she admits. Her own family is grown up.

HIGHLIGHTS of the W.A. election results last week were the victory of Mrs. Cardell Oliver in the Subiaco Electorate, and the plucky but unsuccessful fight by Miss Dorothy Tangney, B.A., Dip. Ed., 28-year-old University student and schoolteacher, for the Nedlands seat.

"To make a success of public life a woman must be free," Mrs. Oliver explained. "My two sons are now grown up. I am past the domestic stage and employ a good housekeeper although I am a good cook. Now I feel I may give all my time to my work."

A direct manner of approaching problems typifies Mrs. Oliver's work, and it was this which led to her entering politics.

"It was so difficult to get satisfaction regarding reforms one had in mind," she explained, "and I feel if women are represented in Parliament by women, the core of home life, which when all is said and done, is the backbone of the country, is represented."

Mrs. Cardell Oliver is a Victorian by birth. She went to West Australia with her late husband soon after their marriage, and has lived off and on there ever since that time.

World Traveller

NO matter how far her travels have taken her she has always returned to keep in close touch with her adopted State. Her interests have been chiefly centred on women's service guilds, of which she has been a member practically since the inception of the movement in West Australia. During the war years she was actively connected with an organisation which strove to encourage trade within the Empire, and her interest in this subject led to the publication of her book, "Empire Unity," in 1924.

During the course of her travels, which have taken her over the major portion of the civilised parts of the globe, Mrs. Oliver has investigated closely the lives, social welfare schemes, and methods of government of other countries, which has given her a broad outlook and a wide knowledge of world affairs.

In order to keep up to date in this knowledge papers from all over the world are delivered to her regularly, and study of these forms part of her relaxation.

Advocate for Youth

MISS DOROTHY TANGNEY, who unsuccessfully contested the Nedlands seat against the leader of the National Party and sitting member, Mr. Norbert Keenan, K.C., as selected Labor candidate, made an excellent showing in the election figures and a deep impression on the electors.

Interviewed by *The Australian Women's Weekly* after the election, Miss Tangney said she felt optimistic about her chance of entering Parliament at a later date.

Miss Tangney said there was plenty of scope for women in Parliament, and there were a number of problems, such as maternal and child welfare and housing questions, which could be better handled by women than by men.

"There seems no reason why women should not be just as successful as men in Parliament," she said. "We have Miss Holman and the late Mrs. Cowan as two examples of this."

Youth could better understand the problems of youth and unemployment among the adolescent, although some might disagree on the grounds of inexperience, she thought. Fresh ideas were to be commended.

"In this State, with such ample opportunities for higher education and a free University, young people should place the results at the service of the State," said Miss Tangney.

"The greatest problem in front of the community to-day is that of absorbing children just leaving school. With new materials and opportunities here, there should be no unemployment problem among youth. I think the State is capable of supporting secondary industries which would absorb the youth of the State."

Miss Tangney, who has been ten years in the Education Department, said the educational problem could be improved by greater emphasis on vocational training, both in schools and to provide useful occupation for those boys and girls who left school at the age of 14. The apprentice system and technical school system should be extended, she said.



BLONDIE

Life's Ups and Downs



LOWER is Found! Worst HAPPENS

Army, Navy, and Air Forces Combine in Mammoth Search

By "MO." from the Lower-berth. Illustrated by WEP

The worst has happened... Lower has been found! But only after the most desperate and heroic efforts on the part of his would-be rescuers.

These included members of the army, navy, and air forces (unkindly lent for the occasion by the Commonwealth Defence Department); the National Geodetic and Geophysical Survey Corps; the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories; the Australian Broadcasting Commission; the Highland Society's Pipe Band; the Professional Musicians' Society (Massed Bands Section); and the Trustees of the National Art Gallery.

THE last-named really only stood by in case somebody should pick Lower up somewhere and present him to the gallery as a study in still-life, or the missing half of the Venus de Milo. For reasons best known to Lower, the police did not co-operate in the search.

The idea of the massed bands was to act as a bait or a lure. Lower will follow a band anywhere, not so much because of any inherent ear for music as out of an insatiable urge to discover how anyone can play the second euphonium and still hold up his head among his fellow men. So off the bands marched, quartering the territory where Lower had last been seen. They'd still be out if it weren't for the fact that they

ran out of tunes. Even so, one had to be composed specially and hurriedly so that they could play themselves back to the nearest refilling and free air station.

We Don't Care

THE Pipers played a different part. Their function was to scare Lower into the open. The bagpipes always make him go white at the ghillies owing chiefly to an unfortunate incident in his youth, when he trod accidentally on a pibroch when it was in full lament for Lochaber. The pipers are still out (so many as have not been assassinated by impassioned Sassenachs in the sassafras scrub). They're not likely to return through running out of tunes: they've only got one, and



This is the story Lower tells of how he was discovered on a tropical ice floasis by Admiral Turtle. Munchausen was not the only one.

not much of a one at that. But we're not worrying about them. The blacks will look after them.

The Air Force flew south in case Lower had also flown south in search of Lincoln Ellsworth, who had also got lost in the process of flying south himself. Lower has a passion for lost souls and has worn out many a half-sole in the process of seeking them. It's not that he's anxious to find them so much as to get lost with them. Being lost is second nature to him. To share what looked like being the complete loss of Ellsworth would have been meat and drink to Lower. He's developed this instinct to such a degree that many quite well-found people confess to a feeling of being completely lost in his company.

Fate Sealed

SO off flew the seaplanes, and great was the excitement in the cockpits when an observer reported distinct signs of some lower form of animal life on an ice floe. Greater still was the excitement when it was discovered that whatever it was, it had a rudimentary moustache. And when closer inspection revealed that whatever it was, it was apparently going through the motions of raising its hands to its mouth and making peculiar noises, the excitement knew no bounds and spilled overboard. Here was the missing man without any possible, probable manner of doubt. Until they found it was a seal. It was promptly resealed for probate, and then put on the ice again, and particulars of the incident forwarded to the Lord Privy Seal.

The Navy was no more fortunate. Unhappily, the Admiral got the name wrong and went out in search of a Blower, not Lower at all. But after rounding up half the whales off the South Coast and the lower Aleutian Islands, and getting no intelligible response from same, in despair and a desire to cover his expenses, hired his fleet out to Zane Grey to transport his smaller catches to Bermagui and ports.

Last Clue

THE Army was called out to see whether Lower had gone west — not that anyone had any real hope of that having happened. But they decided to explore that possibility in view of the fact that some time before his disappearance Lower had been both seen and heard trying to dispose of a map of Lasseter's lost reef to a short-sighted hawk who was

endeavoring to sell bootlaces to a barefooted sailor in a private bar. The Army all turned up at the appointed time and place, but as they had no uniforms they didn't know they were there, and the effort ended in rank and file failure at the very start.

Let us now hasten to apologise and explain. Lower was never really lost — not physically, although bodily he did disappear, if you gather what we mean. And what we are trying to mean is that it was just simply a case of loss of

memory. He caught the wrong tram to one of his old addresses one night and was so insistent that he really did live there that the new tenants were terrorised into letting him have his way (up to a certain point, of course). As we say, Lower lost his memory, but his compulsory boots will never lose their memories of Lower.

It was the shock of seeing a man drop and break a bottle of beer in the street one evening after six o'clock that brought him back to earth.

Now, if we could only find the man who dropped the beer — But the damage is done — Mo.

Have you her Fashionable SLIM FIGURE



SHE'S the kind of figure which shows off the latest summery dresses to perfection — but once she'd a tendency to put on weight, to lose those graceful lines, until a friend recommended her to take Bile Beans. Now her figure's as lovely and slim as it ever was.

Don't envy her, but get that slim, fashionable figure for yourself by taking Bile Beans nightly. These fine vegetable pills tone up the system, ensure internal health, and melt away all surplus fat.

"I was worried about putting on weight. Since taking Bile Beans, however, I have got rid of all surplus fat. The nightly doses have brought back my girl like figure, which enables me to wear these new and stylish summer dresses." — Mrs. M. Singleton.

"I put on so much weight that it greatly reduced my energy and made me short of breath. But the nightly Bile Beans have removed all my surplus fat. I now weigh sixteen pounds less and am in better health than ever before." — Mrs. W. Thompson.

BILE BEANS

1/3 & 3/- EVERYWHERE.

Slenderize Your Figure TO IDEAL PROPORTIONS

with the "Slimform" PERFORATED LATEX GIRDLE AND UPLIFT BRASSIERE



You can TEST the Slimform Girdle for 10 days Without Cost

DOES excess fat rob you of the grace and charm that you desire?

■ Has unwanted flesh accumulated at waist, thighs and diaphragm in spite of all your efforts to retain that girlish slimness? Then you will rejoice over the marvellous Slimform Girdle and Uplift Brassiere that Reduce Hips and Waistline to what you desire, by their amazing massage-like action.

No Diet, Drugs, or Exercises! ■ The Slimform Girdle method of reducing is remarkable for its absolute Safety and Comfort. You take

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Send For 10 Days' Free Trial Offer! ■ This amazing offer is limited. So Do Not Delay. Send 2d. stamp for particulars of the 10 Days' Free Trial Offer and Literature Illustrating the Slimform Girdle.

SLIMFORM GIRDLE CO. LTD., 103 NATIONAL BUILDING, 258 PITT ST., SYDNEY.



Ken thinks that father of his is a pretty marvellous fellow... there's no better fun in the world than to do just what he does. For instance, Dad has always let Gibbs Archer look after his Ivory Castles—that's why they're so white and strong—and Ken's going to follow in his footsteps, using Gibbs every morning and night.

Gibbs brings up the natural polish of your teeth.



As Gibbs Dentifrice cleans, it dissolves all film and gently polishes your teeth to brilliant whiteness. The pleasant antiseptic foam freshens your mouth feeling delightfully fresh and clean, and helps to keep the gum tissues firm and healthy.

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES... defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

IN THE HANDY, WASTELESS TIN
At all Chemists and Stores, small tin 1/6, large tin 1/6, large refill, 1/3.

For dental plates use GIBBS DENTIFRICE TABLET, 2/- at all Chemists.

New SLIMMING Treatment REJUVENATES AS IT REDUCES!

Fat is dangerous as well as ugly. It is also mostly unnecessary. J. Kathleen Court, now offers overweight people the most effective reducing treatment ever devised. No one, knowing the composition of the Kathleen Court Reducing Treatment, no one seeing the grateful letters I have had from users could doubt it. One lady, writing to the manager of a leading Auckland (N.Z.) Department Store, says—"Dear Sir, I wish to inform you how very beneficial I have found Kathleen Court's Reducing Tablets. Since having taken a month's Treatment I have reduced without keeping strictly to diet and have never felt in better health. You may use this letter for advertising purposes, as I would like others to have the benefit. Yours faithfully, M.A."

FAST OR GRADUAL REDUCTION—AS YOU DESIRE!

The Kathleen Court Reducing Treatment is adaptable to individual requirements. Attention is given to the need of some to reduce certain parts, such as fat ankles, and thick thighs, while not attempting parts have normal. Not only is excess fat removed, but the face and body are actually rejuvenated in a remarkable manner. The features become more attractively defined, there is less liability to fatigue, while other benefits, such as improved intestinal action, and better memory, result. The cost is moderate. The Complete Outfit, for a full month's Treatment (Tablets and Bath Powders) being only 17/6, or a fortnight's supply of the Reducing Tablets may be obtained for 8/6. In view of the costliness of certain of the ingredients these prices are remarkably small. Order from your chemist or store, or direct from Kathleen Court, Australia House, Sydney, adding 4d. for postage. Display the Kathleen Court Reducing Treatment NOW—in a week you will see a great difference—in a month you will be much happier.



NEW BOOKS

Barnard-Eldershaw Partnership Produces Another Fine Novel...

People in Glass Houses

Reviewed by LESLIE HAYLEN

When Miss Marjorie Barnard and Miss Flora Eldershaw joined forces, their first book, "A House is Built," made literary history in this country. When the late Arnold Bennett reviewed the novel he said that it gave no external sign of collaboration, but was an entity and a unity. In that it was a major literary phenomenon.

THE same thing can be said of "Green Memory," the second book of the literary partnership. Now comes "The Glasshouse," which in many ways is the best book of the trio. It is better in construction and craftsmanship, but in story value may not quite reach the level of the first two Barnard-Eldershaw novels.

Part of Pattern

MOREOVER, it is a book to wrestle with since good reading is not always easy reading. The early chapters may seem a little mannered and self-conscious, but when the whole pattern is revealed there is sound justification for this. The authors have written of the voyage of a Norwegian ship from Antwerp to Fremantle.

They do not make the mistake of writing a hot and panting story of love under the tropic moon and the unsettling influences of a long sea voyage. Rather do they present the humdrum life of shipboard when bored passengers "urn minor incidents into an occasion."

The heroine of the story is Stirling Armstrong, a novelist. After studying her fellow passengers and making rapid analyses of these people she decides that they are a commonplace enough lot, and decides to write the "big story" of their

lives, drawing upon her own imagination to do so.

So it is that the passengers move along the routine of their lives on the ship while Stirling, using but the bare bones of their existence, dresses them in the pageantry of tragedy, comedy, and drama on the occasion of their big moments.

These stories make the book. They are witty, dramatic, tragic, and provocative in turn. There is a delicious blend of wit and malice in the story of Miss Williamson, the schoolteacher. It is so perfectly right in every detail that it will be read more than once. Perhaps the best story is that of the ship's doctor. It is deftly told, and the tragic touch is handled with great restraint. Stirling, being a good writer, prefers to live her own story, and one night finds herself in the captain's arms. The voyage ends—the occupants of the "glasshouse" go on their way. Stirling finds renunciation hard, and life is changed for her. She, too, has experienced the big moment of her life, and the tapestry of the shipboard story is full-patterned and complete.

Artistic in conception and splendidly handled, this novel will add much to the literary stature of these brilliant Australian writers. (Harrap, 7/6.)



MISS MARJORIE BARNARD (right) and Miss Flora Eldershaw, the Australian women collaborators, whose novel, "The Glasshouse," has received excellent notices in London.

SHORT REVIEWS

"GOD LIKES THEM PLAIN." Eric Linklater. The point that Linklater strives to emphasise in his latest book is that woman should be humble and homely, rather than beautiful and sophisticated. He uses a number of stories to drive this home, but they are merely pegs upon which to hang his humor. Some of the yarns are strained;

perhaps the best of these. The style of presentation is graceful and pleasing, which may compensate for the lack of meat in this literary repast. (Gollancz, 7/6.)

"MARS HIS IDIOT." B. M. Tomlinson. This book by a master of prose is a white-hot indictment against war. He deals not with its horrors, and hence will not be read so avidly as other war-books of less importance, but with the sublime idiocy of the whole business of slaughter.

Mr. Tomlinson is a pacifist—but also a fighter for a cause. One senses that the writer realises that his cause at the moment is a futile one with all nations armed to the teeth, but to the last line he abates not one jot in his intensity. "It is no good," he concludes, "in trying to dissuade men from war because it is dangerous. They like it that way. They have a doubt: could they face this threat? They don't know, but they want the experience."

Speaking of the war spirit in Europe he says: "The generation of elder brothers who could have counselled the young insurgents of Europe is lost. It went to find security, and has not returned."

This is a book for everyone and his wife. It is thoughtful and sometimes deep, but with the sanity of a thinker in every line. (Harper, 7/6.)

"GREEN LIGHT." Lloyd Douglas. This is an American novel, but subtly different to the great bulk of literature which comes out of the U.S.A. In thoughtfulness and in lofty ideal it is reminiscent of the earlier works of Sinclair Lewis. There is a constructive and cohesive philosophy running through it, hand in hand with a tense adventure situation.

The plot revolves about an assistant surgeon who bears the brunt of his senior's error at the operating table. It is a story of the Middle West, but there are no habits in the book. Instead, there is Dean Harcourt, a simple Christian minister, who plays a big part in bringing the story to a logical ending. Craftsmanship and treatment are excellent.

It is recommended to those who appreciate a novel by a writer who walks the heights, leaving the well-worn cuts to the mere yarn-spinners. (Angus and Robertson, 7/6.)



SINCLAIR LEWIS, who has had the screen scenario of his story, "It Can't Happen Here," rejected by the United States authority. This fine political novel was reviewed on the book page recently.

others are amusing, while a choice few show us the daring wit of the man who wrote "Juan in America." Linklater in any vein is worth while, even when he is not at his best. If this book is patchy his admirers will give praise for the yarns that do show the droll humor and witty flashes of this most amusing and provocative writer.

"The Crusaders' Key" is worthy of inclusion among the half-dozen best stories of contemporary writers. (Jonathan Cape, 7/6.)

"TUESDAY AFTERNOON." L. A. G. Strong. Perhaps the title of this book of short stories is a little unfortunate choice, for most of the yarns have that more or less insipid feeling that is associated with a morning when weekend memories have not yet fully faded from the curtain of a workday week.

The stories are competent enough, but in competence enough? Many of the incidents are slight—"Market Day" is

BOOKWORM'S CHOICE

THE book: "GAUDY NIGHT." Dorothy L. Sayers.

DON'T let the title of this book mislead you. The night in question has nothing to do with a terror time being had by all. It refers only to an Oxford University reunion when women graduates foregather and talk about LIFE.

THESE first pages may irritate you, but keep right on and you'll discover why this novel sold 40,000 in the first month of publication.

IT'S an honest-to-goodness detective story, and Harriett Vane has a peach of a lover in Lord Peter Wimsey. He's an aristocrat to the finger-tips, a "he-man" as well, and a born stayer in the love race.

HARRIETT is involved in a scandal. In fact, she is accused of murder, but Lord Peter stands fast.

SHE feels that she shouldn't marry him. He feels that she should. All along you have a feeling that she will change her mind. She does!

IT'S well written, and weepy in parts. A real under-your-pillow novel. (Gollancz, 7/6.)

The Versatility of Sponge Cake

It really is to be admitted. No other cake is quite so amenable to thrilling disguises—you know, chocolate icing and nuts, cream and jam and jelly and all the other trimmings that delight the very young heart. It can be made into butterflies—little cakes with wings sticking up—and dabs of cream and if by some mischance some should still be waiting in the cake-tin, then it's only waiting to become a luscious, decorated trifle. Of course, we are referring in each case to Copha Sponge Cake—it's the most delicious!

COPHA SPONGE CAKE

6 ozs. Sugar. 1 oz. Cornflour.
3 Eggs. 1 oz. Pure Copha.
1 lb. Self-raising 3 tablespoons
Flour. Milk.

Whisk the eggs and sugar well, shake in lightly the flour and cornflour, add the milk and Copha (boiling), mix well and pour into two eight-inch sandwich tins. Bake in fairly warm oven.

Though Copha, the pure vegetable shortening, can make up your own favourite recipes even more delicious than usual, it is as well to get the Copha Recipe Book, too. Then you'll have a whole host of new and exciting dishes to add to your repertoire. You'll want the Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder as well because that tells you how to preserve all the valuable health-giving mineral salts in the vegetables. Both booklets are free and post free from—

Edible Oil Industries Pty. Ltd.,
Department WW,
Box 2525EE, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

FESTIVAL of the CHERRY BLOSSOM

Complete Short Story



LITTLE Yo-Sai stood in the orchard full of cherry blossom. It was the cherry festival and all Japan was celebrating. They came down the road to Nikko, these gay, festival-loving Japanese; they came between the azaleas, ruby and deep wine-red and pink and palest rose. It was the festival of youth, of love, of cherry blossom like the first white snow across the land.

Little Yo-Sai was very young. She had a face like a magnolia, deep and cream, and in it there were two dark spots of eyes and a small heart-shaped mouth. Little Yo-Sai had come to the Geisha House when she was but a child; she had been selected by the old woman who ran it. Hop-Mai was old and had one yellow tooth in front, which she had a curious habit of sucking. She chuckled and pointed with withered fingers on which the skin had shrunk and hung in bags.

"The little Yo-Sai is a beauty," said Hop-Mai, and she sucked her tooth and she wagged her hideous old fingers.

Little Yo-Sai came into the cherry orchard at morning, and she saw the white blossom like the snow. "How lovely is spring," said Little Yo-Sai, "and how beautiful it is to be young!" Beyond lay the blue bay, and into it had come last night a great British warship. It lay there shining against the water.

Last night there had been officers ashore. Big men. Powerful men, different from the little Japanese men who came to the Geisha House for entertainment and for music. They had come swinging up the street, tall and straight with broad shoulders and big white eyes. "Like cow's eyes," Hop-Mai had said and had laughed.

But to little Yo-Sai they had not been like cow's eyes at all. There had been the one man, the very young man in his white drill uniform, with eyes blue like the iris and hair gold as the laburnum which comes after the cherry festival. He had made little Yo-Sai sing to him, and she had sung exquisitely. He had touched her obi with tender fingers. It was the beautiful obi that had been given to her

By ..

Ursula Bloom

on her tenth birthday; it had humming birds embroidered on it and wild fireflies and the heads of white daisies. "I will come to-morrow night," he had told her.

He had asked what she did here underneath the mountain. He had asked why she lingered here. What was the Geisha House, anyway? She told him sweetly that she had been sold to the Geisha House when she was a child. "Why, you are that now," he had said. She shook the small dark head. A child in body perhaps, a woman in understanding. She would go on living here for ever and ever. Perhaps one day, if she were very, very lucky, she would grow old like Hop-Mai and run a Geisha on her own initiative.

That was if she were very lucky. "God forbid," said the young midshipman sharply.

He had said pretty things to her, and she had smiled up at him only half understanding. But she knew one thing. He would come back to-night.

It was evening when he came.

"Take the honorable gentleman into the cherry orchard," said old Hop-Mai, beckoning to them with a wrinkled finger. She chuckled ominously. This was amusing. This was good fun.

They walked in the twilight among the cherry and the iris buds. They talked of the West, and she listened with impatience. The ship would sail at midnight, he said.

"My heart will sail with her," said little Yo-Sai.

He turned to her. "Perhaps I will come back." He was enchanted by her, her smallness, her freckle-like skin, the old with its lustrous colors. Then he remembered home. Something rather austere in the North of England; something rather severe and remote.

He taught little Yo-Sai how to kiss. "I do not like it much," said she sweetly.

"It is our custom." He held her in his arms with the snowy arms of the cherry waving about them. Nobody disturbed them here in the cherry orchard, nobody inter-

rupted them. "Little Yo-Sai, you are very sweet." She answered. "You are magnificent."

The sweet moon rose. Beyond, the blue sea did not stir in the wind. It was a silent night. There was the peak of the mountain fringed with a dull silver from the stars. There were the gay lights in the Geisha House and the scent of flowers and of tea and the twanging of little stringed instruments as played by the girls within. Old Hop-Mai was running about and chucking like a hen. She thought it was a great evening. Oh, a great evening. More yen, thought old Hop-Mai, whose whole mind was centred on yen. More and still more yen.

It was an hour before midnight when he left. She could hear his heart pounding against her own.

"Oh, stay with me, come back for me," she pleaded. The midshipman steeled his heart. A butterfly creature, she would soon forget.

"One day," he promised. "Maybe then I shall be old." "And I'll have a beard." He laughed at his own joke, but the heart-shaped mouth never smiled. "Good-bye," she said.

SHE stood there very still, almost like a statue left in the orchard.

What lay ahead? The East must never love the West; besides, he would forget her. It was as impossible for her to enter his world as it was for him to enter hers—and stay.

Geisha Houses go on. Girls grow into women, women grow old. That is life. Cherry-blossom festivals come and go, and every year the cherry is as lovely and the festival is as joyous, but the beauty of those who celebrate is a little withered, until finally they are old and weary of life.

"If only something could happen!" said little Yo-Sai to herself.

She saw the picket boat cutting its way through the bay and arriving alongside the gangway of the big ship. They would be climbing up it now. They would be climbing up and up by the brilliant lights. Afterwards those lights were extinguished and the gangway was drawn up. There came the sound of a single call. It was a farewell. Ships do not grow old, they journey from place to place. They gather the froth and the glamour, then they pass on.

Little Yo-Sai stood quite still. A small dark, coffin-shaped cloud had risen and was hiding the moon. She looked up at it apprehensively. Was it that the seven dragons of the mountain were angry? No, surely that could not be.

"Why do you weep so?" asked the other Geishas. "The officers were very kind; they gave us lots of yen."

But no yen could make up to little Yo-Sai.

Next morning the sky was overcast as though a storm was about. There was a queer rumbling in the mountain.

"The dragons are angry," said the people, and they burnt joss sticks, and they flew more little flags to try to propitiate them.

But alone little Yo-Sai sat there with the cherry falling about her. She was a statue, she told herself, for her heart had gone forth in the big ship, and now she did not care what happened to her. If only she could fall with the cherry blossom! If . . .

There came the distant rumbling growing nearer. She knew the earth was shaking. Fire seemed to spurt out of the Mountain of the Seven Dragons, and in the tremor the blinding snow of the cherry blossom scattered to right and left. She saw the earth opening, but she did not run demented, as did the others. The brightness of her youth and beauty would be buried for ever with the shine of cherry blossom. Nothing else mattered.

IN the gunroom of the great ship two midshipmen discussed the wireless news.

"Lucky we got out of that place when we did," said one; "they say there's been the devil of an earthquake there. Half the people killed; and you know that Geisha House where you had so much fun, that must have been in the thick of it."

But the midshipman had a thick head. He turned round and stared owlishly at his friend.

"What Geisha House?" he asked.

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The LOVERS' OAK

Continued from Page 7

"ALL this used to be a great forest once, where giants lived and elves and pixies. And there was a Princess of the Wood—a little girl with blue eyes and yellow, golden curls like Lesley here, and one day she found a Prince of the Wood, who came out of a crystal spring. Then, because she wouldn't tell the Prince her name so that he could carve it on the Lovers' Oak, he got angry and went away and said he never would come back unless she put her name there herself. And she never would, so he never came back—and now the forest has turned to ugly little houses and the Lovers' Oak has been cut down."

All this Lesley thought as she crossed the stile below the orchard with Hamish, the Scotty, scampering ahead of her.

She walked down the leafy aisles towards Lovers' Oak. There in the clearing it reared its lowering height, scraping the sky, spreading wide, sheltering branches over the mossy ground. And there, bleached and weathered now, was the heart that Evan had carved.

"Would it have been different," she wondered, "if I had told him my name and let him carve my initials there with his?" Was there some magic in that oak that kept love strong with those whose names were carved upon it? There was a legend in Fairfield village that happiness had stayed with all those couples and would stay with them until the Lovers' Oak was felled.

"I can lend you my knife," Lesley Bowen.

He had come, his steps noiseless on the moss to her side. Older now, thinner of face.

"It will be cut down," she said, not looking at him, "along with the rest of the trees, to make room for houses. The Deanes were a proud people. I once heard; generations of them owned these woods and must have loved them."

"And now some keen, young businessman—your fiance, isn't he—has out to acquire it and cut it up for building. That will make him and you rich. Surely you want to be rich?"

"I don't want to talk to you," she turned away. "You're going to let the woods go, aren't you?"

"I think so. Why not? There's

nothing here for me." He looked at the blank space in the heart he had carved. "All the others, you see, have initials coupled with theirs. I have none. When are you going to be married, Lesley?"

"Shortly." She lingered, against her own good sense. She knew she should go, that there was no sense in talking to him. But something kept her there until he was again close to her.

"Why should I keep the woods?" he repeated. "Let them go. Let everything go. You know, I wasn't joking about—about your initials on the oak. It's a tradition with us. Not that I ever expected them to be there with mine."

"Is there any magic in their being there—with yours?"

"Perhaps. Who knows? It is a magic wood."

"You seem to have avoided it."

"I've been working—painting—hard these last few years. But I often thought of the woods, of your walking here, of the oak tree—I shouldn't have, I suppose. You probably weren't walking here, you were falling in love with the enterprising Mr. Douthright. Well, one might as well be comfortable."

"You're being beastly." She turned, now in earnest. She heard his step behind her. She ran, with Hamish barking at her heels, down the winding path, but at the spring where, years ago, they had met, he caught her and held her in his arms.

"It's good-bye, Lesley. I've been blind all these years. I didn't know what you meant to me. I hope you'll be happy. This is good-bye!"

He kissed her once, held her gently enough despite her struggles, then let her go and, with no look back, walked quickly through the Woods of Deane.

Bending down at the spring to drink, as on that June day long ago, Lesley saw her mouth twisted and a drop of water that was salt fell into the spring and mingled with its sweetness.

AT dinner she was silent. Her father talked to her of Ned's plans, told her what a great and profitable venture it was, and intimated how proud she should be of Ned.

Then Ned came and she sat with him on the veranda watching the silver flood of light from the disc of the moon over the spired tips of the cedars on the edge of the Woods of Deane. Ah, there was magic in the woods to-night.

"You're quiet to-night, Lea," said Ned, shifting his cigar to the corner of his mouth. "Not feeling well?"

"I feel all right." She kept looking at the woods. It was as if they called to her, as if to-night their charm was stronger than it had ever been.

"Woods are pretty to-night," said Ned. "Romantic. I was walking there just about sunset, looking it over."

Lesley hardly heard him. He couldn't have seen her or Evan; he would surely have commented on it.

"I was talking to young Deane in the village before I came here. He's going to sell me the place cheap. He seems crazy to me. Said I could pay what I liked. I said: 'That's no way to do business. What do you want for the property?' How much money?" He looked at me as if I was crazy and said, 'What's money got to do with it?' Then he said, whatever I did, I wasn't to cut down that big oak-tree in the middle of the wood—the Lovers' Oak, they call it. I said I wouldn't. I can understand about romantic things like that. Quite an idea, that if your initials and your sweetheart's are carved there you'll always be together and happy."

"You don't believe it?"

Ned chuckled and patted her hand. "Don't I, though! I can be as soft as the next one, baby. How about a kiss?"

"No. No, Ned. Not to-night. Not ever. You had better go now. I'm going in." She stood up, trembling.

He stared at her.

"Why, what's the matter, dear? You aren't yourself at all. What did I do? What did I say? Oh, I expect you'll be all right after a good night's rest. See you to-morrow."

He went away humming. For a moment she watched him, then she went into the house, tip-toed past her father, who was dozing in the sitting-room, and went to a drawer in the kitchen where there was a class-knife that had often, often, suggested to her what she was going to do to-night. She got the knife and put it in her jacket pocket; then out into the moonlight and into the silver darkness of the wood.

Perhaps it was a silly, school-girlish, romantic thing she was about to do. But it had to be done. She would feel better, happier, when it was done. Her fingers felt the firmness of the knife in her pocket.

Please turn to Page 18



means

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"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"Nobody can say anything bad about that girl."
"Well, let's talk about somebody else."



CUSTOMER: Surely you're not going to charge me a bob for cutting my few hairs?
BARBER: No; that's for the job I had finding them.



"This jar of jam I bought here is full of stalks!"
"Well, it says on the label, 'Branches everywhere.'"



WIFE: Do you see any difference in me since we were married?
HUSBY: Yes, your tongue seems a little longer.

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kiss you, would you object?
SHE: Try it and see!

"WHAT did you operate on Brown
for?"
"Fifty guineas."
"Yes, but what did Brown have?"
"Fifty guineas!"

BEGGAR: I ain't had a bite to-day,
sir.
Absent-minded Fisherman: Wrong
bait, I expect.

CUSTOMER: Do you serve lobsters
here?
Waiter: Boy, we serve anyone.

"HOW many times 'ave I got to tell
you about saying 'eh'?" she de-
manded angrily. "Why don't you be
a little gentleman and say, 'Wot,' like
yer father?"

THE city girl holidaying in the
country, was strolling with the
farmer's son when they saw a cow and
calf rubbing noses.
"Ah," said the farmer's boy, "that
sight makes me want to do the same."
"Well, go ahead," said the girl, "it's
your cow."

"WHY is an hour glass made small in
the middle?"
"To show the waste of time."

"I LEFT my wife because she had too
many irons in the fire."
"Trying to mix a marriage with a
career?"
"No, she was trying to burn my golf
clubs."

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Are you timid? Self-conscious? Afraid
of meeting people? Liable to blush,
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OF THIS PAPER

Continued from Page 6

RED for DANGER

APPARENTLY she's a thoroughly silly woman," went on Lann. "Ford told me that if she hadn't been such an obvious fool, he'd have been inclined to suspect her. The only information she could give about Breiden was that he had a great liking for shellfish, and had crab, or lobster, or mussels every week-end. Ford must have felt like hitting her."

"Quite," said Black. He loved shellfish, but nobody here knew it. Not once at the club had he touched it. He had been at great pains to let everybody know that he loathed crab and lobsters and the like. He had taken care that there should not be the remotest possibility of similarity between himself and Breiden.

The case provided the Press with a sensation, and Black read the reports and the theories with secret gusto. Every word of them, indirectly, was a tribute to his cleverness.

There was the club porter's description of Breiden, for instance. An observant man, he had supplied the police with a collection of accurate details, and four days after the murder this description was broadcast.

People argued that it should be easy to catch this Breiden, since he had such a distinctive appearance. How was he going to hide the gap in his

upper teeth? He wouldn't dare to go to any dentist and get a plate made.

Black was proud of himself. Of genuine clues he had not left a trace.

Patience and brains, he told himself, had brought him the reward. It had been a year since the first vague suggestions started in his mind. At that time, faced by the fact that his patent agency was failing, he had lost all scruples. He was willing to do anything to get money. But there seemed no chance to do anything.

A casual invitation to lunch at the Cornwall Club had been the seed of the murder. His mouth watering, he had seen diamond merchants producing gems from their pockets with no more fuss or precaution than youngsters comparing marbles.

It seemed to him that there was opportunity in a general way, and he had got elected to the club and become friendly with everybody.

His next step was to establish a separate identity. Thus the creation of Carl Breiden. Every week-end he left the club as Henry Black, changed his appearance in a public cloak-room,

and turned up at 15 Paxley Road as Breiden. Even his speech was completely changed by the removal of that dental plate.

His infinite capacity for taking pains was illustrated by the little detail concerning his passion for shellfish. At 15 Paxley Road he had indulged his taste heartily. At the club he had avowed his loathing of food of that sort.

AFTER the murder, he kept up his habit of going away for the week-ends. He chose Brighton, Hastings, Worthing. On one of these jaunts he disposed of the Breiden disguise, making up a parcel and dropping it down a disused well at the foot of the Sussex Downs.

The diamonds never left his person. He was in no violent hurry to sell them. In due course, he would get his price from a Dutchman named Van Schluysen, an Amsterdam dealer. He had heard all about Van Schluysen in the business talk at the club.

There was a certain fascination

in listening to Lann's theories about the murder. If Black had been afraid of all, he would have been more afraid of Lann than of the police. Behind those penetrating blue eyes lay an acute, scientific brain. Apart from the fact that he was a Doctor of Science, and an authority on gems and mineralogy, Lann had a knack of analysing human nature to the very core.

"I wouldn't mind betting," he said to Black, "that Breiden is still in this country. Whoever he is, he's fiendishly clever. The murder itself proved that."

"But how is the man going to get rid of those diamonds?"

"He's not going to—not yet, at any rate. He'll hide his time until this affair's forgotten. Then he'll get in touch with some shady dealer like that old scoundrel, Van Schluysen."

"By the way you're talking, you seem to think they'll never catch Breiden." Lann stroked his high forehead. "Yes, I'm afraid so. If a murderer's clever, the odds are all in his favor. Look at the list of unsolved murder mysteries

for the last few years. Of course, there's luck, good or bad. The cleverest man can't control that."

Black nodded. "How would Breiden get in touch with Van Schluysen?"

"He might go across to Amsterdam, when this affair's blown over. Or he might write."

"Wouldn't the police instruct the postal authorities that any English letter to Van Schluysen is to be opened and examined?"

"They could do that. But I dare say Breiden's thought of it, and any letter he sent would be very carefully watched. No mention of diamonds. To put them quite out of the secret, he'd probably say he had some emeralds or sapphires to sell."

"That," thought Black, "is an excellent idea," and said aloud: "How on earth did Breiden learn about Shawfield's habits, and the position of the Deal Room, and so on? That's what I'd like to know."

"Answer that, and you'd get the answer to the whole problem."

The days passed comfortably. Even at the club the murder of Shawfield was a subject that had sunk into oblivion. To prepare the way for the future, Black mentioned that he thought of selling his patent agency business.

"I've got a tiny private income," he told Lann. "I shall probably settle down somewhere, and amuse myself with gardening, and golf, and tennis."

"Sounds tempting. But you're young enough to do it. Black, I'm too old to uproot myself now."

"Too old! You're not too old to play a wonderful game of squash."

Lann laughed. "I've kept it up since I was a kid, that's why. One of my few vices. Care for a game now?"

"Don't mind if I do. I'm not busy."

BOTH men changed into cricket shirts and shorts, and had a vigorous game for half an hour.

"Pshaw!" Black mopped his forehead. "I'm dripping."

"They adjourned to the bathroom. As Black pulled off his shirt, preparatory to having a shower, Lann said:

"Hullo! Cut yourself!"

He pointed at the neckband of Black's shirt.

"That? No." Black glanced at the reddish-pink mark on the flannel and dropped his shirt carelessly. "Don't know what it is—sort of iron mould. I'm always getting these marks on my collars, just at the back of the neck. Darned inefficient laundry."

"Oh!" said Lann, and made no further comment. But as he walked out of the bathroom there was a curious, thoughtful stare in his eyes.

Two days later Black missed a collar. It puzzled him in a mild way, because he could have sworn that he left it on his dressing-table. However, it was gone, and as its disappearance had no particular significance for him, he forgot all about it.

There was something much more important to occupy him. He had taken an accommodation address on the other side of London, and from there written a letter to Van Schluysen, offering some rubies at an extremely reasonable figure. He would prefer Mr. Van Schluysen to meet him somewhere in England, and as a guarantee of good faith he enclosed ten pound notes. Perhaps they could arrange an interview at Harwich or Gravesend?

VAN SCHLUYSEN'S reply arrived. He was willing to meet Mr. Arthur Smith at Gravesend on the following Friday, at any time after ten o'clock in the morning.

Black wrote another letter, appointing the Red Lion Hotel as the rendezvous, and 10.30 as the time of meeting. On the Thursday evening he went down to Gravesend and took a bedroom at the Red Lion.

Van Schluysen was about sixty, short, square, solid, with the face of a pugilist and tiny, dull grey eyes.

"How do you do, Mr. Smith?"

Black shook his strong hand. "If you're ready for a little business talk we might go straight up to my room."

"Certainly."

In the bedroom Black pulled forward a chair, and produced a bottle of brandy.

"Well, it's like this, Mr. Van Schluysen. I mentioned rubies in my letter. Since then I have found a customer."

Van Schluysen looked at him.

"But in the meanwhile I've bought some diamonds that might interest you."

Still looking at him hard, Van Schluysen chuckled.

"Ah, no? It is best to be careful in a ledger."

"If you buy them, in what way do you propose to pay?"

"I have an account, under the name of John Jones, at the London and Kentish Bank. You come with me there, and I draw a banker's draft, and you take that, and I take the diamonds. That is satisfactory?"

"Quite," said Black. Obviously Van Schluysen knew how to carry out shady deals and safeguard both parties.

Please turn to Page 18

Nice white linen... nice smooth hands!



Yes...I'm a Siren user

Pure, gentle Siren suds keep your clothes and your hands safe from washing-day harm. Yet they do their work with a will, loosening dirt at once so that it floats out without hard rubbing and leaves sparkling, brilliant whiteness behind.

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BATH TOWELS

Take your crosses to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (opp. Town Hall), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for you, post your crosses to Box 4267Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY. Do not enclose a letter with your parcel. Simply include a slip of paper giving the following particulars only:

- (1) Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS.
- (2) Number and colour of crosses enclosed.
- (3) Gift required.

GLASSCLOTHS

GLASSCLOTH, pure Irish linen, 32 x 23 inches.
● Save 24 Blue Crosses (from 6 large bars of Siren Soap), or 18 Brown Crosses (from 18 twin-tablets).

SIREN SOAP

Save the 1 BROWN CROSS from each SIREN twin-tablet wrapper.



Save the 4 BLUE CROSSES from each large SIREN wrapper.

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

MEET SOME PEOPLE You Should Know

They are the wives and families of the consular corps of other lands who are resident in Australia.



VERY POPULAR among the American community is Mrs. Jay Pierrepont Moffitt, wife of the Consul-General for America. Her two small children are both blonde, and are named Edith and Peter.
—Dorothy Weidling photo



A QUAINLY CARVED stone figure forms the background for this exclusive study of the wife of the Consul-General for Mexico, Madame Zalapa, and her curly-haired daughter, Consuelo.
—Women's Weekly photo



IN HER ceremonial kimono and old embroidered in exotic designs, Madame Mural, wife of the Consul-General for Japan, is always a charming figure at official functions within the consular corps.
—Dorothy Weidling photo



WITH HER husband, who is Consul-General for Sweden, and her two daughters, Lola and Ebba, Mrs. De Dardell is at present on leave in Sweden.
—Pitt Studio



MADAME SUZOR, wife of the Consul-General for France, is paying her first visit to Australia. She is accompanied by two sons and two daughters, and will make her home at Eastbourne Road, Darling Point, Sydney.
—Dorothy Weidling photo



RIGHT: MADAME VITA FINZI and her little son Ennio, who was born off the coast of Australia on her recent voyage to Sydney with her husband, Dr. Paul Vita-Finzi, who assumed the post of Consul-General for Italy, replacing the Marquis Ferrante.
—Dorothy Weidling photo



WOLFGANG AND CLAUS HELENTALL, with their lovely mother, who is the wife of the Acting Consul-General for Germany.
—Dorothy Weidling photo

CORNWELL'S

PURE MALT VINEGAR

bought everywhere by everybody

RED for DANGER

Continued from Page 16

BLACK'S fingers went into his waistcoat pocket. For once his cold-blooded temperament was a little excited. With the passing of these diamonds his last connection with the killing of Shawfield would be severed, and he would have a lump of money to keep him comfortably for the rest of his life. The whole plan from first to last had been foolproof. It showed that criminals who failed had no brains.

He drew out a wash-leather bag. "They're beauties, as you'll see for yourself."

Van Schuyssen extended his hand, took the bag, and poured the diamonds into his palm.

The bustling open of the door and a harsh, choking noise from Black were simultaneous. There was no chance for Van Schuyssen to hide the diamonds. Though he had been startled, he stared quite calmly at the three police and two civilians who had rushed in.

"Vad is this?" he said, with all the innocence in the world, and turned to Black inquiringly.

Black neither moved nor spoke. A stupid little smile was on his lips. His face had become grey and stiff, like the face of a dead man. Only his eyes had life. They considered George Lann and Inspector Ford with a kind of stunned disbelief.

Van Schuyssen did not attempt to close his fingers over the diamonds. The police could not touch him. They could not prove anything against him.

"Vad is this?" he said again.

A civilian stepped forward, examined the diamonds with a swift, comprehensive scrutiny, and said, "Yes, as the late Mr. Shawfield's manager I identify

them as the diamonds he had on his person the day he was murdered."

A hand tapped Black on the shoulder. He still looked incredulously at George Lann and Inspector Ford. It seemed to him that this was the work of some hellish magic.

Lann spoke. "It may be out of order, Inspector, but I should like to tell him."

"Very well, sir."

Lann turned to Black.

"You were clever. We don't know everything yet. There are several fragments to be pieced together. But I might tell you that you've been watched since the day after a collar of yours disappeared."

"A collar?" whispered Black.

"A collar. It gave me—and the police—something to work on. It set me wondering why you had taken such care to tell me and the club waiters and everybody else that you hated shellfish. It reminded me of the remark of Breiden's landlady, that he was abnormally fond of shellfish."

It set me wondering why you had told that to me and kept it up so elaborately. If you'd known something of chemistry, Black, you wouldn't have told that lie—or, at least, you wouldn't have let a mineralogist see the neckband of your shirt."

Black made an aimless, groping gesture. Lann smiled grimly.

"You see, Black, the nature of that stain was pretty obvious to me. That's why I pinched your collar, and had the stain on it analysed, to make sure. It was a copper stain. It's distinctive—when you know. Copper in the human system invariably works out with the perspiration at the back of the neck. The only food containing much copper is shellfish."

The hand on Black's shoulder tightened with a solemn finality.

(Copyright)

KEEP SUMMER COMPLAINTS AT BAY

SUMMER weather brings a health problem for many. The change in climatic conditions to them means ills, and chills, headaches, nervousness, rheumatic twinges, belated 'flu attacks, petty colds and other complaints too numerous to particularise. The point to remember—the wise course to follow—is to stamp out these petty complaints at once with the great proved household medicine 'ASPRO', which is at your immediate service at small cost. Keep 'ASPRO' handy in your home and in your pocket or bag, and you will find it a comforter, a protector and a friend in need.

WITH 'ASPRO'

POWDERS FAILED — WONDERFUL RELIEF FROM 'ASPRO'

Albert St., Ipswich Rd., S. BRISBANE, Q'land.

Dear Sirs,

I would like to tell you how very much I have profited from using 'ASPRO'. It has been a veritable god-send. I used to try to get relief from powders and other similar preparations, but they were always useless to me. Terrible nerve pains prostrated me for days and made nights a torture. Nothing did me good till I tried 'ASPRO', and now I am just a normal woman, free from racking pains and fits of depression. I give 'ASPRO' to every member of my family with beneficial results.

(Sgd.) Mrs. M. JACKSON

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS PATIENT GETS RELIEF AND SLEEP

15 Glenmore Road, PADDINGTON, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,

For about 37 years I suffered with Rheumatoid Arthritis, and was for some time an inmate of a Hospital of Incurables. My weight decreased from 15 stone to 9 stone. I have tried all kinds of treatment with little or no result. I first tried 'ASPRO' for a headache, and obtained immediate relief, and as it also relieved the pain of the Rheumatoid Arthritis, I increased the dose to four and found that it gave very great relief and I was able to enjoy a good night's rest.

(Sgd.) F. J. MITCHELL

The LOVERS' OAK

Continued from Page 14

PERHAPS EVAN would never see her initials curved there. He would sell the wood to-morrow and go away. But as long as the oak stood, as he had stipulated it must, her name would be there with his—the one pair of initials that broke the tradition of the Lovers' Oak.

But then he might see it. Her cheeks grew hot as she thought of that. He might see it, and he would know then how weak she was, how she was throwing herself at his head, taking this way to tell him she loved him.

She took the knife from her pocket, looked at it, and shook her head.

"I won't do it. I'll go back. I—"

"Lesley!" Evan came out of the shadows of a tall pine. She did not move. She could not. She was in his arms, trembling against him, her head on his shoulder, while his hand smoothed the cool brightness of her hair. "You love me, Lesley. And I love you."

"Yes. I—I've loved you since the day I met you at the spring. When we were small, and young."

"I think we'll be always young, my dearest—young together, here in the wood!"

"You—then you're not going to sell it?"

"No. Not after to-night. Do you know, I was going away to-night. I had made arrangements with Mr. Smith, the lawyer, to sell the place to Douthright. Then I saw the moon, and I had to come here just once more, and I went to the Lovers' Oak, and then I saw—"

He kissed her and stared into her eyes where there was stardust and the mystery of the moon.

"You saw what?" she whispered.

"Your initials, where you had just cut them. That was sweet of you, that told me you loved me, and I came running to find you."

"But I did not carve my initials. Look. I was going to. I brought this knife. Then—then I thought it would look as if I were throwing myself at you, so I changed my mind. I was going home."

"But they are there. It was no trick of the moonlight. I saw them there. Perhaps your good angel, or mine, put them there. We'll always be happy now; we'll always have love."

Mr. Edward Douthright, the good angel, on the porch of the Fairfield Arms, smoking a last cigar, was thinking the same.

Lesley will know to-morrow that old Ned can be as romantic as any poet. Funny that my initials should be already carved in that heart—E.D. Sort of a good omen!"

(Copyright)

MY NEW WAY TO END SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Solves Every Woman's Problem



A great British scientist says: "After years of experiment I have at last found a safe and easy way to end annoying unwanted hair. You simply wash it away just as easily as washing your face. No smell, no mess, or bother." This amazing discovery has been purchased by the manufacturers of Veet. New Veet is made according to this new formula which simply dissolves away the hair. New Veet looks, feels and smells just like a high class toilet cream. You apply it direct from the tube, and then wash off. Every trace of hair is gone. The skin is soft, smooth and white. No stubble, no coarse regrowth.

The razor method is prehistoric, out of date—makes the hair grow faster and coarser. The safe, modern, scientific way is New Veet. If you are not positively delighted with results, your money is refunded in full.

FREE: By special arrangement with the main paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: P.O. Box 3070 SS (Dept. 381 N.S.), Sydney, N.S.W.

SEX APPEAL is not magic—It's HEALTH

Yet countless numbers of women and men go on day after day with catarrh saproting their vitality. They do not realize that catarrh is rapidly destroying their health—killing their ambition—only to leave them in a despondent, nervous wreck. If you have catarrh in any form—don't just put up with it because you have tried dozens of remedies without effect. The Glysma treatment has proved a boon to thousands, and it will do the same for you. You will become more attractive—you will regain that vitality you once enjoyed, you will be able to breathe once fresh air and moreover, these sticky pains in the region of the eyes will soon disappear. Singing holes in the head and even deafness caused through catarrh will vanish slowly but surely by the Glysma treatment.

Be late in yourself and to those near you—commence this guaranteed Glysma treatment to-day. All chemists sell Catarrh Glysma for 1s. 6d.

MAN WORKED OVER-TIME WHILE LEG HEALED

"Varix" treatment has been quite successful on that bad leg of mine—a miracle, in fact. In five weeks the wound healed up completely and I never lost an hour's work from the first day. In fact, I have been working overtime on it three days a week. I have not failed to tell people at your simple and cheap cure." Write to-day for free Varix booklet. Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varix Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymock's Building, 424N George Street, Sydney; 92N Collins St., Melbourne. 4-2-8.

Summer Beauty

Are you feeling sorry you might be old, too often, the hot kiss of the sun? These freckles! Those rough patches! Yet, you needn't worry. Night and morning application of pure mercurized wax will quickly set all right. Let this soothing, wonderful wax remove the discolored, coarsened surface skin... beneath a clear and lovely skin but waits to show itself! Let pure mercurized wax banish skin blemishes, renew your natural good looks.

Your hair needs restoration, too. Rid your scalp of dirt, sand, and dust particles, also suspension of dandruff and your pretty hair will gleam again: soft, pretty, shining. Ask your chemist for statals granules; these make the simplest yet certainly the best of all shampoos. And how sunshine increases abundant growth. Remove unwanted hair at once with phenolized. Harmless, painless, it also discourages future growth. Worrying grey hairs are miraculously restored to their natural colour by the use of famamite lotion. What a joy to use the new Dearborn face powder! 4-2-8

Those Unsightly Grey Wisps

Beautiful hair provides one of the chief allurements of femininity. And Alice's Median Walnut Shain restores the natural shade with such perfection that it is used exclusively in the leading beauty salons. Application is so easy that private treatment is safe and sure. A few drops provide an inexpensive way to make the hair rich and glorious. All Chemists, 4/- per bottle in brown or black. Made by Friton, Grimwade, and Durdine, Ltd., Melbourne. 4-2-8

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.
Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

So They Say

FOR FRIENDLY DEBATE

If you enjoy a friendly debate, write to So They Say—on any topic at all. Introduce your own or give your viewpoint on one of the subjects featured this week. Letters should not exceed 120 words.

FOILING BANK BANDITS

WHY do not banking companies provide private cubicles for customers who wish to deposit or withdraw sums of money? Under the procedure now, clients are forced to transact their business in full view of any person watching for a likely victim. Many crimes have doubtless developed from the publicity of a crowded city banking chamber.

Pawnbroking establishments, electoral booths, and telephones provide a certain degree of privacy. Why should not bank clients be given a similar privilege? It would be fitting if the banks, which spend such vast sums on their buildings, would devote a portion to ensure a degree of security for those who trade with them, and provide a number of small cubicles for transactions of this kind.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. M. Phillips, care 45 Mary St., Glenferrie, Melbourne.

"LUCK" NON-EXISTENT

CAN the honest thinker really credit success to "luck"?

Success in life does not come as a pleasant surprise, delivered in parcels at our door by a kindly fate. It is more the outcome of real ability and the power to seize an opportunity when it comes our way.

The man, who is forever blaming luck for not helping him on the road to fame, is usually trying to hide his inability or laziness from friends.

We find, too, the shy and retiring person who is too afraid of destructive criticism to take any definite measures to secure reward for his labors. When, perhaps, his work is ultimately recognized and receives well-merited praise, he calls this recognition "luck" for fear of being thought conceited.

If ambitious dreams are realised, it is more gratifying to know that the world's acknowledgment is founded on merit, and not gained by luck.

Miss N. C. Armstrong, Waiwera, 1 Berran St., E. Launceston, Tas.

GIVE IT A TRY!

IF you want to paint, paint. If you want to write, write. It's in the doing of things that one learns how they should be done.

The other day I met a friend who had opened a florist's shop. She had never run one before, but in running it she learned how it should be done, and made a success of it.

Why does one continually meet people who are always wanting to do or be this or that, but who never think of trying? Why do they say, "I don't try." But I never shall because I doubt if I'd ever be any good at it!

If they never try, how do they know? F. Leach, 57 Wallace St., Newtown, Toowoomba, Qld.

HOLIDAYS UNSETTLING

IT'S a popular idea that holidays give one a new interest in life with which to face the dull routine ahead!

I hadn't had a holiday for eight years, but I was reasonably satisfied with life. Then I decided to have a week in the city—a very wild and thrilling week! It wasn't until I was returning that the full effect of the holiday dawned upon me—the thought of going back to every-day things appalled me. And now, a month after the holiday, I am still unsettled and dissatisfied.

No—definitely—holidays do not give renewed life; they simply show more clearly how drab one's daily occupations really are.

Miss A. E. Smith, 39 Fern St., falling-ton, via Newcastle, N.S.W.

REPEATING SECRETS

I WAS asked not to repeat it, but of course she will not mind my telling you, and I know it will not go any further.

So this interesting piece of news goes from one to another, always told in confidence. How can we have confidence in our friends to keep information to themselves, when we cannot control our tongues enough not to tell it in the first instance?

M. R. Chiffon, Houghston, via Adelaide, S.A.

Three Cheers for Fathers Who Push Prams!

I HEARTILY agree with Mr. W. J. Millidge (8/2/36) writing on "pram-pushing." Why should a father be deprived of the pleasure of taking his child for an outing in the pram—for I think that to most men this is a pleasure?

To many people of both sexes a man pushing a pram is considered a "hen-pecked" husband. Why? If a man is proud of his offspring, he certainly should not stop at wheeling it in a pram.

Most responsibilities of rearing a child are (or should be) equally shared by both parents, so why not begin in the early days of a child's life?

Mr. Sydney Giles, 14 Payten St., Ryde, N.S.W.

Hates To See It

I AM sorry to say that I, too, hate to see a man wheeling a pram! Perhaps it is just cat's paw and narrow-minded, but I have not seen a man yet who can perform this simple office and retain his dignity.

Perhaps you are the exception, Mr. Millidge, so carry on. There is certainly no real reason why you should not do so.

Mrs. G. Strom, Mauldra, Forbes Line, N.S.W.

No Need for "Cattiness"

MR W. J. MILLIDGE need not be sensitive on hearing "catty" remarks passed when he wheels the pram! Many fathers take a delight in taking the baby for an airing. I have not yet met a mother who objected to her husband taking a turn. Some nights ago I saw a little family party—mother and father had a pram and baby apiece, and father was wheeling the new baby in the new pram! What could be fairer than that?

Mrs. D. Cooper, Crib Pl. P.O. Vic.

Do As You Like

WHY shouldn't a father wheel the pram sometimes? I deeply shocked an acquaintance by admitting that I always chop my own wood—the job I enjoy. Why should there be set rules for man and wife? If people would forget some of these foolish conventions and barriers there would be more happy marriages.

Mrs. G. Oakes, Goss Rd., Virginia, Qld.

Shows Consideration

I AGREE with Mr. Millidge that the father should take his turn at pushing the pram. I think this shows consideration for his wife, and that father is just as fond of his baby as the mother is. My husband always took it for granted that he should do most of the pushing.

An equally catty remark would probably have been passed had Mr. Millidge allowed his wife to push the pram up a steep hill while he strolled along beside her.

Mrs. R. A. Seymour, 45 Lingwell Rd., Auburn, N.S.W.

Follow Royal Duke

I FAIL to see why "catty" remarks are passed when a man pushes the pram. I think lots of the women who comment are a little envious because their husbands won't do the same for them. Why even the Duke of Kent has been seen pushing the pram in the park!

So keep the good work up, Mr. Millidge! You have nothing to be ashamed of. Catty remarks are a sign of jealousy.

Miss A. Bullock, Verran Avenue, Hilton, S.A.

Brother Pram-pusher

I AM in perfect agreement with Mr. Millidge that fathers should, provided they care to, wheel their children in the pram. I have three children, and whenever the family went out together I pushed the pram. Notice when man and wife who have a young baby go out without the pram who carries the baby. If it is all right for a father to carry his baby, why not extend the same privilege and let him wheel the pram?

George A. Gribben, Garthowen, 83 Thomas St., Parramatta, N.S.W.

Nice to See

I THINK it is rather nice to see a father helping to wheel his baby. A woman grows very tired and irritable if she has to push the pram all the way. I cannot understand why some women won't allow their husbands to push the pram or help in any way with the baby.

Mrs. G. E. Marshall, Kolan River South, via Bundaberg, Qld.

Shoe-cleaning and Other Ways of "Spoiling" a Man!

RE polishing boots for one's menfolk (8/2/36). There is no task, however menial, that a woman will not cheerfully perform for those she loves, and cleaning brother's or husband's boots would be regarded by her as a labor of love—personally I regard it so.

But—and here is the rub—for a woman to be expected to clean a man's boots if there is little affection between them would be to her ignominy indeed—a veritable thorn in the flesh—and I could imagine that woman's thoughts would be as black as the polish she uses.

Mrs. M. M. Ruhl, 163 Fernberg Rd., Paddington, Brisbane.

Shoe-cleaning Menial

I THINK a woman is foolish if she "spoils" a man. Even if he is the sole contributor to the upkeep of a home, such a menial task as the cleaning of shoes should be performed by himself. There are many other ways in which a woman may show her appreciation—good cooking, thrifty housekeeping, mending and laundering of clothes, and companionship.

Jessie Kay, 538 New South Head Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Not Fair to Wives

A SISTER may feel that it is her privilege to spoil a man, but does she realise that she really is spoiling him, as a husband, for some other girl? It is all very well for her to clean his shoes in her abundant spare time. What of the trouble when, after the young man (as men do) has learnt to take it for granted that shoe-cleaning is "women's work," he expects his busy wife to leave more important work to clean his shoes?

Gertrude Stockwell, Jimna, via KRooy, Qld.

Introducing Children. To Strong Drink

I KNOW several parents who believe that their children should have their small glass of ale or wine with the adults.

As forbidden fruit is the sweetest, they contend that, if children are brought up to the taste of liquor, they will not want it when grown up.

I am inclined to think that alcohol, being a drug, would have the opposite effect. Most of us have been brought up to drink tea from early childhood, but how many give it up in adult life?

Mrs. F. Whalan, Jenolan Caves, N.S.W.

Right Spirit Misplaced

RE Miss J. Lloyd's letter of February 8. I must say that I don't agree with her. I am sure that no self-respecting male would like to see his wife cleaning his shoes, let alone expect her to do it. If cleaning a man's shoes is the only way a wife can show her appreciation then far better to let it go "unshown." Miss Lloyd has the right spirit, but it is misplaced. I much prefer to clean my own shoes than to have my own womenfolk do them.

R. H. Jones, Braemar, 51 Gould St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

A Happy Appreciation

I TOO, think it is a woman's rare privilege to spoil a man. Often it is really only a demonstration of appreciation for doing some kindly act, and on this basis of give and take hang the destinies of families and nations.

Miss R. Horwood, 30 Humfray Street North, Ballarat, Vic.

Depends on the Man

A LOT depends on the man, Miss Lloyd (8/2/36). In my opinion there is nothing degrading in cleaning a man's shoes occasionally if he is busy himself. A man, worth calling by that name, would, I think, take good care that the task was not left to a woman very often. But there are people belonging to the sterner sex who can be spoiled, and in such cases "shoe-cleaning" sisters and mothers are simply storing up misery for the women who will be expected one day to become "shoe-cleaning" wives!

Mrs. S. Hearne, Levens St., Cabramatta, N.S.W.

Does Modern Man Make Formal Proposal?

AS you say, Mr. Carson, the custom of proposing marriage has nowadays definitely disappeared. The fact that they will some day be man and wife does not come as a shock to young people, but dawns on them gradually as time passes.

The usual modern proposal comes when, after they have known each other for some time, the couple begin to speak of the time "when we're married."

I. Donald, 45 Tunstall Avenue, South Kensington, Sydney.

Proposal Must Be Made

YES, Mr. Carson (8/2/36), there is a time when man actually proposes! Proof of this can be seen by the dozens of engagements announced in the daily papers. It would be risky building and furnishing a home without your friend promising definitely to tread the path of wedded bliss with you.

Miss G. W. Pyn, Guelar, Marenza St., Young, N.S.W.

Proposals Are Rare

NOWADAYS I really believe that the average modern miss seldom experiences the thrill of a proposal.

Unless he falls in love at first sight (a rare experience to-day) with a girl whose beauty, brains, magnetism or money, make her much sought after, the young man usually just awaits a convenient time for marrying and then mentions it as something that, presumably, has always been anticipated by both man and maid.

Miss B. South, P.O. Clermont, Qld.

Reader's Experience

LIKE Mr. Carson (The Australian Women's Weekly, 8/2/36), I think that a proposal of marriage is a myth, only heard of in novels. That, however, is my experience. In my case we just gradually drifted on, till we decided to be married on a certain date—four months ahead. Then two months later my fiancé bought the engagement ring.

Men may have proposed in great-grandmother's day.

Mrs. F. M. Stanley, Cockatoo Valley, S.A.

SELFISH SITTERS

BEING a daily city train traveller, I cannot help noticing how selfish some people are regarding the seats provided at the various stations.

These seats, made to accommodate about five persons, are usually occupied by about three people who place their cases, books, etc., beside them, and at once commence reading the paper, regardless of other people who might want to sit down. When their attention is directed to the fact that someone else



wants a seat, there is a sigh, a slow "move up," as a rule accompanied by a cold stare.

Men are the worst offenders, and I am sure other readers will support me.

Miss E. A. Hyde, 11 Brighton Avenue, Croydon, Sydney.

PRESSING QUESTION

HAVE you ever been made to feel uncomfortable by an ardent hostess urging you to take food you really feel you do not want? I have.

I think it is thoughtlessness on the part of the hostess. One does not like to be continually refusing to have "just a little more."

Emmy Wiseman, Burrumbutlock, N.S.W.

WANTS CREASES BACK

ARE immaculately-creased trousers for men out of fashion?

I have watched very carefully lately, and not once have I seen those knife-edged creases which used to be the mark of a well-dressed man. Baggy trousers certainly spoil the appearance of a suit, and greatly detract from that well-cared-for air which is so essential if a man wishes to appear well-dressed.

Mrs. G. W. Philpot, 25 Stephen St., Hamilton, Vic.



Keep the Charm of Youth with Schumann's!

TO the preservation of youthful charm, internal cleanliness is all-important. And that is why so much depends upon the aperient you use to-day. Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts contain most of the important active ingredients of the famous Mineral Springs or Spas of Europe and, besides being a gentle but thorough aperient, Schumann's possesses beneficial tonic properties which stimulate and tone-up the entire system.

Schumann's Dissolves Uric Acid

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts is the recommended and natural remedy for RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, BACKACHE, MIGRAINE, LIVER, and all Uric Acid Complaints. Half a teaspoonful in a large glass of warm water, taken first thing every morning, quickly dissolves all Uric Acid in the blood and prevents it from accumulating in the joints. Remember, there is no substitute for Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts, which comes to you in airtight, hygienic glass containers.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE.

Schumann's
MINERAL SPRING
Salts

"Perfect Health for 4d. per week."



NERVE TROUBLES

Positive Relief for Sufferers

**Benefit Guaranteed
Or YOU PAY NOTHING**

is offer made to you to-day by discoverers of

BIDOMAK

"THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY"

Use BIDOMAK as directed, and if you have not begun to feel benefit within fourteen days return the nearly empty bottle to the DOUGLAS DRUG CO., 52 CARRINGTON STREET, SYDNEY, and your money will be

REFUNDED TO YOU IN FULL WITHOUT QUESTION

This amazing guarantee of benefit or money back is given by the discoverer of BIDOMAK, because he is so positive that BIDOMAK will give you real benefit if you take it in accordance with his directions. The extraordinary value of BIDOMAK is an undisputable fact proved by many hundreds of letters. BIDOMAK is the great direct-acting remedy for relief from nerve troubles.

BIDOMAK restores to the blood-stream these vital elements which include food-iron, potash, lime, sodium, glycerophosphates, and phosphates. This restoration, made by BIDOMAK, is the sound basis of Good Health.

INCREASE OXYGEN IN BLOOD-STREAM

The cell salts of BIDOMAK correct dyspepsia or indigestion, and allow the body to make better use of the ordinary food supply. They increase the supply of red and white corpuscles and charge the blood-stream and tissues with an increased supply of revitalising, life-giving oxygen. They create new, healthy nerve cells, and provide a full supply of healthy nerve fluid, at the same time removing poisons and waste from the tissues. They create a storage of energy and nerve force. You feel better, sleep better, and look better. We live longer than our forefathers, but we suffer a thousand more anxieties and cares. They fatigue only the muscles, we exhaust the finer strength of the nerves. That is why it is necessary for almost everyone who wants to feel at his top to take BIDOMAK. Take a course yourself — you must feel better for it.



BIDOMAK contains no opiates, dangerous drugs, nor alcohol. It tastes good and may safely be given to even young children.

A product of the Douglas Drug Co., Adelaide; Douglas Drug Co., Australia House, Carrington St., Sydney; G. Wood Son & Co., Perth; G. Wood Son & Co., Broken Hill; Roche Tompsett & Co., Melbourne; Fairthorne & Co., Tasmania.

BIDOMAK is something new to curative science. It is based on the knowledge that nervous weakness, nerve pain, sleeplessness, depression, easy fatigue, and other nerve trouble are deficiency diseases. It is known that in all such conditions there is a deficiency of vital mineral food elements in the blood-stream and in the nerve tissue cells of brain and body.

NERVY WOMEN!

MEN HATE THEM . . .
HERE'S WHAT TO DO!

Thousands of women are blessing BIDOMAK to-day, where once they were going about "nervy," listless, tired, run-down, never feeling really well, but always half-sick. These nervous disorders robbed them of popularity, because even a beautiful face and figure can't make up for nervousness and that awful "depressed feeling." The best thing to do is to take BIDOMAK as thousands are doing. BIDOMAK will put roses in your cheeks, a sparkle in your eyes, give you new life, energy and vitality; all the things you need to make life worth while. Get a bottle — Get it to-day. It's only 3/- at your chemist or store.



RUN-DOWN, GROUCHY MEN

MISS OUT IN LIFE.
BIDOMAK BUILDS NERVE
FORCE AND VITALITY. . .

You can't win in business, in games, or in love if you're not always fit, vigorous, and well. BIDOMAK will build you up and give you a new meaning to life. If it fails to do you good it costs you nothing; but dozens have written to say that BIDOMAK has revitalised them and restored nerve force when they really felt down and out to life. Don't put up with the everyday humdrum of life as it is. Get a bottle of BIDOMAK — only 3/- — and start taking it to-day.



CRANKY CHILDREN

DRIVE PARENTS CRAZY. FAIL AT SCHOOL AND PLAY.

You know those poor children, who always seem cranky, who won't eat — can't sleep or if they do, wake up screaming with night terrors. Do you know that a basic cause of all these troubles is a deficiency of vital food minerals in the nerve tissues and blood-stream. This deficiency is caused by too hard study, over-active play and emotions. BIDOMAK corrects it. Cranky children calm down. They ask for more, don't just pick at their food. They sleep well, too. Children's stored-up nervous energy is limited, particularly at this time of the year. Get a bottle of BIDOMAK. The results will amaze you. BIDOMAK is safe because it contains no alcohol, narcotics, drugs. It tastes good and children like it. It is sold under the money-back guarantee to provide real benefit or cost you nothing.



MORE HAPPY Hours Ahead for KNITTERS

**Our Exclusive Designs
Will Start Next Week**

By GERDA, Knitting Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

Culled from fashion centres of the world—from Paris, London, Vienna, New York—our choice of knitwear designs for 1936 presentation will not only be new but authoritative.

Our first presentation in this series, which will be featured in color next week, is a glamorous Continental design. It is so presented that any type of figure can be suited, while the directions are clear, concise, and easy to follow.

HAND-KNITTED garments have definitely won for themselves a special individual niche in the world of fashion. Delightful patterns and original designs may be yours at trifling cost—and that with very little effort.

The wools are simply marvellous, with their fascinating names indicative of color and texture. We have, for instance "pleasant" boucle, showing all the glorious colors of the bird's tail; "Donna," with a dull suede-like finish; "Paloma," a tweedy mixture, and perfect for outdoor suits. "Delphin" is another flecked wool for sports wear. Crystal crepe, in the loveliest shades, shows a fine silk thread running through the weave. Boucles in every conceivable color, and, of course, angoras, plain, flecked, and knopped.

Last year's tentative attempt at knitting suits will this year be attacked

with more confidence. Jumper suits in the lighter weaves with short sleeves for early autumn are adorable. You simply must have one.

Cable-stitch is definitely "in," and will no longer be left exclusively for the sterner sex. It may be a cable-stitch yoke, or just a line or two running up the front and back, but however introduced the result is chic.

The jumper of past seasons gives place to a more tailored garment having a deep basque, not ribbed, and worn with a suede or leather belt. All manner of buttons are added, and scarves of silk and wool material. Then there are accessories, gloves (in pastel shades worn with dark suits), scarves, collar and cuff sets, interesting bags, and belts.

Plan your knittings as carefully as the rest of your wardrobe, have as many garments as you can afford, take care of them with constant pressing and cleaning, and you will earn the title, "A woman of fashion."

IMPROVING on Nature's COLORINGS And Preserving Our Birds

They say a leopard can't change his spots. But birds can.

Thirty years ago enthusiasts started to work on the green bush parrot. To-day there are more than 20 distinct color varieties of the budgerigar.

And in a Sydney aviary to-day may be seen a pair of white zebra finches—grey is their natural coloring—and also a pair of white Java sparrows looking quite happy in their new coloring.

THIS is only part of the work being done by the Royal Zoological Society of N.S.W., whose annual exhibition of cage birds, budgerigars, and parrots in the Sydney Town Hall this Thursday, Friday, and Saturday will give the public a chance of seeing what has been achieved.

The breeding of new colorings in the birds by use of the Mendel law is the more spectacular side of aviculture. More important is the work that is being done in the restoration of Australian birds which were threatened with extinction. And in this laudable work women are playing a particularly important part.

The good work is exemplified in the grass-parakeet family, of which there are ten species. Many of these were threatened with extinction, not due, as is popularly supposed, to the efforts of small boys with pea-rifles and catapults, but to more natural causes.

Studying Habits

THIS has been arrested to a considerable extent by members of the R.Z.S. by placing the birds in an environment where the death-rate from enemies no longer operates. That is, by breeding them in captivity.

This has all been done on scientific lines. Members have made an intensive study of the breeding habits of the birds, and have passed on the result of these studies to fellow-enthusiasts. In addition, the study of bird ailments has been assisted by the co-operation of the University authorities.

Thirty years ago only the green bush-parrot was known. To-day there are between 20 and 30 distinct color-types which have been carefully bred by application of the Mendel Law. The same thing is now being successfully carried out with other types of parrots, and in this manner aviculturists are giving to the world new parrot families.

HOW RADIO-WAVES RESTORE HEALTH

THERMO-RAY

A member of the staff had a violent attack of lumbago. He was unable to move hand or foot. Previous attacks lasted from three to four weeks before the pain disappeared.

The attack occurred at the Institute. He was lifted on to the treatment table and was able, after 15 minutes' Thermo-Ray treatment, to leave the room without assistance. In three days the pain had disappeared entirely.

It is remarkable how quickly these acute pains are relieved with Ultra-Short-Wave treatment. In most instances the patient can follow his ordinary vocation without interruption. Rheumatism, Arthritis, Sciatica, Neuritis are only a few of the many complaints that respond favorably to Thermo-Ray medication.

Each week we refer to different cases, but should you require information regarding any ailment you may be suffering from, our medical officers will advise you if the Thermo-Ray treatment will benefit your case.

The services of a fully qualified medical staff and the Dutch Scientist who invented the Thermo-Ray Unit are available at Headquarters of the Thermo-Ray Institutes Ltd., "Verming," 175 Macquarie Street, Sydney. Phone: BW5142 for appointment \$4-4

LONELY MEN AND WOMEN

Send stamped, addressed envelope to obtain a free illustrated booklet and confidential particulars of my Matrimonial Correspondence Club. Make acquaintance all over Australia.

MISS BOWENA F. RUSSELL,
Commercial Bank Chambers,
Barrack Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

FORMER DRUNKARD NOW MODEL HUSBAND

"Once taking 'DRINKING' in his sea my husband has stopped drinking," writes a grateful wife. "Your husband, too, can be relieved with this great treatment. Write or call for free book—gives all details. Dept. W. HOME WELFARE FTY., 215 George Street, Sydney."

Begin with a Suit!

Clean cut days again. And you ready to step-out bravely in that most triumphant approach to

Autumn, the suit man-tailored by David Jones'. Already it's time to be thinking about it!

Pencil-striped Worsted, 49/6

Novelty Tweed Suiting, 69/6

The Classic Tailleur, 6 gns.



Novelty Wool Skirt priced at 29/6

Check Wool Skirt for contrast, 21/-

Kobe Crepe Blouse, tailored, smartly stitched. Price, 15/11

Dashing "Manhattan" Sporting Felt in a variety of styles.

Take our word!
MARCH
will be
exciting
AT DAVID JONES'

AUTUMN FASHION GALA first and foremost. Marvellous frocks and suits, coats and hats arriving and being unpacked! A brave display of autumn shoes and fabrics. Excitement on every floor!



IN OUR FAMOUS WINDOWS the usual superlative version of the season's fashion story to delight the eyes of this little town. We even have good reason to believe they'll be better than ever, what with the exciting military fashions, the glorious Renaissance colours, the Grecian influences!



IN THE RESTAURANT amazing transformations! Step out of the elevator on the Seventh Floor. You're in Mexico, land of the sun and the smiling señoritas and the stirring melodies of the rumba. At least, the Mexico you'll find at David Jones' is just like that. A cheery, convivial, entertaining spot, where you needn't count the hours you linger!

AT DAVID JONES' IN GEORGE STREET, commencing March 3rd, an amusing exhibition of caricatures by Alan Reeve, famous New Zealand artist. A group of about 75 caricaturist-eye-views of well-known personalities. It's bright and fresh and talented... and very good fun recognising which of the notables you know! Sixth Floor, at the George Street Store. Admission free.



Monk Bar Shoe. Suede in navy or brown.

"Clodhoppers"

outstanding in the new
"ST. JAMES" Range

24/9

Stout-hearted, sturdy-soled peasant shoes, for all your energetic tweedy hours.



Monk Oxford in Calf. Brown Navy, Black.

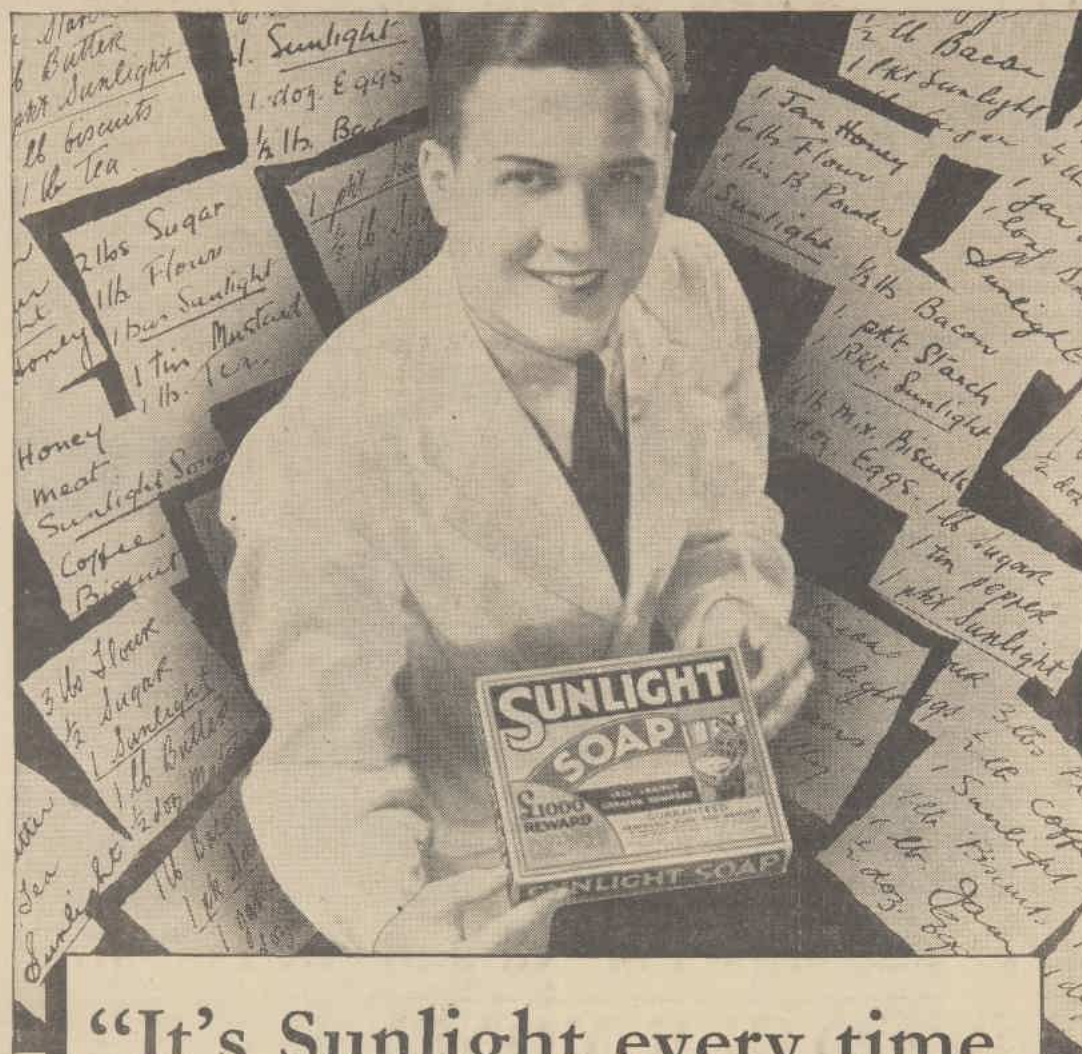


KNITTERS NOTE. We've extended the closing date for our special free basque knitting offer, all on account of its being so amazingly popular. Purchase the wool for making the jumper or cardigan or what have you at David Jones' before the end of March, and we'll machine-knit its dear little basque FREE OF CHARGE, just to give you a flying start. Now we ask you, is it any wonder David Jones' Knitting Section is so fondly spoken about in knitting circles? And this is only one of its services. In the Demonstration Department, on the Fourth Floor, there are expert ministering angels to adjust all manner of woolly problems. Come in with yours!

DAVID JONES'

FOR SERVICE

POSTAL ADDRESS: BOX 503AA, G.P.O., SYDNEY



**"It's Sunlight every time
for my customers . . . they know the best"**



A LEVER
PRODUCT

The man behind the counter knows, too. He's asked for Sunlight more than six times as often as for any other soap . . . because there's no other soap that housewives can trust as they've trusted Sunlight for nearly fifty years. They know that it lathers freely without waste . . . cleans even "extra-grubby" clothes with ease . . . and goes twice as far because it is all pure soap.

Save Sunlight wrappers for FREE Gifts!

Two beautiful gifts, quite above the ordinary run . . . towels fit for a luxury bathroom, and really charming extra large pillowcases. Save Sunlight wrappers and get them easily!

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT

Save 36 wrappers for a Bath Towel or 27 for a Pillowcase. Cut off the required number of wrapper tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each cartoon). Take these to—Linton Free Gift Depot, 147 York Street (opp. Town Hall), Sydney.

If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, post wrapper tops with your name and address written in BLOCK LETTERS, number of wrappers enclosed, and gift required, to— "Sunlight Department," Lever Brothers Limited, Box 4310YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Do Not Enclose A Letter.



BATH TOWEL

Free for 36 wrappers
46 x 23 inches. Genuine
British Admiralty. So soft
and thick and snowy white.

PILLOWCASE

Free for 27 wrappers
31 x 21 inches with real
hemstitched finish and very
dainty embroidery.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

SHY BOY Millionaire Really SHY!

Electrical Goods Magnate
Dodges the Press

From Our Special Commissioner
at Fremantle.

The "Shy Boy Millionaire" is shy all right. Either that or he has developed the dodging of interviews into a fine art.

A dozen reporters invaded the liner *Orion* at Fremantle on Tuesday in anticipation of a real story. They were there to interview Frank Parkinson, youthful chairman and joint managing-director of the British firm of Crompton Parkinson Ltd., claimed to be the largest makers of electric motors in the British Empire. It looked easy.

But all they got was, "Sorry, nothing to say," from the shy millionaire, plus a broad smile and a quickly-closing door.

THE hurried query, "Are you going to extend the branch of your firm in Sydney?" was met only by an accelerated closing of the door.

Behind the door that terminated the interview a business conference was soon taking place. Eastern executives of the company had arrived by the *Markandeya* and that day's train for the purpose. The shield and buckler of each of these was "It is a nice day," and nothing more—they had been well coached.

Mr. Parkinson, who is widely known as the "Shy boy millionaire," was, until a few years ago, together with his brother, a relatively poor working boy in Leeds.



THIS COCKTAIL or dinner ensemble in black wool features the new fringe trimming. The hip-bone length jacket is finished with the fringe, which gives a lavish double skirt effect. The cosy little muff is edged with astrakhan.

But the company with which they are now associated has enjoyed remarkable success. Recently it was estimated that Frank Parkinson and his brother (who in joint managing director) held about 200,000 shares each. These, originally 5/-, rose on the London Stock Exchange from 32/- last year to 55/7/- at the end of December. Incidentally, the company has 1,000,000 ordinary shares of 5/- and £700,000 in authorised preference shares.

Mrs. Parkinson was more human, but no more communicative than her husband. She posed for the photographers, but all attempts to draw her into an interview were deftly avoided.

Now it looks as if the thousands of Australian users of Crompton Parkinson products will have to wait for an announcement concerning the fusion of the "Shy boy millionaire." If it does come, it will most likely be given to the world by Parkinson's secretary, who easily outperformed the Sphinx in his Perth demeanor.

BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES

Sunshade as an Aid to the Placing of Profitable Bets!

By BETTY GEE

When Mrs. Quentin offered a seat in her car to Melbourne last Tuesday, did I rush the opportunity? My "bank" being low, it was the means out of a difficult quandary.

So when Dickie came home I had made plans that even his objections couldn't upset. "Darling, I can't let Mrs. Quentin down, can I?" So off we went.

Out at Caulfield, Joe Harris whispered to me something about Gay Pop for the Trial, but gazing at the Tote I decided that was the place for little Betty to bet her £1 each way. A country horse named Vital beat Gay Pop into second place, but my precaution in using the Tote was a real safety belt. He paid in excess of 2 to 1, so I won a pound plus a packet of cigarettes.

I ran into Mr. Fred Smith, from Sydney, and he always does know about the horses from the Musgrave stable, so when he said Beechwood had a chance I picked up my ears. He won at last Melbourne Cup meeting, my dears, and I know he's good, so off I went to the Tote again for £1 each way. He won all right.

Anyway, I got £14 out of him for my £2. I'm going to keep backing him, but won't have to next Saturday in the Street Produce Stakes, because he's not in it. There's some tilly sale

the race. That's the boy who rode Heros and squeezed him home.

Turoa is Doug Webster's son from New Zealand, but takes after his handsome, statuesque mother rather than his short and rotund but popular father. Young Turoa's working his way into all Jack Holt's heavyweight work.

Just before I close this message I might as well tell you that there's a real chance of picking up good money next Saturday at Flemington.

They simply can't take the Epsom Stakes off Cuddle. And the "bouts" at our bottlers says he's had it from Willie Dixon, Percy Miller's chauffeur, that Young Idea's good for the Lager. I suppose there'll be his backing Allanga and Palfreco, but don't you! You stick to Young Idea.

Clutime each way for the Newmarket, but I might hear a lot of tips for that race before the day, and, anyhow, I don't have to bet on it. So you needn't either.

A fellow from Adelaide has told me not to take any notice of Amalia getting beaten last Saturday week. She won five races straight in Adelaide, and she'll begin again in the Brunswick next Saturday, but I think the prime shot on Saturday will be Gold Rod for the Siga Produce Stakes. You can have your Fidelity, because the drink-waiter says he knows a fellow in the stable and says she's not right. But Gold Rod is.



TUROA WEBSTER, the young jockey, who saved the day for Betty Gee at Caulfield last Saturday.

to that race that your father has to be nominated for it, or his sons and daughters can't run. Almost like some of those venerable golf clubs in Sydney. Well, Beechwood's father wasn't nominated, so he couldn't be entered, but he'll keep.

Before the Woodcliff Handicap I had a whisper about Viceroy, and rushed the Tote for an each-way bet. But what do you think? Viceroy finished last—a bad last.

Anyhow, having worked it out that each-way betting will send poor people like you and me "broke," I put £2 on Cuddle straight-out for the Futurity Stakes because little George Price told me she "won't get beat in a race in Melbourne."

Darby's Error

WELL, I suppose, being at the contrary sex, she chose this time to "get beat" just because I was on her. But, honest, I don't believe it was her fault, Darby Mure was flattening down his Ramon Novarro side-levers, or something, at the post, and they went without him—the inconsiderate brutes. But Cuddle is so good she overlooked and led them, and had the race won when that creature from Queensland, Regular Rachelor, headed her in the post. Oh, how I hate bachelors! So I lost £2 on Cuddle, and if I'd put it each way I'd have nearly got it back. A girl doesn't know what to do for the best.

If there's one thing I don't do on a racetrack, it's bet on steeples, but I had it hot about Heros, and didn't wait time on Totes and the like. By wadding myself in by deftly manipulating a puntball I got into the rub for the 4 to 1 offered by handsome, debonaire Wallace Mitchell, and I got £8 to £2. I could have kissed Turoa Webster after

SYBIL JASON famous 6 year old film star

SAYS:—

"I love Milk"



This famous Warner Bros. Child Actress, in her strenuous film work, drinks plenty of milk.

Milk is the greatest of all nerve tonics. It is a supplier of energy. It sustains and invigorates. Doctors describe it as almost a perfect food.

Milk is the essential food for growth and health. Every member of the family will benefit from more Milk in the diet.

Milk For All and All For Milk

(Inserted by the Milk Board.)

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK if the Bebarfald BlueBird SEWING MACHINE is not as represented



1936 MODEL 25 BELOW LAST YEAR'S PRICE!

Bebarfalds are so confident of the reliability of the New Improved 1936 Model Bebarfald BlueBird Bureau Sewing Machine that they are giving in addition to the Lifetime Guarantee, a Double Money Back Guarantee with every Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machine sold before 31st March. This means that you can purchase a Bebarfald BlueBird with absolute confidence, because if it proves to be not as

represented any time within 5 years from the date of delivery, purchasers will receive DOUBLE their money back. It is risky to pay less, but unnecessary to pay more for a reliable Sewing Machine. Post coupon now or call for full particulars and copy of the free book, "How to Judge a Sewing Machine." You should definitely read this before deciding on any machine.

The only Sewing Machine with these Exclusive Features

The Sewing Head

It is impossible to obtain a more reliable Sewing Machine Head than the Bebarfald BlueBird. Bearings accurately fitted to one ten-thousandth part of an inch ensure light and silent running. Complete with automatic backwards and forwards stitch regulator, automatic bobbin winder and automatic shuttle ejector. It is guaranteed for your lifetime.

The Cabinet . . .

Carefully and accurately made from specially selected and seasoned timber. In addition to the £19/19/- Model shown, cabinets can be obtained in 40 different styles and shades. Can be used as a writing desk when not in use. Double your money back if not as represented.

The Driving Gear

Specially designed driving gear is most convenient and easy to use. Mounted in ball bearings, which ensure a minimum amount of effort. So reliable that it is guaranteed for the purchaser's lifetime.

Complete—with everything

A special set of automatic dressmaking attachments is supplied free with the New Improved Bebarfald BlueBird. Large illustrated instruction book free to country purchasers and personal tuition by an expert instructress to City and suburban purchasers. Double your money back if it is not the best set of attachments obtainable.

POST NOW FOR FREE BOOK

TO BEBARFALDS LTD., GEORGE ST., SYDNEY.

Please send me full particulars of the Double Money Back Guaranteed Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machine. I would also like a copy of the free book "How to Judge a Sewing Machine."

Bebarfalds

OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, GEORGE ST., SYDNEY.

Established 1852. Over 80 years of integrity, low prices and fair dealing and the goodwill of nearly 500,000 satisfied customers.

Name _____

Address _____

Dainty handbag mirror free to first 30 enquirers.

W.W.22.3.

USUALLY £24/18/6 Now £19/19/-

Although worth £24/18/6, the New 1936 BlueBird will be sold for £19/19/- for a limited period, in addition to being double money back guaranteed. Duplicate parts and service guaranteed for the purchaser's lifetime. YOUR OLD MACHINE ACCEPTED AS PART PAYMENT. POST COUPON OR CALL FOR PARTICULARS.

£1 Deposit OBTAINS DELIVERY

The balance can be paid in convenient weekly instalments. Post Coupon for copy of the book "How to Judge a Sewing Machine."

BUT that was just it. There was a generous impulse urging his shrinking self towards action. One might have to decide in dreadful silence that something compelled you to rush into all that dreadful noise. Karl did not say—

"I owe it to my self regard." That might have sounded priggish, as priggish as the saying—"I am too fine and fastidious for this monkey show." He was somehow conscious of being part of a body of anguish and fear and horror and courage, of a torn and bewildered humanity that suffered and endured. Could any man will himself out of that community of pain into a little, sneering, careful clique, and say "I'm not such a poor fool." The inevitableness of the thing was that you had to be a fool and share in the tragedy of this world folly. Civilization's agony in the desert? Generous natures rushed in and accepted the folly, and Karl was realising that he would have to join the multitude of sacrificial fools. He could not stand aside with the little, superior, clever people.

He had spoken to old Vidler. "I've got to go, Tom."

"Well, my lad, all the blood and guts of the country are out there." At the moment Karl was writing a play, a romantic fantasia into which he had sought to escape. That play would never be finished. The plays he was to write after the war were to be of different stuff.

His mother did not ask him whether he had finished or would finish that play. She knew.

She saw her son's face as the face of a dear stranger. Her beloved was alone with things. She saw his manuscript each morning lying closed in its brown paper cover. She would open it, and read the same words that broke abruptly into space.

"Mary. But why do we do the things we do?—Even when they are against ourselves, even when they hurt?"

Then, the blank half page. There was no answer given to that question. The answer was hidden somewhere in her son's silence.

His room was over hers, and sometimes she heard him walking about at

Sackcloth into Silk

Continued from Page 5

night, and more than once she crept heavily up the stairs in her slippers, and stood—a large, dim, yearning figure outside his door. She was sure—now.

O, what a world! His mother was grotesquely conscious of herself as a fat old Jewess in a pink flannel bed-jacket, standing helpless outside the door of youth. Shop—shop! She had fat hands, and a wedding ring embedded on one finger, and slippers down at the heels. Beyond the drawn blind was the Essex Road and the grey greasiness of an English winter. She had been a seller of old clothes, with a text of "Wardrobes Purchased." But the Rebecca of the dark landing was just a figure of symbolism, ugly and beautiful and anguished, and crying in her shabby slippers—"O, my beloved, my beloved!"

ON four successive Saturday nights they kept the shop open till ten. Dillington, Highbury, the Holloway Road, Marylebone, Clerkenwell had heard of the Fur Shop.

"There's an old Yid in the Essex Road—"

Karl, pale as a young priest consumed by a secret sense of sin, stood and helped sex to try on its coney skin. There was no need for his mother to tell him that they had sold more than a hundred coats in the month. There had been frequent calls upon the contents of Mr. Bernstein's warehouse. But on this particular night, with frost in the air, and the lights throbbing, he was concerned with a young woman with bobbed hair, Goldilocks! He had helped her to try on six coats; his hands had touched her hair; she had smiled at him. Nice lad. Afterwards, she had paraded in the coat she had chosen and paid for, and he had kept seeing her passing and repassing the door of the shop. Glances crossed, hers oblique, jocund and inviting. She had smiled her challenge at him—"You're to my taste. Come out and walk."

The blinds fell at ten. The shop door was locked, the lights lowered.

Supper waited on the parlor table. Rebecca had the kettle boiling on the gas stove.

"Karl."

But even as she called him she heard the side door close. Karl was out on the pavement. He met the face of the girl under the street lamp, eyes mischievous and inviting, lips parted, dewy. "Hallo, darling," and suddenly her face grew sullen and dim. Karl went by her, head in air, with a strange, fierce young countenance. She turned to see the light of the lamp on the heels of his shoes. She sneered.

His mother turned out the gas stove and sat down heavily in her chair. She had been on her feet for hours, but it was not her legs that failed her. She would wait. She knew in her heart why he had rushed out into the night. Her face looked all creases; her breasts seemed to bulge. In a month she had made more money than the shop took in a normal year, and the new world's fury for furs was a crescendo. She had success at last in her large and laborious lap, and it was like a dead child.

She did not touch any food. The clock had struck eleven when she heard youth and its tragedy at the door. It seemed to come in so quietly and deliberately. It had no hat to hang up in the passage.

She managed to smile at her son.

"Supper's been waiting, my dear. Put a match to the gas stove."

Karl closed the passage door.

"You shouldn't have waited."

"My dear, I didn't feel like eating with this thing hanging over me."

"What thing, mother?"

"You know."

He gave her a deep, still glance.

Then he crossed to the kitchen doorway and passed through it. She heard the scraping of a match.

"I've got to go, mother."

"Must you, Karl?"

"I'm a fool, but I'm going."

She sat very still, waiting for him to come back into the parlor. Had he



MRS. ERIC DOUGLAS, wife of Flight-Lieutenant Eric Douglas, who, with Flying-Officer Alistair Murdoch, actually located Ellsworth and Kenyon in the Antarctic during an air search from the Discovery II. Mrs. Douglas is shown with her four-months-old son, whose name has been changed from Ian Enderby to Ian Ellsworth. The Douglas family live at Point Cook.

been other than Karl she might have boxed his ears and with passionate reasonableness sent him to bed. But Karl was not like those other two, and his very otherness was hers. Had she not come to her cliff edge some nineteen years ago, and walked over it? As a woman of large emotions and a temperament she could understand the supreme folly of loving, the delirium of sacrifice. Her own mad-

ness had given her Karl. And on this winter night she was to be articulate for both of them, and that was her salvation. A woman of traller fibre might have whimpered or scolded or dressed up sentiment in tears. She would neither scold nor reproach; she could be wise in her great moments.

"Tell me, dear."

Please turn to Page 26

"THAT 'DAILY DOSE' SAPS YOUR STRENGTH"

"I SHOULDN'T FEEL SO SICK AND TIRED I TOOK MEDICINE AGAIN TO-DAY!"

"THAT'S WHY YOU ARE TIRED. LAXATIVES WEAKEN YOU—DOCTOR TOLD ME TO-DAY THEY INCREASE CONSTIPATION!"

"ORDINARY FOOD CAUSES CONSTIPATION BECAUSE IT LACKS BULK. HARSH PURGATIVES DON'T REMOVE THE CAUSE—YOU SHOULD EAT ALL-BRAN AND GET THE 'BULK' YOUR SYSTEM NEEDS!"

TWO DAYS LATER...

"KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN IS DELICIOUS!"

"EAT IT EVERY DAY THIS WEEK—IT'S GOING TO MAKE YOU STRONG AND WELL AGAIN—'BULK' WILL PUT YOU RIGHT IN NO TIME!"

TWO WEEKS LATER

"I'M IN TOP FORM TO-DAY DEAR—THANKS TO ALL-BRAN. WE NEVER FELT SO WELL BEFORE!"

"AND I'VE JUST THROWN YOUR PILL-BOX OUT OF THE WINDOW YOU'LL NEVER NEED THAT AGAIN!"

"Daily dosing" makes you sick and weak—and increases constipation! You need natural food, not laxatives!

You can't feel well when the harsh, weakening effects of laxatives are added to those of constipation! And, you'll never get well—for every "daily dose" increases constipation, robs your system of its strength!

Delicate intestinal muscles and membranes are injured and weakened by repeated artificial stimulation. Soon, they become tired, cannot function normally. You need ever-increasing doses of purgatives—a habit,

doctors say, that causes 75% of intestinal troubles in later life!

Constipation is caused by lack of "bulk" in modern, over-refined foods. It can be relieved naturally, by adding "bulk" to your diet. Kellogg's All-Bran—100% bran—is rich in "bulk." It gives your intestines and bowels gentle, natural stimulus, exercises them back to health. Rich in Vitamin B and iron, it nourishes you as well. Strength

returns. You function normally again—and forget laxatives ever existed.

Two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran, served daily, covered with milk or cream, will relieve constipation. After that, three servings weekly will ensure normal, regular elimination. Buy this delicious, health-giving food at your grocers' today! Eat it for breakfast with fresh or tinned fruits.

What Women Are Doing

From London

DR. VIOLET KELYNACK, of London, who is medical secretary of the British Medical Women's Federation, is visiting South Australia in a purely unofficial capacity. She plans to return to England shortly.

Came from London To See Family

MRS. M. GAYNOR's myriad friends are waiting for her with welcome. She arrived by the Wangarilla after coming through Panama. Miss Eda Bear, whose artistic home at Nevron Square, S.W. London, she shares, is with her. They are staying with Mrs. Gaynor's son and daughter-in-law at their home at Moeman. Mrs. Gaynor has been in London for over five years. She will be more readily recalled as May Gaynor, associate of Mrs. Todd, who founded the old "Woman's Budget." Later May was the editor until the old paper changed its character. In her teens she was on the stage. Known as Mary Millward, she was juvenile lead during the famous Brough Co.'s last lap, and was afterwards with the equally renowned Bland Holt Co. Widowed while in her early twenties with two small sons to bring up, she did flower farming and free-lancing until her boys were old enough to allow her to take on the full-time journalist job. The Great War took one of her boys.

Hobart Woman to Represent Women's Organisations Abroad

MRS. E. A. WATERWORTH, of Hobart, has been appointed delegate to the conference of the British Commonwealth League, which will take place in London during June. In July she will act as representative for her local section of the newly formed group of the Educational Fellowship, at an Educational Conference to be held at Cheltenham, England, during July. Mrs. Waterworth has also been nominated as an alternate delegate to represent Australia at the Assembly of the League of Nations in Geneva.

Tells of Life and Excitement in Malaya

KAULAKANGSAR is the interesting sounding name of the town in Malaya where Miss Joan Brooke, of Adelaide, visited a native kindergarten at which the Government give the Malay boys pocket-money to encourage them to go to school. Miss Brooke said that there were infant welfare workers throughout Malaya—English workers who ran clinics for giving advice and aid to the native women and children. The hospitals throughout the Peninsula were run by English sisters with Eurasian nurses, and these were nearly all public hospitals.

In Malaya Miss Brooke kept house for her brother, who is manager of a British tin-mining company, and had the amusing, if difficult task, of learning sufficient of the Malay language to manage the large and busy household. An elephant tribe and an eight-mile communication walk through jungle—tiger country, incidentally—and the complicated Oriental dishes served in Malaya are but three of the things of which Miss Brooke has to tell her interested listeners at the kindergarten to which she returned the day after her return to South Australia.

Many New Ideas on Education from Travel

MISS I. F. MILNES, senior mathematics teacher at Christchurch Girls' High School, New Zealand, after a year in England studying the methods of secondary school teaching, has returned to Australia. Chiefly interested in mathematics, Miss Milnes was at the Institute of Education in London under Sir Percy Kinn. This Institute is unique in that it was a training centre for secondary school-teachers, a work usually undertaken by the Universities only. In August Miss Milnes represented the New Zealand Secondary Schools' Association at the world educational conference at Oxford. At the International School at Geneva, a school where lessons are taught in French, German and English, and where the pupils are representative of many nations, Miss Milnes found the Chinese students and an American negro especially interesting.



Miss I. F. Milnes

Almost Australasian Pilgrimage

DURING Lady Pinney's brief stay in Melbourne she visited Lilydale to call on Mrs. G. Berry, the vice-president, and Mrs. H. Brown, former secretary of the Lilydale branch of the Country Women's Association. She presented greetings from the Lyme Regis Women's Institute. She is interested in the activities of women's institutes, some of which are linked with Australian branches. Her location is in Dorset.

Lady Pinney has been commissioned to get in touch with the colonel of the Royal Melbourne Regiment, as her husband, Major-General Sir Reginald Pinney, is a retired colonel of its allied regiment in England, the Royal Fusiliers.

Lady Pinney would like to find Australians who have relatives buried in Wareham, which is close to her home in Somerset. Her most important reason for visiting Australasia is to see her son, who is farming in Dunedin, New Zealand.

Appointed Head of Salvation Army Affairs in Adelaide

IT is a coincidence that in at least three of the places that Adjutant Kathleen Carr has been head of Salvation Army work she has been the first woman head for twenty years or over.

Coming from M. A. I. and R. E. W. V. Adjutant Carr trained for 10 months at the Army Training College in Melbourne (now the only training college for the Army in Australia). After work in Melbourne, various other parts of Victoria, and Tasmania, she went to West Australia, and was last working in Kalgoorlie. She has been appointed Officer-in-Charge of the Adelaide Congress Hall Corps, which means that she oversees all the activities of the city corps, both the spiritual work and the social work.

Adjutant Carr is assisted by two other women—Lieutenants Helen Templeton and Heather Wishart.

Chasing Sunshine

TRAVELLING constantly since May, chasing the sunshine, Mrs. M. J. Jones, an American visitor to Australia, has golfing and motoring as her main recreations. The early part of her trip was spent in China and Japan, with a month at Manila.

After a stay of a month in Sydney, Mrs. Jones will return to Manila. Later she will re-visit China and Japan, where she will be in time for the cherry-blossom season.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP



Pianist-Composer Returns

BRILLIANT pianist and composer, Miss Miriam Hyde has returned to Adelaide after three years' study at the Royal College of Music, London. While at the College Miss Hyde composed two piano concertos which were played by leading London orchestras. As a pianist she appeared with the London Symphony, Philharmonic and British Broadcasting Corporation Orchestras.

Miss Hyde won the Sullivan, Ernest Farrar, Cobbett, and Butterworth prizes, and took A.R.C.M. and L.R.A.M. diplomas in composition and piano while in London, and gave recitals at the London Musical Club.

One of this accomplished musician's latest compositions is a lyric for an orchestra to be broadcast from London shortly, and an overture which she has called after Adelaide for the South Australian Centenary.

Before leaving for London Miss Hyde studied at the Elder Conservatorium, Adelaide and, at the age of 18, gained the Mus. Bac. degree, being the youngest Australian graduate in this course, and winning the scholarship to the Royal College of Music at the same time. Her sister, Pauline, who is the present holder of the Home Elder Scholarship for singing, is an accomplished violinist. Her mother was her teacher until she was 12 years old.

Miss Hyde plans to give recitals in Adelaide and the other Australian capitals as well as in country centres, and also to do some broadcasting work.

Scholar, Clever Musician

MISS ESTELLE CORMACK, of Brisbane, who is still in her teens, has accomplished a lot in her young life. At the age of 14 she gained her AT.C.L. piano-forte diploma and also obtained first place in Queensland for advanced grade, Associated Board.

The following year she passed the junior public university examinations. She now holds diplomas A.Mus.A., AT.C.L., L.T.C.L. and L.R.S.M. (London) for piano-forte, and AT.C.L. for elocution. She is also a promising violinist.

Miss Cormack has gained many first places in Elstedsfords in both piano-forte and elocutionary items, and she frequently appears in programmes for charity concerts. She is a member of the Repertory Society orchestra and State Municipal Orchestra, in which she plays the violin.



Miss Estelle Cormack.



Entertained by Business and Professional Women

WHILE she was visiting Melbourne on her way to Sydney, where she is to make her home, Mrs. Lewis P. Sibley was entertained by the Business and Professional Women's Club at their rooms in Melbourne.

The president, Madame Marita, received the guests who took morning coffee—American fashion—with the guest of honor.

Mrs. Sibley is a former president of the Hampshire Business and Professional Women's Club in North Hampton, Massachusetts, U.S.A. She told her entertainers the clubs are an important part of an American woman's life.

Her particular club is a service club, and is closely allied to the Chamber of Commerce. A representative of the Business and Professional Women's Club attends the meetings of the Chamber of Commerce always.

The members also attend hospitals to provide companionship for lonely persons. The club also provides the necessary fees for girls who cannot pay to attend the Hampshire University, and sponsors them right through the course chosen.

Jubilee Wing Called After Principal and Former Pupil

MISS MARY FOX, M.A., Principal of the Methodist Ladies' College, Launceston, is linked to the school by many other associations. Not only was she a pupil of the school, but her mother was matron of the M.W.C. for twenty years. The founding of the college was considerably influenced by the success of Horton College, Ross, at which her father, Mr. William Walker Fox, was headmaster.

This year the college is celebrating the jubilee of its opening. A magnificent new wing, nearing completion, will be the memorial. It is to be called the Mary Fox Jubilee Wing, and will also stand as a monument to the life-work of the principal.

To Miss Fox also goes the distinction of introducing hockey to Tasmania. In 1904 the game was played at her school, a week after the organization of the first Tasmanian hockey team.

Established Academy for Opera Production in Brisbane

AN example of successful work and skill is Madame Marie Knight-Corkran (Mrs. Harold Jarrett), of Toowoong, Brisbane, who, after a year's opera training and musical studies in London, returned to Brisbane in 1932 and immediately formed the "Knight-Corkran Operatic Society."

where she began working for opera productions. These, when presented, had such a favorable reception that Madame Knight-Corkran was encouraged to go further afield.

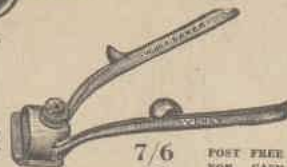
At the beginning of last year she founded the Knight-Corkran Singing Academy, where not only voice training was taught, but all kindred arts were also fostered. This academy has already become entirely self-supporting, and is the only one of its size in Australia entirely controlled by a woman.

This year Madame Knight-Corkran hopes to produce "La Traviata," "Faust," and "Madame Butterfly," which augurs well for Brisbane music-lovers, and serves to illustrate the talent of Madame Knight-Corkran and her pupils.



Mme. Marie Knight-Corkran
—R. Noel Maitland.

THIS WILL CUT HARD FINGER OR TOE NAILS!

Baker's Nail Clipper, nickel plated.
6/6.Hair Clipper 0000. Very fine
close-cut. Sheffield made.7/6 POST FREE
FOR CASH

W. Jno. Baker Ltd.

3 HUNTER ST.,
SYDNEY.

FOR THE BEST CUTLERY SINCE 1888.

They
tell me
I LOOK
YOUNGER!

"A woman's as old as her skin—so I'm staying young by keeping my skin soft, smooth, clear and youthful. And I don't know any better way to do it than by following the advice of 20,000 beauty experts, who say: 'Use Palmolive Soap'."



Morning and night I massage Palmolive's rich lather into the pores of my face, neck and shoulders. I rinse well . . . dry gently. It keeps my skin clear, smooth—enchanting!



For a beauty bath too: I massage my body with a washcloth full of Palmolive lather until it thoroughly cleanses the pores. A cool rinse—then a good drying. It leaves my whole body fresh, glowing, lovely!



Because Palmolive contains an abundance of olive oil it cleanses the skin—keeps it youthful—beautifies it.



Olive and palm oils give Palmolive its green colour.



"It's the meanness—of hanging back."

"Just that?"
And suddenly he was on his knees with his head in her lap. She covered his head with her hands.

"I don't want to go, mother."
"You're so young, my Karl, not yet of age."

"I know. But there is something old enough in me. It hurts."

She nodded tragically.

"Yes—I know. Sometimes—women have to give to men, and sometimes men have to give to something."

He was silent. Almost she was like some living altar upon which his youth lay prostrate. She could have stormed, accused, ridiculed her crisis, soiled him with easy cynicism, and she did nothing of the kind. She stroked his head. Life had given her this secret love child, and life seemed to demand him of her again. On that night she

Sackcloth into Silk

Continued from Page 24

was greater than she knew.

"Karl."

"Yes, mother?"

"Do you know what it means to me?"

"Yes, mother."

She swallowed the passionate anguish in her throat.

"And I'm letting you go—I'm not saying stay. Isn't that—? O, well, other women have had things torn from them—if I had the—allness to be selfish—Such waste, such—"

He raised himself.

"I know, waste—Men being shot to pieces—it must seem such waste to a mother—it is to me. But I'm a sensitive fool—I want to give—like the others."

She mother kissed his forehead.

"Karl—when one's a fool in that way—it may be the only time in one's life when one's right—I was a fool once, my dear, in that way, and I did not regret it."

Suddenly she was weeping. Her tears ran unashamedly down her creased and sacrificial face.

"There's a sort of justice in things, Karl. I don't understand, and I do—You've got to go. You and I are alike that way. We're the fools who give, and that's a thing the real fools might not understand."

EMILY was one of those who did not understand.

"Crikey! She must be bawling, letting her fatted calf go to be slaughtered."

Rebecca's eldest son was both surprised and shocked. Knowing his mother as he did he would have expected her to fight this madness tooth and nail, and to throw herself between the butchers and their victim. Possibly, there was a self love in Augustus that felt itself affected by Karl's conventionalism. His younger brother was challenging Gus' courage and his ideals, and Augustus was approaching that unpleasant period when authority would crag him before the tribunal. He was not going to sacrifice to Caesar.

Meanwhile Emily sat picking at a piece of work with her fingers. Emily had a nose for the mean and the obscure. She found a sneer.

"The golden calf. That's what it is. All she cares about is money. Selling fur coats to girls. Disgusting—I call it."

For once Augustus had the courage to call his wife to order.

"You mustn't talk like that, Emily. My mother—"

"A precious lot she's done for you, hasn't she?"

Augustus did not wholly regret Karl's insanity. However pure one's philosophy may claim to be, it cannot wholly transcend life's propensities and prejudices. Augustus was a very rapable illusionist; he could harmonise his internal qualms. He went round to see his mother, but almost before he had broached the matter she effaced him.

"It's just a question—of character, Gus."

Augustus was piqued. Did the old woman suggest that by refraining he was less of a hero than a silly, emotional boy?—Good God, what fools women were! Always caught by a flash of the eyes or a gesture. He warned his mother that he felt it his duty to speak to Karl.

"You may," said his mother as though giving him leave to open a window.

Augustus did speak to Karl. He began almost as a father. He climbed to a high level. He was even a little emotional.

"I take this—personally—Karl—to me—it's treachery to our ideals, to the love of man for man. It's a surrender to crowd propaganda—a—"

Karl was in one of his silent moods.

"No use, Gus."

"Don't you understand?—I love humanity."

And suddenly Karl looked at him with a little merciless smile.

"Don't talk that stuff to me, Gus—You—love—humanity!—O, my God!"

His brother's soapy face seemed to hang in the air like an inflated bladder.

"You don't know what you are talking about, you young fool."

Karl turned away.

"If you cared a damn—you'd be out there in a stretcher squad."

THERE was nothing dramatic about Karl's going. Like many young men he just disappeared from his accustomed haunts for a period or for ever. Having lied about his age, rechristened himself Charles, and been passed by the doctor, he spent two nights in a depot, and was then railed with a number of other men to a training camp in Dorsetshire. The dramatic element was his mother's, the deliberate restraint with which she chose to stand alone, the courage with which she carried on.

But she was no quietist. She had

her business, and that was more than sufficient to keep her on her feet, and now that Karl had left her she wanted help. Girls were growing scarce, and Rebecca chose an older woman, a niece of Mrs. Mutter.

Karl had been gone a week when Emily slithered in. Rebecca had had her hair about Emily; she had expected Emily to arrive and here she was, wearing black, and sympathetic insinuations. Emily had come to suggest that she might be able to help her mother-in-law.

"I could come round when I've got Gus off, and tidied up the house."

Rebecca had feelings about Emily. Her daughter-in-law's cat's eyes were on those fur coats. Emily was not really sorry for Rebecca or for Karl; Emily was purring in secret over the departure of Karl; Emily would not be sorry if Karl never came back. Rebecca was polite but final.

"Thank you, Emily, but I've got a woman. Besides—I couldn't take you away from your home."

Emily looked offended. She was in a perpetual state of being offended.

"Well—I only wanted to help."

"Very kind of you, Emily, but I can manage. How is Gus' indignation?"

Emily departed with the air of a good woman who had been rebuffed.

Rebecca carried on. Business was booming, and in spite of the exactions of the tax-gatherers it became apparent both to Rebecca and Mr. Isenstein that there were small fortunes to be made in fur. Did Rebecca love money? She did, but her love was ulterior and viciously selfish. She wanted success, power, fame, not for herself but for her child. Life had snatched him away, but his mother remained obstinately sure that her Karl would come back to her. She kept that room of his sweet and clean. No one else entered it. She would sit for a minute or two in his chair, and turn the pages of the manuscript he had left behind.

On the brown paper cover she could read:

"Fantasy"

"A Play—By Charles Kesteven."

She smiled over that name. It was not Sloop, or Samuel, George or Augustus, Kesteven? Well, why not? If necessary she would take that name.

MEANWHILE, she had Karl's letters, and her work and three months' grace.

Three months of intensive training fitted a man for France, and Karl was in the P.B.I. That had been something of a shock. The Poor Blooming Infantry!—But the war might end before—No she would not allow herself to be fooled. Karl's letters were cheerful. He was with a good crowd; he was boxing, playing football. So very English, and casually so. Rebecca tied up his letters with a black beetle and was proud. Her child was no whimperer. He had his head in the air.

She showed one of Karl's letters to Mr. Vidler who still came round on Sunday nights, and the old man rubbed his chin.

"Playing games. Aren't we mad?—But it's our gaminess as does it. That other boy of yours?"

"Which?"

"The one who looks like a Russian."

"Oh, Augustus. Just sinking."

Said Mr. Vidler: "I never heard of Russians playing football. Miserable devils."

So, the winter passed, and the spring came, and to Rebecca it had a strange sweet anguish. It was as though her own youth was renewed in her fat old body. She bought flowers and put them in Karl's room—Would the dear body of her child be wounded? She carried her inward wound, and bustled about, and was indefatigably active. Her bank balance was mounting up, and the fatal day was drawing near.

Please turn to Page 30

FOUNTAIN

Self Raising

FLOUR

KITCHEN TESTED

FOUNTAIN

Self Raising

FLOUR

KITCHEN TESTED

FOUNTAIN

Self Raising

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KITCHEN TESTED

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Self Raising

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KITCHEN TESTED

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FLOUR

KITCHEN TESTED

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

John McDonnell has given up Sydney job in favor of being private secretary to Sir Leslie Wilson, Governor of Queensland? John has open sesame to Queensland society, so well suited to position.

Monaro "Picnics"

FIRST meeting of newly-formed Monaro Picnic Race Club held on Friday... Ti-Tree racecourse swept and garnished for party... Amateur riders and owners of speedy quadrupeds all members of club... Mrs. Conrad Blakemore, being member of Litchfield clan, made for old home, Hazeldene, for celebrations... Harley Money joined Sim Bennett's house party, and Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Macdonald and Top Hassall and pretty wife among guests... Pat Levy and Tom Vincent also tempted from surf beaches about Sydney for week-end.

"Lady Gosford" and "Bill"

"LADY GOSFORD" and "BILL" made much of at St. Vincent's Leap Year Fair... Former most docile of donkeys and latter handsome Great Dane, who looked much too important to be mere carrier of ice-cream... Four days and nights proved rather long session for helpers in good cause... Very correct was hang of sari worn by M's C. M. Collins in tea stall... Having just returned from tour of Ceylon, had just right angle to orange draperies... Myra Theodore, also in Ceylonese attire, added frangipani to green striped costume.

Three dances arranged for Yass picnic race season this year. They include, matrons', race ball, and tennis dance.

Giff's Solo Dance

"GIFF" did amusing solo dance at Pirates Dance at Palm Beach on Saturday... In coster clothes, and armed with toy rake, caused quite a commotion... Newly-acquired surf club house scene of cheery cocktail party before dance... One bar downstairs and three "top side" accommodated two hundred guests... Violent storms caused guests to be very late at dance... Rutherford's guests voted number one party... All in pirate costume.

Captain and Mrs. Ian Campbell now settled at Camberley, England, where home will be for two years while Ian does staff course.

Hardy Yachtsmen

YACHTSMEN hardy race... Five shivering sailormen picked up by Dr. Maynard Furber in mid-harbor on Saturday... Another crew swam from yacht and perched like gulls on ship's buoy waiting for rescuer... Dick Windeyer's yacht involved in collision at starting point and skittled bowsprit... Postponed Anniversary Day regatta responsible for flocks of white wings on blue waters.

Sang Before Royalty

OF Welsh origin and still able to understand difficult language is Gwladys Edwards, recent arrival from West Australia... Visitor studied singing with Marchesi when famous teacher was over 80... While student at Royal College of Music, was heard by late Princess Louise, who asked to have her presented... Royalty had many questions to ask about Australia, and then asked for further songs.

Two Legal Families

TWO WELL-KNOWN legal families being united at wedding of Sheila Sullivan and Leslie Consett Stephen at this Tuesday's wedding at St. Mark's... Shirting figures on parchment-satin gown cut severely, with train flowing from waist... Veil held in place by satin halo adorned with orange blossom. Six bridesmaids, all wearing opalescent frocks of blue chiffon over mauve, cut on Grecian lines, with belts of silver and silver leaves entwined in hair, will support elegant bride... Honeymoon to be spent in Europe.

Tibet is Objective

PHYLLIS DOCKER'S cabin on board Nieuw Holland littered with flowers, sweets, and interesting-looking parcels containing wedding presents... Friends so numerous that overflow blocked alleyways... Marjorie Rushworth also had many friends to wave au revoir... Marjorie has sister in India whom she intends visiting on way home... Ambition at moment is to tour Tibet.

Captain and Mrs. Bill Patterson have returned to Bellevue Hill home after months spent at Palm Beach.

Mannequin's London Success

AUSTRALIAN mannequins capturing English market... Name of Muriel Scott now added to honors list, headed by Margaret Vyner and Mamie Tricker... Muriel, who hails from Manila, Philippine Islands, and Sydney, made leisurely trip through America to London... Is appearing as mannequin at all leading London stores... Will then tour provinces, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales... In between times visitor having wonderful time, and thinks that two-year ticket will have to be extended.

Caricatures and Epigrams

SITTING for one's caricature is latest fad... Alan Reeve newcomer to Sydney usually found behind devastating pencil... Adrian Curlew complete in curling wig and gown, Mrs. Noel Heath, Mrs. Lennox Bode, and Mrs. Bill Crossing among latest "victims"... Alan also snappy exponent of epigrams... N.Z. artist first drew at age of eight, but flair for caricature came as bombshell on leaving school... A world's tour, pencil in hand, is next item on programme.



Retiring Artist

MR. J. W. MAUND is artist of retiring disposition... Makes hobby of water-color paintings of merit, but never mentions them.

Opened exhibition by Isabel Mackenzie at Macquarie Galleries during week with few well-chosen words... Artist is Victorian, but many years spent in Sydney. Her mother and sister, Nancy, were at opening... Mrs. Woodward, Mrs. John Young, Mrs. Menlove, Helen Stewart, Ethel Ranken, and Mrs. Mackenzie expressed appreciation of paintings on wall.

Hugh Main, Minister for Agriculture, Mrs. Main, and niece Molly returned on Sunday from Eastern tour. Viewing colorful pageant at Temple of the Tooth, Kandy, among many interesting experiences.



Overseas Polo Team

SYDNEY polo season attracting overseas attention... Philippine Islands have indicated intention of sending team comprising Captain M. Macdonald Jones, Major C. H. Gerhardt, Mr. Angel Elizalde, and Mr. J. M. Elizalde... Captain Jones and Major Gerhardt members of United States army team several years ago... Quarantine regulations make importation of ponies impossible, so players will be mounted here.

Shooting Snakes

MOST enthusiastic camper is Ethel Ranken... Has just returned from long spell of tent life on banks of Fish River with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Purves... Snakes abound, and one breakfast interrupted by host finding and shooting reptile while swimming river nearby... Little children of district all carry razors in readiness for scarifying bites... Ideal climate and absence of mosquitoes made for increased comfort.

Bridesmaids at Stephen-Sullivan wedding to carry sheaves of water-lilies tinted in mauve to match frocks.

Peggy Nott's Wedding

MRS. ROSS NOTT to say au revoir to many friends at Queen's Club this Tuesday... Sails with daughter, Mrs. Cowper, for England this week... Wedding of daughter Peggy to Eric Smith reason for trip... Mrs. Stokes Hughes, of Malaya, keeping home fires burning during absence of rest of family.

Old Cedar Furniture

IN search of old cedar furniture, Violet Roche made recent trek to Oxford Street... Struck fine bargain, but had misfortune to mislay ultra-smart French gloves... Interior decorating is hobby, and Violet busy choosing antiques for own newly-papered and painted flat... New suites at Hotel Australia also claiming attention, and piles of curtain fabrics and carpets, all ready for choosing, litter-up office.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Munro, recently returned from honeymoon, will spend few days with Mrs. Mack, bride's mother, at Trangie, before settling in new home at Bingara.

Renaissance Cloak

TREK to Pirates' dance at Palm Beach almost emptied Sydney of merry-makers during week-end... Among remaining few was Mrs. John O'Brien, visiting Irish beauty... In dance frock of black ninon, with gay lemon scarf, danced farewell measure at Romano's on Saturday... Goldie Gray "went Renaissance" by wearing ankle-length cloak of fuchsia toning over blue-satin frock.

Have You Noticed—

Quaint invitations sent out by Mr. and Mrs. Byram Mansell for Palm Beach party in honor of Mrs. Alrema Samuels and fiancé? Palm trees and seagulls disport near salt sea-spray on background of green to decorate informal wording.

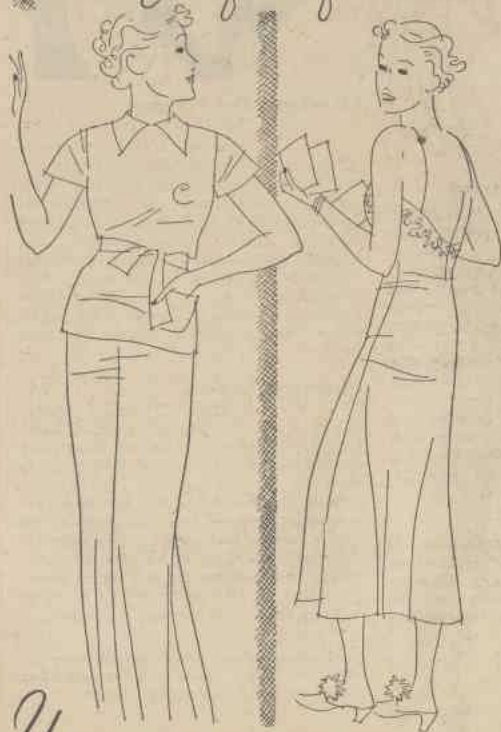


MISS SHEILA SULLIVAN, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Sullivan, of Darling Point, whose marriage to Mr. Leslie Consett Stephen at St. Mark's Church this Tuesday will be the most important social function for the week.

—Raymond Sawyer photo.

Jane Anne

With a long and lovely life before them



UNDIES MADE OF COURTAULDS RAYON

What is your wish, beautiful lady? Camiknicks, panties, slips or vests, femininely fluffy, or smartly tailored, trimmed with exquisite lace or pretty applique?

Whatever style of undies you fancy, you will find it is more smartly cut, more slim-fitting and far more long-wearing when it is made of Courtaulds Rayon.

Specially designed by the leading Australian underwear manufacturers, these undies of Courtaulds Rayon keep their shape and lovely looks for ages.

Next time you buy undies, look for the styles that carry the Courtauld Housemark—it's your guarantee of lasting loveliness and of long wear.



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A MEDICAL EYE SERVICE

We have now established a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist, late of Moorfields Eye Hospital, London.

This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

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4-Piece Breakfast Set

Betha Maxwell's 4-piece marigold breakfast set is still available, in white or cream (Horn), 1/-, in yellow, green, or blue (Gossett), 2/-.

Individually, 15 x 21 traycloth, Horn 1/6, Gossett 1/6; 18 x 21 tea-cloth, Horn 1/6, Gossett 1/6; 12 x 12 serviette, Horn 1/6, Gossett 1/6; Egg-cup, Horn 6d, Gossett 6d.

To obtain any of the items send to The Australian Women's Weekly with amount in stamps or postal note enclosed.



MRS. MONA PEADON, who left Sydney a bride and became a pioneer of white women among savages in New Guinea. She scorns firearms, relying for security on three kelpie dogs.—Dorothy Welding, photo.

WOMAN Pioneer Among SAVAGES Where Dogs are Better Protection than Guns!

Holidaying in Australia is Mrs. Mona Peadon, who, for the past four years, has lived in what is known as the "uncontrolled area" of the Mandated Territory with her husband, a New Guinea goldminer.

Leaving Sydney a bride four years ago, this young woman travelled on foot from the New Guinea coast with her husband to her future home in "bush" country where no white woman had previously set foot and which had such a bad reputation with the coast natives that it was hard to persuade them to "make paper" (contract of service). But they found good gold, and to-day are getting together equipment which will bring to their primitive bush bungalow in the Upper Watut many of the comforts of civilisation.

IN an exclusive interview with The Australian Women's Weekly, Mrs. Peadon tells of her early experiences with the bush natives, of domestic difficulties, of thrills of clashes between warring tribes, and the winning of gold. Incidentally, she has always looked to her three kelpie dogs for protection rather than to firearms.

The bush natives took kindly to Mrs. Peadon right from the start, and gave her no trouble. And from the helpless city girl she was four years ago she is now able to handle quite a lot of matters for her husband, her everyday duties including bartering with the bush natives for food for 75 boys, and occasionally supervising actual mining operations.

Any Excuse for Fight

"ONE of the greatest surprises," said Mrs. Peadon, "was the existence of wonderfully well-laid-out and drained cultivation patches right up in an area where civilisation had not previously penetrated. With sharpened sticks and stone implements natives of the Purari tribe had clearings quite as well tended as the Chinese gardens to be seen round Australian suburbs.

"These natives quickly realised that with the coming of the white man and his staff of coast natives there was created a market for their produce, and the supply has never failed.

"My husband and I have never suffered any molestation from natives, and despite that there are continual inter-tribal battles waging all round our home we have never been harmed. In fact, it has become an understood thing among the tribes that they cease a scrap when either my husband or I wish to pass between the opposing forces.

Their scraps consist of much yelling and loosing off of arrows, and are started on the slightest provocation.

"I have known two tribes to begin a battle because a member of one tribe died and they had attributed his death to poisoning. Members of his tribe set off to avenge the 'tragedy,' and when a dozen warriors came upon a 'Mary' digging in her garden and slew her, vengeance was satisfied and the party returned home rejoicing.

Radio in the Jungle

"WHILE the menfolk always carry firearms, and I always have a rifle handy, I have grown to place far more reliance in the protection afforded me by three kelpies which I have personally trained. These dogs are always with me, and ever on the alert. I never go anywhere without them, and so intelligent have they become that I have only to raise my voice and they promptly trail the native who has aroused my displeasure. This has gained for them the wholesome respect of the natives.

"Occasionally they heel a trader who becomes too excited in driving a bargain, and a bite in mistake usually costs me a few beads."

On their return to Upper Watut the Peadons plan to introduce another of the most modern scientific advancements, a turbine-driven generator, which will supply power and light and make possible many of the domestic refinements which city dwellers enjoy.

Mrs. Peadon is hoping that with the installation of the power it will be possible to install a wireless receiving set which will give reliable service. It is her ambition that in the heart of the New Guinea jungle may soon be heard radio programmes and music, bringing them into closer touch with the outside world. The song of the bird of paradise in his native bush may soon be mingled with the latest jazz broadcast from a city night club.

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WHEN EAST Is West and West IS EAST

What Month of the Fishes Holds for Pisceans

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society

This is the month of Pisces—the Two Fishes.

The moment these people tell an astrologer they were born somewhere between February 19 and March 21, she knows that the faults which get them into greatest difficulty are indecisiveness and a tendency to go west when they want to go east—in short, to do just the opposite to that which they really want to do, or else to turn aside from that which they have set out to accomplish.

ASTROLOGICALLY, Pisceans (pronounced py-seans) are represented by two fishes, chained together, one swimming upstream, the other down. United, yet ever striving to separate.

Not only do they find it difficult to know themselves, but those about them find it almost impossible to decide which is the real individual. Yet at heart these people are kindly, jovial, and hospitable.

Piscean men seem to thrive especially well on friendships with women (usually women of an attractive type), but should exercise care in this regard since they are liable to suffer much unhappiness, loss and imposition through the opposite sex.

Piscean women are a race apart. Seemingly gentle, reserved and submissive, they yet manage to get much fun out of life, especially when pretty clothes, "swagger" friends, and "high life" are all mixed up in their affairs.

Piscean folk of both sexes are also kindly with children and attracted to luxury, ease and art, yet usually tie themselves up with a big and overbearing (or selfish) family.

They have no trouble in producing either ideas, artistic or literary abilities, love affairs or money. But they should choose their marriage partners carefully, for they are sensitive to appreciation and love and will do much to earn these things. Their most harmonious partners will usually be found among those born under the signs Cancer and Scorpio, or Capricorn and Taurus, though the individual horoscope sometimes contradicts this advice.

Pisceans love continual change and movement. They delight in changing home arrangements and altering office systems. But, despite such characteristics, they can be very charming; in



MISS JUNE MARSDEN

Feb. 26, so get busy, especially on March 2 and 3.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Fair only on Feb. 25 and 26.

VIRGO (Aug. 23 to Sept. 23): It's your turn to live quietly. Be "very good" for some weeks, especially on Feb. 29 and March 1.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Feb. 29 and March 1 favor you slightly.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Do and dare this week. Begin new ventures, ask favors, seek advancement, make changes, etc. In other words "get busy," especially during this week, on March 2 and 3.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Live quietly this week, especially Feb. 29 and March 1. Take no chances.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Fair enough for you this week after Feb. 26. Best on Feb. 27 and 28.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Nothing startling, but Feb. 29 and March 1 quite fair.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Good weeks ahead for you. Plan ahead. Start new enterprises; begin important matters. Live quietly on February 29 and March 1, but make March 2 and 3 work for you. Can you?

In the Looking-glass

SAGITTARIUS (The Archer):

Those born between Nov. 23 and Dec. 22 are usually tall, slender, and well-made, but inclined to stoop or to walk with a rather peculiar, uneven gait.

The face is generally longish and the forehead pronounced; the eyes expressive, mostly blue or hazel; and the hair inclining to chestnut or an interesting yellow fairness. Sometimes these people grow bald around the temples early in life.

They have a habit of stamping or scraping the feet. Sometimes they actually look horsey, as though fulfilling their sleep-influence, which governs horses and places a love of gambling over them.

fact, their desire to please others is the cause of most of their troubles in life, for people find them "easy marks," and continually impose upon them. Consequently, Pisceans should learn to be less sympathetic towards sob stories.

Finally, they should learn to appreciate their own wonderful powers of intuition and "inner knowledge," instead of continually bowing the knee to boosters who really know less than themselves.

The Daily Diary

THE Daily Guide for each week is given in order that you may plan ahead, taking advantage of your good influences—or avoiding adverse ones. The individual horoscope may contradict the information a little, but unless you know this fact you can use the Daily Guide with confidence. Start new ventures, make changes, etc., on good days; live quietly on adverse ones.

ARIES PEOPLE (March 21 to April 21): Affairs should improve for you on February 29 and 26.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): The whole week is fair for you, but the 27th and 28th should be best.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): No good for new ventures for some weeks to come. Feb. 29 and March 1 a poor best.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Plan well ahead. The week favors you after

Cash Prizes For Handcrafts

SPLENDID opportunity for turning hobbies to good account and testing out skill in competition is being afforded women and school-children by Grace Bros. In their Industries and Handcrafts Exhibition announced this week. \$250 is to be distributed among the prize-winners.

Section 1, the Women's Industries, comprises competitions in art needlework of every description—the making of bedspreads, cushions, table linen, fingerie, etc., and there are several knitting sections.

The school-children's competitions cover 45 sections of different handicrafts for boys and girls—woodwork, frechand, sketching, mosaic models, art, needlework, raffia work, plasticine modelling, stencilling, and others. Special mention must be made of the Model Aeroplane Competition for boys.

All entries are free. You must make application at once, but the actual entries will be received from May 25 to May 30. All prizes are in cash, and competitors are at liberty to purchase their materials wherever they desire.

Grace Bros. will forward on request entry forms and leaflets giving full particulars if you write to the "Competition Editor," Grace Bros. Ltd., Broadway, Sydney.

DON'T ... FORGET

Exhibition of paintings by Isabel Mackenzie, Macquarie Galleries, 19 High Street. Open till February 28.

Launch Picnic under auspices of the English-Speaking Union, February 29. Luncheon leave Man o' War steps, 2.15 p.m.

Musical and welcome to Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Arts Club, March 2, 3.30 p.m.

Exhibition of caricatures by Mr. Alan Reeves, David Jones, George Street Store, commencing March 1.

Performance of "Carnival" and "Lake of Swans" directed by Burial-Lightfoot First Australian Ballet, March 4, Savoy Theatre.

Card Party at Farmer's in aid of N.S.W. Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children (Darlington), March 6, 5 p.m.

"Leave it to Smith," produced by the Sydney High Old Girls' Dramatic Society, in aid of the school playing fields—in the School Assembly Hall, Moore Park, March 7, 8 p.m.

Reunion of Centre members, friends and supporters of St. Luke's Hospital at Elaine, 550 New South Head Road, Double Bay, March 18, 3 p.m.

Card Party under auspices of Australian Flying Corps Ladies' Committee, Farmer's, March 19. For further particulars ring J2390.

Leap Year Dance arranged by Dalwood Homes Younger Set, March 21, at Roseville Scout Hall, 8 p.m. For further particulars ring B2711.

Lost 25 lbs. Fat

REDUCED HIPS 5 INCHES AND DID NOT DIET!

Never felt so well or so full of energy in her life



The Charm of a Slim Figure

The immense success of Thalgo Thermal Salts in assisting stout people to reduce has brought numerous letters from grateful women all over Australia. Below is printed a letter from a lady who lost 25 lbs. in weight and reduced her hips by 5 inches, without any dieting whatever. This wonderful change was brought about solely by taking Thalgo Thermal Salts regularly every morning. Read this letter:

Dear Sirs,

It gives me great pleasure to let you know of the benefits I have received from taking Thalgo Thermal Salts. My age is 30 years and before taking Thalgo Thermal Salts I was 10 stone 12 lbs. After taking Thalgo for six months, I have reduced to 9 stone 1 lb. I might mention I was carrying most of the weight on my hips. Thalgo Thermal Salts reduced my hips by 5 inches; furthermore, I have never felt so well and full of energy in my life. I have recommended Thalgo Thermal Salts to quite a number of my friends.

I forgot to mention that I did not diet myself while taking the salts.

Yours faithfully,
Mrs. G. W.

NO DANGEROUS REDUCING PROPERTIES

Thalgo Thermal Salts are a combination of salts similar to the principal salts found in many of the Thermal Springs of Europe and other parts of the world. They make it possible for stout people to reduce not because of any dangerous or other reducing properties in the salts themselves, but by assisting the internal organs each day to rid the system of waste products which, if not regularly eliminated, are liable to be converted into fatty tissue. Thalgo Thermal Salts gently and naturally clear the system of fat-forming wastes and also of uric acid and impurities which give rise to Bad Complexion, Skin Blemishes, Rheumatism, etc., etc.

NO RESULTS—NO PAY

We invite any stout person to purchase a 1/6 jar of THALGO THERMAL SALTS from the nearest Chemist. Begin taking Thalgo Thermal Salts to-morrow morning—a teaspoonful in a big glass of hot water before breakfast—and continue until you have used two jars. If you are not then satisfied with the result, simply send the two empty cartons to the distributors—Parry, Barker and Co., 18-20 Martin Place, Sydney—and the full purchase price, with postage added, will be refunded to you at once without question or controversy. You need, therefore, take no financial risk whatever in giving Thalgo Thermal Salts a thorough trial and proving to your own satisfaction what they will do for you.

You too can reduce your waistline, hips and weight. You too can possess a slim, stylish figure—and without drastic dieting. Thalgo Thermal Salts not only assist you to reduce your weight but gives you radiant health, a clear glowing skin and sparkling eyes.

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17/18 PRICE 1/6 PER JAR AT ALL CHEMISTS



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Ordinary brushes can't fit this curve where tartar forms. Only Tek cleans all your teeth, inside and outside surfaces. Tek at 2/- is better value, too. Its better bristles keep their better shape. For children—Tek Junior, Price 1/3.

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Film may cause them

Make sure you use the special film removing tooth paste which removes film effectively and safely.

Common sense says that dangerous film should be removed and kept away regularly. But how? Many dentifrices may claim to remove film. But are they safe? To millions of people, Pepsodent is known as the special film-removing tooth paste. The simple reason for Pepsodent's efficiency is the use of a revolutionary new cleansing and polishing agent. This material is unexcelled in film-removing power. No other leading dentifrice contains it and it is so safe that in imperial tests Pepsodent has been proved the least abrasive. . . . therefore *refrains*—of 16 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders. So, if you really want naturally white teeth and greater freedom from common mouth disorders, take the first step now. Start removing ugly, dangerous film daily with Pepsodent Tooth Paste. Along with daily brushing, eat foods your dentist would advise to promote strong, healthy teeth. And be sure to see your dentist regularly twice a year.

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TOOTH DECAY



STUBBORN STAINS



BLEEDING GUMS



KNOTS CAME IN HER FINGERS

A Result of Deposits of Uric Acid

Cleared Her System With Kruschen

A striking example of the efficacy of Kruschen Salts in the removal of uric acid deposits has just come to our notice. A woman writes as follows:—

"Small knots began to form between my fingers and on the small bones on my feet, both causing discomfort and uneasiness. Later drowsiness and sickness followed, and it appeared my circulation was bad, as my bones were showing signs of some decay. Seeking a medical man's advice, I was advised to rest and diet a while, and to assist me quickly he recommended me Kruschen Salts, to be taken as directed, to remove the uric acid deposits in my system.

"This was eighteen months ago—when I was at a breakdown stage. I began instantly doing as he advised. I started my daily dose of Kruschen right then, and believe me, I am now a new woman. I still take my little measure of Kruschen daily. I weigh 9 stone, and stand 5 ft. 3 ins. in height. No surplus condition, not miserable in appearance, fit to fight for a kingdom, and be sure I tell my



friends the secret of my present health."—(Mrs.) W. H. M.

Rheumatic conditions are the result of an excess of uric acid in the body. Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts have the power of dissolving uric acid crystals. Other ingredients assist Nature to expel these dissolved crystals through the natural channel.

The action of Kruschen is a combined action. Each of its six salts supports the others in stimulating the bodily functions from a number of different angles. Thus the exact proportion of the six salts is of supreme importance. That is why every batch of Kruschen Salts is tested and standardised by a staff of qualified chemists, before it is passed for bottling.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 per bottle.



Sackcloth into Silk

Continued from Page 26

KARL came on his last leave. He was going out to France with a draft in ten days' time. A tram dropped him in the Essex Road, and he saw his mother before she saw him, very much in black and standing in the shop doorway with a fur coat over her arm. His mother's shop had become much more distinguished and debonair; it had shed those large trays of pants and vests and shirts, and its restrooms of coats and trousers. Rebecca was in conversation with a young thing who was becoming a child of fashion.

"No, my dear—I can't hold it for you. But if you like to leave a deposit?"

"Two pounds."

"I could get the money next Saturday."

And then Rebecca saw her son, and her business face became transfigured. She pushed the coat at the girl. "All right, I'll trust you with it, my dear." Her eyes were all Karl, Karl looking tall and slim in uniform, with lean legs that took puttees well; yes, he looked much more like an officer. The girl, holding the coat that had been thrust at her, gaped at the two who were embracing. Karl kissed his mother—not as a public schoolboy would or would not have kissed her, and he did not wait until they were inside the shop.

"My dear, you do look well."

"I feel well."

Rebecca could not shut up her shop, nor did she send for Emily in this emergency, but she went to her safe, took out five one-pound notes, and pressed them on Karl.

"Go out and enjoy yourself, my dear."

He smiled at her, but he would not take the money.

"Not feeling that way, Mother. Just like to hang about the old place."

He was curiously grave and quiet, as though his inner life had deepened. The preparation had been spiritual as well as physical, and the ordeal was drawing near. The fear of death? He wished to try and meet it calmly and with the dignity of his young pride. Apparently he did not want to rush out after women, or to drug himself with excitement. He seemed ten years older, and so clean-cut and quiet.

"You'll find your room ready, dear." She deserted the shop for an instant and watched him mount the stairs. His movements were deliberate, easy, and to his mother came a sudden spasm of pride. Her child was a man, somehow man as the eternal girl in her had dreamed of, youth going upon adventure, dreadful adventure, but with quiet eyes and firm mouth.

She stood for a moment looking up the empty stairs and seeing that landing window where he had played as a child. Her face had a radiance.

Karl had opened the door of his room. He stood looking in. He saw the table by the window with his manuscript upon it, and on each side a vase of daffodils burning like flowery candles. He closed the door softly, and crossing the room, opened the manuscript book where he had left it—abrupt and questioning like the edge of a cliff. How much older he was, and yet that same question perplexed him. He took one of the vases, raised it, and smelt the flowers. Spring, youth—and that bloody hazard out yonder! This unhappy generation! But youth had to dare, and to give.

That night when they were at supper together in the parlor he broke bread into his soup with the air of a young disciple obeying some inward Master.

"The shop's shut on Sunday, Mother."

"Of course, dear."

"Do you remember that day we had in Epping?"

As though she had forgotten it!

"Let's have a day in the country, mother."

She was moved, and deeply so.

"Anybody else you want to take, Karl?"

"Oh, no. Just—us."

"Where would you like to go?"

"There's a place called Newlands Corner in Surrey. On the Downs. A chap in my hut told me about it. And there's a spot not far away called the Silent Pool."

"Well, go," said his mother. "I'll hire a car or even a taxi. We'll take our lunch with us."

DURING those last days she was conscious of hating her other sons, those careful cowards, shirking their sacrifice, and leaving it to Karl and to her.

On that last morning she kept the shop closed. They breakfasted together in silence, the silence of a mutual sympathy.

When Karl came downstairs for the last time with gaitcoat and pack, she met him in the passage with a face that was both ravaged and smiling.

"I'm not going to see you again, Karl."

He looked at her mutely for a moment, and then he understood.

"No, mother, just here."

She held him for a few seconds against her big, warm body.

"Try and be careful, Karl."

"Yes, mother."

He kissed her with a protective tenderness.

"I'll write—often. Do you know, mother, I somehow feel I'm going to be lucky."

Then, he turned quickly to the street door, opened it, gave her one look and went. She was to remember that look all her life. She leaned against the wall, her head touching it, her hands twisted in her apron, but she made no sound. A tram rumbled past. She felt that he was on that tram.

At two o'clock she opened the shop. She was her solid, pragmatic self, alert and cheerful, perhaps a little more abrupt than usual and not to be persuaded to confer upon prices. She had made her bargain with life, and she was in no mood to allow her sisters to chase bargains at her expense.

"No reductions, my dear. My coats are marked for cash."

But every time a tram went by she was conscious of an inward tremor.

THE bells rang prematurely for the victory at Cambrai, but a few days later faces had recovered their patient glumness. Rebecca's face was solemn, not because the Germans had reacted and given G.H.Q. a fright, but because a week had passed without any news of Karl. Not a letter, not even a field postcard. Rebecca had lost weight, and during that crisis in her season of suspense her face showed it. Her cheeks sagged. There were deep creases in them. Her double chin became more pronounced. Dark bags hung under her eyes. Her black hair, bunched up perfunctorily after a restless night, was lustreless and streaked with grey. Her clothes had a demure air.

Had Karl's Division shared in the Cambrai show? What was the use of asking oneself such questions? Rebecca put on one of her fur coats and a new hat, hired a taxi, and went forth to implore the War Office. A forlorn hope—Oh, certainly! She penetrated further than was usual, only to be assured that no information could be given her. It would be transmitted to her officially should there be anything of import to announce.

Rebecca endured another letterless week before the official notice reached her. Corporal Charles Slopp was missing. That was all the official world could tell her at the moment.

Rebecca's soul went grey. But like the Germans at Cambrai she reacted. She did not sit down and rend her garments and pour ashes on her head. There was in her a kind of elemental and obstinate trust in the vitality and inevitableness of her maternal faith. She refused to acknowledge tragedy, even the shadow of tragedy. She opened her shop, and showed her broad bosom to the world. Had Death stalked in she would have looked him calmly in the face, told him to stop his nonsense, and offered to sell him a fur coat. She would not admit in that moment of suppressed anguish that her beloved could be mortal.

Emily had been watching the casualty lists in the daily paper. She came hurrying round from Chalfont Street on her way to work, for Emily had put class hatred in her pocket, and was helping a middle-class family to keep its house in order. She gave her employers to understand that her husband had been called up. She allowed the family to be sympathetic. Emily caught Rebecca in the greyness of a foggy, frosty morning. The shop struck cold. Rebecca had her hands over the oil stove.

Emily nibbled at her.

"I've just seen the news."

Rebecca met her with heavy, composed pallor.

"What news, Emily?"

"Do you mean to say you haven't seen poor Karl's name?"

Rebecca rubbed her hands together over the stove. She was intuitively wise as to the quality of Emily's emotion.

"I've known that for days, my dear. No news—is good news. I'm not letting myself worry."

But such assurance did not suit Emily's temper.

"Well—I do think you're wonderful, Ma. Of course, everybody knows what missing means. There's a woman next door to me whose boy hasn't been seen or heard of since June. Terrible. I call it. Just sitting at home and waiting. Of course it doesn't do any good to give up hoping—not until—one really knows."

Rebecca rubbed her hands slowly over the stove.

Please turn to Page 46

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THE MOVIE WORLD

February 29, 1936.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page 31

CALLING Australia! Hollywood News As It Happens

From JOHN B. DAVIES

BY SPECIAL CABLE
from Hollywood

New Preview Idea

WARNER BROTHERS have started something new in film previews. The usual thing is for a completed big feature to have a preview, the public being asked to send in suggestions and criticisms after having seen it.

The Warners, however, with "Anthony Adverse," have gone one better. They have shown the film as it stands—twice its programme length—before the final cutting.

In this way they figure on getting the public reaction before the picture is finished. This may work out into a

Mysterious Mission to Hollywood

THERE is much speculation here regarding the mission of Sir Allan Lindsay, at present in Hollywood. It is reported that he is negotiating with several fairly well-known people of the movie world on behalf of an Australian producing company.

Those with whom Sir Allan Lindsay is said to be negotiating include Carl Brisson and director John Blystone. Questioned regarding these two, and others, Sir Allan refused to confirm or deny the stories current regarding his purpose in visiting Hollywood.

good idea. Seeing that the film has to be cut in half, at any rate, the part that is to be scrapped may as well be the half the public likes least.

At least, that's how it is from a box-office viewpoint. Just how the director will react when maybe some of his pet scenes are pruned because Miss Typist prefers long close-ups, or Mr. Commuter likes good family stuff, is nobody's business.

Stork Swoops Again

THERE is now another Montgomery; Bob's wife has just presented him with a fine, bouncing son—weight eight pounds.

The couple already have a two-year-old daughter, so this addition makes it a pigeon pair.

Interviewed, Montgomery expressed great pleasure at having a boy to carry on the family name. Whether Junior will also carry on the Montgomery tradition in Hollywood has not yet been decided.



CLARK GABLE—One of Screenom's Most Popular Stars

Home in a Cantor

CRITICS who have seen Cantor's latest, "Strike Me Pink," are acclaiming it. It is said that the picture presents Cantor at his top.

Predictions that it will be a box-office certainty are causing exhibitors all over the country to get in for their slice of pie, and United Artists' business office is working overtime in the effort to cash in.

Without going into ecstasies, the show should be good. Cantor has been working on it a long time, and has had a whole army of the best gag-men in the country sweating over the dialogue.

T'anyrate, the picture's getting off to a good start.

Jealous George Quits

RUMORS of trouble on the Paramount lot became certainties when George Raft abandoned work on "Concertina" and quit the studios.

Efforts to cover up the rift in the lute have been unsuccessful; George's retirement was caused by the fact that nobody paid sufficient attention to his claim that the cameraman was giving too much prominence to Carole Lombard—Raft's co-star in this picture.

Whatever concessions were made to him were apparently not enough, for he is now out of the picture for good—or ill.

Fred MacMurray has taken his place.

Best Film of 1936

"FILM DAILY," one of the three leading American movie papers, has announced "David Copperfield" as being the best picture of 1936.

This is in contrast to the New York critics who acclaimed "The Informer" as the laurel-winner.

"David Copperfield" is given the medal by "Film Daily" because of (a) story, (b) acting—all-round (c) direction, and (d) general excellence of the production.

So that everybody who had anything to do with the Dickens opus—from producer to call-boy—is now feeling pretty good.

HUGE SUMS WASTED in FILM INDUSTRY



WHEN M-G-M. cast Lionel and John Barrymore as Rasputin and Prince Ghegeff in "Rasputin," they little dreamed what trouble awaited them.

★ Big Money Spent Without Increasing Entertainment Value

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, Our Special Correspondent in Hollywood

THERE IS EVERY HOPE of a bright and prosperous film year during 1936. Hollywood is working full time, and, in addition, has discovered that many films can be made more cheaply in England because of the lower cost of labor and material.

But films must be made more cheaply still! The Australian Women's Weekly is no advocate of cheese-paring. Indeed, English film history has demonstrated that the cheaply-produced "Quota Quickie" can do more harm to the industry than anything else.

TO make good films you must spend good money; but it must be well and wisely spent.

However we may despise and resent the "quickie," it certainly shows an admirable economy of means which, if applied to major production, would result in cinema prices being substantially reduced all round.

And would we complain about that?

At present money is spent, recklessly or through sheer ignorance, on things that don't add one iota, directly or indirectly, to the entertainment value of the picture—which, I venture to submit, is the only quality that justifies expenditure.

Lack of Ingenuity

HERE'S a case in point. When David Niven (whose name has been romantically linked with that of Merle Oberon, but you know what Hollywood is) was playing in Sam Goldwyn's "Splendour" with Miriam Hopkins, the script called for him to light a cigarette and smoke it nonchalantly.

Now whether Niven hadn't read the script or whether he imagined that smoking was an art that didn't have to be learned, or whether the cigarette smoking really was so vitally necessary to the actor after all, I don't profess to know; but the fact remains that he hadn't an idea how to handle his cigarette, much less smoke it; and it cost just £200/0/6 for the director, Elliott Nugent, to teach him—£200 for half an hour's overhead expenses, and 6d. for a packet of cigarettes.

Sometimes a mere lack of ingenuity is responsible for waste. It must have been a sight to draw tears to the eyes of production unit and shareholders alike when two dozen bottles of champagne

were dumped down a sink at 20th Century-Fox in Hollywood, recently.

It was on the Paul Cavanagh-Helen Wood picture, "Champagne Charlie." After exhaustive research, the sound men declared that the only thing that would make a noise like a champagne cork was a champagne cork.

There is a rule in the studio against the use of real alcohol; the players drink ginger ale, which looks like real champagne, but doesn't "pop" like it.

So they used real champagne bottles, and 20,000 giggles went bubbling down the sink.

But what sort of a medal is to be pinned on these sound men who failed to find a suitable substitute? And why couldn't one "pop" be recorded and that bit of sound-track be used over and over again? And anyway, what's the matter with a pop-gun? I've seen one used in a studio, and heard the resultant pop on the screen, and I couldn't tell it from a real "giggle-soup" cork, and I think perhaps I've opened as much bubbly as most members of the audience.

And then there are things, like the Markey telephone call, that cost the studio plenty—and all because of economy; for when film actors grow economical, it usually turns out comical.

Saving Cost £400

RECENTLY Gene Markey, Joan Bennett's writer-husband, telephoned his wife from London. He waited until midnight, because it would be cheaper, quite forgetting that halfway across the world it would be 4 p.m.—and working hours.

Joan was right in the middle of a huge and costly scene for "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," but a sentimental production manager allowed her to go to the phone.

"Isn't that cute?" she said when she returned. "By waiting till midnight, London time, Gene saved £10!"

Money Saved ... For Once

IN direct contrast to the instances quoted in this story is the incident which occurred during the making of Paramount's "Peter Ibbetson," an incident which could have cost the studio plenty.

During the filming one of Virginia's seven-year-old front teeth came out. As she'd already been taken showing the full set, it seemed as if Papa Paramount would be up for a delay that might run into any money. Indeed, a loss of £2000 was a certainty unless young Miss Weidler were on the set—all complete—next morning.

Hathaway, the director, got out of it. Virginia was rushed to a dentist, who sat up all night making a special one-tooth plate. But £2000 was saved.

"Yeah!" snapped the production-chief. "And the delay's cost us £400!"

"They're thinking of offering Markey the lead in 'The Man Who Broke the Bank at Twentieth Century-Fox.'"

Another way in which money is poured down the drain is in satisfaction of libel claims.

A new and terrible menace to producers lurks in "period" films depicting either people who are still alive or whose descendants are hard up.

When M-G-M. made "Rasputin," with the three Barrymores, they considered it dangerous to use the name "Yousouppoff" for John Barrymore, because the real Prince Yousouppoff might object, so they invented (as they thought) the name "Ghegeff" to use instead.

And after all, Prince Yousouppoff did object—on behalf of his wife, Princess Yousouppoff, who claimed that she had been misrepresented on the screen—and won whopping big damages for it. Judge of M-G-M.'s hurt bewilderment when a real Prince Ghegeff bobbed up in England and sued them for using his name!

"Quickies"

IT is little occurrences like this that make some producers go white-haired and others bald.

This risk is causing producers to reconsider very seriously the various biographical films they have planned. When "Diamond Jim" was being made, the relatives of James Brady served notice on Universal that if there were one scene in which he was incorrectly depicted there would be big heap fuss. And Lillian Russell's daughter took the trouble to do the same thing on behalf of her mother, which produced several first-class headaches at Universal City.

But perhaps one of the greatest causes of unnecessary expense in production is wasted footage, which represents not only used-up celluloid, but wholly unjustifiable "overheads."

Gibes are often hurled at "quickie" companies for shooting each scene only once.

This should not be a cause for reproach. Indeed, such a skilled director as Adrian Brunel, when working on a "quickie," has proudly claimed the title "One-shot Brunel."

Continued on Page 39



Top: Joan Bennett, who, co-wrote, Gene Markey, cost Fox Films £400 by an ill-timed phone call. Below: John M. Stahl, whose wastage of celluloid on "The Magnificent Obsession" should constitute a record.

LAUGHTER-MAKERS of the Screen WORLD

Were They Born That Way, Or Did It Develop?

By JEANNETTE MacMAHON

"GOLLY, BUT he's funny! I can't help laughing when he..."

And then you start a conversation about one of the screen's mirthmakers... a conversation that eventually reaches the keen ears of the movie moguls of Hollywood, with the result that the funny person in question is awarded bigger and better parts to play, with a substantial lift in the weekly pay-check!

How do they get that way? Is the faculty of fun inborn into our screen comics from cradle days, or is it some flimsy chance saying or doing of more mature years that provokes lots of laughs from those who witness it?

I THINK it can safely be asserted that some actors are born comedians; some acquire comedy by developing a hitherto unknown trait in their individuality; and others have comedy thrust upon them. Heartaches, chance, desperation, accident, luck, coincidence... upon each one of these hangs the career of some comedian who simply didn't mean to be funny at all.

Harold Lloyd, probably the dozen of all the screen's laugh-provokers, is of the deliberate type. He set out to make laughs his business—and, by god, he's done it, to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars in the bank every year. After he evolved Lonesome Luke a good many years ago, he worked out his smooth-faced, funny feller with the horn-rimmed specs, because many chose to think that "Luke" was a crib from Charlie Chaplin. He evolved his new type after lots of deliberation and concentration. But, prior to his delving into the intricacies of raising a laugh, he was simply a character actor with a stock touring company. Look at him now!

Silent Harpo

LOUISE FAZENDA's aim was to make people laugh from her very inception—only she didn't mean to make them laugh quite so heartily. The Marx Bros. had a definitely comic act when they first started off minus Harpo, but Harpo never meant to be the riot he is now. He'd definitely set himself a musical career, as is evidenced by his prowess with that loveliest of all instruments, the harp.

His comedy was thrust upon him when he was dragged one night before the footlights by one of his brothers after an act in the "amals"... and his comically silent antics amused the audience so much that they wouldn't let him go. And he hasn't spoken a word since.

Bill Fields was a born comedian. Charlie Chaplin began as a boy entertainer in the English provinces, but it was not until he developed his funny little sad tramp that he became the target of a million laughs. Eddie Cantor, who'll be seen again soon in Australia in "Strike Me Pink," discovered that he could roll his eyes with comic effect—and so became a singing comedian.

To pick many comedians who entered upon a stage career with comedy directly in mind is a pretty hard job. A thousand potential Hamlets or Roneos are



HUGH HERBERT is one of the most versatile men in Hollywood. He will appear soon in "To Beat the Band," his first starring vehicle.

NOT MANY "straight" pictures of Laurel and Hardy appear. Here is one of the famous pair as they are minus make-up.

sending the English-speaking world into stitches, and a thousand would-be comedians are reducing us to tears.

Consider, for example, the amazing popularity of Una Merkel since the screen found its voice. It isn't her face that gets the laughs. Believe me, she's a pretty little lass who wears frocks with the best of them. And she hasn't any little mannerisms or physical idiosyncrasies, like Stan Laurel or Oliver Hardy. But that voice... and those wisecracks...

When the screen was silent, Una was cast by most of our budding producers as a Gish-type, fluttering through the night, a sort of wail in a storm. Nobody laughed then. Even at home, nobody even smiled because they were

used to her voice. She was going to be a great dramatic star! And then talking came, she opened her mouth, and everybody began to laugh. And the one person in the world that can't understand why she's a comedienne is Una Merkel.

Zasu's Gesture

THE origin of Zasu Pitts' comedy trademark is as vague as her hand-waving. I was talking to her in the studio commissary one day as she wrapped herself around a cheese salad and some delicious cookies. Said Zasu, describing a vague arch in the air with a cake-filled fist, "I really don't know when I began waving my hands. I mean, I never noticed it was funny until an audience laughed at it. My hands have always waved—sort of, without me, if you understand."

"And that 'oh, dear'... the first time I said that was in my first talkie, and I've been saying it ever since, because the director says it's always good for a laugh. And though I say I'll never utter the words again they always crop up."

Believe it or not, Zasu started off to be a tragedienne... but how she thought she could combat that voice and those hands. Lord only knows!

Hugh Herbert, one of the prizes of the Warner Bros. lot, is another funny gent who conceals a grave view of life's philosophy beneath a thick veneer of fun. But he doesn't confine his money-making only to making people laugh. He writes short stories, poetry, and even motion picture scenarios. He generally drafts out his own lines for every film in which he appears. Away from the studio, Hugh can generally be found with the literati, discussing things farthest from the mind of a screen comedian that you could possibly imagine.

Sound-on-film certainly added more greenbacks to Louise Fazenda's weekly pay envelope. "I knew when the talkies came that I would have to do something to hold my own, or else open a restaurant, or something," she told me. "Anybody can talk. And so I experimented with several sound effects. Finally, the giggle came. Not everybody can giggle as sillily as I can."

Accidental "Business"

AS for Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy—they fought bitterly against being teamed as comedians. And lost! Hardy's comic trademark—flipping his tie with that self-conscious smirk—was accidentally discovered as a screen laugh, although he quite often does it in real life. In one of their first pictures for Hal Roach on the M-G-M lot, Hardy spread his coat over a mud puddle for the leading lady to walk over, and then stepped aside to watch her cross, twiddling his tie as he did so! The tremendous laugh at the preview was totally unexpected, and the "twiddle" was permanently adopted.

Laurel's elegant gesture of throwing up that elbow and scratching that crazy-looking mop of unruly hair is also a perfectly natural thing for him to do. He did it long before it was found to be funny for screen purposes, and the condition of his hair is proof. It sticks up in all directions, and nothing can be done about it. Which is a good example of how nature helped an actor to acquire a comic trademark.

And there we have a fairly comprehensive line-up of how our cinema laughs originated... how by chance or determination the headline nitwits of the celluloid developed their faculty of fun to the extent that tie-twiddling or cigar-smoking earned curs, servants, and a home in Beverly Hills.

Look at yourself in the mirror some time... and if you can find anything to laugh at, correct it at once! It's such a far cry from one's mirror to Hollywood.



A COMEDIENNE of long standing is Zasu Pitts, of hand-wringing fame. Her next picture is "The Affairs of Suzanne."

LEFT: HAROLD LLOYD in a tense scene from his new comedy, "The Milky Way."



LONDON ON the AIR

English Production News

- Hare Steals Picture • Hitler-Chaplin Fuss
- Rajah Arliss • Wells' Big Film • Ramon Signs Up • English Gangsters

From JUDY BAILEY, Our Special Correspondent in London.

BY BEAM WIRELESS

HITLER should be drawing a royalty from United Artists for the great assistance he has given to Chaplin's "Modern Times."

By banning the film in Germany, he has given the final fillip to public interest here in England in the new Charlie opus. London is rushing the picture.

According to the critics, Chaplin's moustache is the reason for Germany's doors being closed to the film. Herr Hitler cherishes a similar adornment on his upper lip, and possibly feels that the great comedian's antics, in these circumstances, would be in the nature of lese-majeste.

ROBERTSON HARE is starring with Jack Hulbert and Gina Malo in a comedy musical, shortly to be released. "Jack Of All Trades" is the title, and the story concerns an out-of-work who masquerades as a business magnate.

Full scope is given Hulbert to exercise his well-known dancing and singing talent, and the dialogue is slick and clever.

Honors, however, will go to Robertson Hare. His role is so good, in fact, that frequently he steals the picture.

MR. GEORGE ARLISS is to abandon the bland and genial roles with which he has been favoring us of late, and return to his early love—melodrama.

His role is announced as that of a "wily Eastern potentate." This sounds reminiscent of his Indian Rajah in "The Green Goddess."

He was very entertaining, and incredibly sinister in this, but nothing like an Indian rajah. Still, it will be a pleasant little holiday from benevolence for him and I wish him joy.

H. G. WELLS' "Things to Come" has just had its premiere at Leicester Square Theatre. Produced by Alexander Korda, it is the most ambitious picture yet made in a British studio.

The total cost of the picture was in the region of £250,000, but it seems certain that the studio will get this back—and more.

At the premiere the film was accorded a splendid reception, most of London's elect being present.

JUNE DUPREZ is at Sound City, where Wainwright Productions are shooting on "The Crimson Circle."

Hugh Wakefield is in this, and Alfred Drayton, Robert Rendel, and Paul Blake. There's a lot of gangsterdom and crooks and police and detectives, and it's said to be one of the most exciting British pictures Universal has sponsored for some time—and Universal loves a good thriller.

RAMON (Mex) NOVARRO is to play in a British film after all!

He was to have played in a talking version of the famous "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," but that fell through, partly because the role wasn't considered a suitable one for him, and partly because of the unfortunate publicity attending his recent ill-fated stage venture in the West End.

The Legs That Launched a Thousand Protests

Marlene Dietrich and her famous limbs—center of interest in the revuls now agitating Hollywood.



"LIFT BAN from LEGS," Demand Film BEAUTIES

Claim Existing Prohibitions Grossly Unfair

By JOHN B. DAVIES, Our Special Hollywood Correspondent

The various codes, bans, and prohibitions that have come into force in Hollywood since the world-famous "purity drive" commenced have at length produced something in the nature of a revolt among the members of the movie colony younger set.

Tired of hiding their lights under a bushel and their limbs under unnecessary garments, they demand a chance to seek public approval of their charms. In other words, they want a break.

A FEW years ago newspapers and magazines were filled with pictures of these young beauties in bathing suits, shorts and dancing costumes which drew wide admiration of their shapely limbs. Since then major studios have passed a ban on such photographs, with the result that these girls have lost one of the biggest mediums through which to bring their faces, shapes and names before the public.

Realizing the great disadvantage this is to the hundreds of unknown girls employed as "extras" and dancers in the studios, the more up-and-coming among these youngsters have commenced a determined move to have the ban lifted.

The upheaval was started by fifty young dancers who were working on "King of Burlesque" in Fox Studios. These girls realized that their chances of doing anything in the film business depended to a great extent, on the amount of publicity they can get. And since, for a dancer, not only her face, but her legs, are her fortune, they demand the right to show their legs—in public, in the newspapers, and in magazines.

This was the beginning. The latest from revolutionary headquarters is that leadership has been taken over by two young contract players, Dixie Dunbar and Shirley Deane. Although these two embryo stars have managed to escape the rack they realize that they, too, must have plenty of publicity if they are to make the full grade. And since both are blessed with presentable underpinnings—well, figure it out for yourselves.

The main weapon these two firebrands are wielding is, naturally enough, Marlene Dietrich. They claim discrimination.

Victimisation

ACCORDING to them, Marlene won fame on the strength of her legs, and they don't see why the same path should be denied to others.

Moreover, and this is what hurts them, the lovely Marlene is still allowed the photographic publicizing of her famous legs, while they are denied the privilege of making their famous victimisation, that's what it is, according to the protesting parties.

"There is nothing immodest about displaying legs," Dixie Dunbar said as spokeswoman in an interview I had

What of...

Follies Recruits?

MARLENE DIETRICH is not the only actress whose shapeliness has had a good deal to do with her rise to stardom.

Just as a mental exercise, try figuring out the number of well-made Ziegfeld girls whose legs were the first thing to draw the attention of the scouts.

with her, "when it is part of the charm which forms a dancer's stock-in-trade. You might just as well prohibit department stores from having window displays of the garments and goods they wish to sell.

"When such photographs are taken in good taste and without any vulgar connotation, it aids us in furthering ourselves in our profession by creating a demand for charm."

Siding with these youngsters are such players as Arlene Judge and Rochelle Hudson, the latter slated for the lead in "Ramona." During their early days in pictures their names were entrenched in the public mind through innumerable "leg pictures," taken and published before the ban.

Equal Breaks

THE idea that these pictures tend to rob a star of dignity was refuted by Claire Trevor, who was recently cast in "Song and Dance Man," wherein her hands will be prominently displayed.

"We want the same opportunities to attract attention as are given to those top-rank players whose status places them beyond rules and regulations," Claire Trevor said. "It is because we are young and hopeful of bigger things in our profession that we demand every chance to win audiences for ourselves."

And that's the general attitude taken by all the feminine jeunesse of Hollywood. The cry for equal breaks is being raised by hundreds of girls coming from every studio in Hollywood. What's more, it's not just a cry that's being raised. These babies mean action.

More, since each of them has a vote, and, usually, can influence one, or two, or maybe, half-a-dozen more, they'll probably get something done.

YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

"Something" will happen to you when you see this enduring picture—just as it did to the countless millions of people who read the strange love story from which it was filmed... for it follows that precious thing called "a woman's soul," holds it up as a blazing emblem to all humanity—for the admiration of men, for the inspiration of women.



IRENE DUNNE · ROBERT TAYLOR
MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

A JOHN M. STARR PRODUCTION
More thrilling than the famous "Rock of Ages," than the memorable "Only Yesterday," or the romantic "Society of Ladies." With CHARLES BUTTERWORTH · BETTY FURNESS · LEO HODAN · RALPH MORGAN · HELEN ARNOLD
From the phenomenal best-selling novel by Lloyd C. Douglas

ADVANCE FLASHES from NEW SULLAVAN FILM



"NEXT TIME WE LOVE" presents Margaret Sullivan once more to movie audiences. It is hard to decide whether she is nicer as herself or in loving mood, with James Stewart, who plays her screen husband. In contrast to Margaret is Anna Demetrio, an outsize in actresses, who is pictured in a scene with Stewart. In the intimate family picture are the two stars and the baby—Clarence Nipple, jun.—while the group in the final scene includes the adult principals, little Billy Gratten, and Jacqueline Smylle.

HERE'S Hot News from All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY,
Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives.

ON THE SCREEN

Jean Harlow may choose to look beautiful but dumb. Actually she is one of the brighter girls in Hollywood. She is about to make her debut as an author, having completed the final revision of her novel. It will probably make its appearance first as a newspaper serial, then as a book, and then as a picture.

Her new film, "Riff Raff," brings her out as a foremost dramatic screen actress. Again she is on the waterfront, just as hard as she was in "China Seas." Her hair, this time, is her own light brown. The reason she discontinued her platinum locks is that every little extra in town copied them.

Her manager still insists that she will not wed William Powell, but the debonair young man is obviously the lead in Miss Harlow's life. There had been rumors that they were married on September 18, 1935, but we have no proof.

Jean has a wholesome delight in the outdoors. She loves to swim, lounge about in white pyjamas, and eat barbecue fashion. She and her mother are great friends.

DOTS... and DASHES

• JEAN HARLOW'S new pale green portable dressing-room decorating the "Wife v Secretary" set. • Gene Raymond and Helen Broderick cheering on the sidelines while Wendy Barrie took her first lesson in scrubbing floors for her latest film. • Jackie Cooper giving Rin-Tin-Tin (jun.) a new collar and leash. • Janet Gaynor leaving the Fox lot for the first time in ten years when she went to M.-G.-M. to make "Small Town Girl." • William Powell returning to RKO for one picture, "One To Two," along the lines of "Thin Man."

THAT attractive little demon, Jane Withers, is now the recipient of a cool 200 pounds per week. Her mother receives 25 pounds weekly just to take her to and from the studio. Mrs. Withers has been negotiating vigorously for some time with Twentieth Century-Fox, and they have now come through with this handsome offer.

It seems that people enjoy seeing the naughty youngster make herself disagreeable to nice little girls like Shirley Temple. Shirley's mother, by the way, receives only 20 pounds a week to chaperon her famous daughter.

THE small-sized, wide-eyed comedian, Eddie Cantor, is to all appearances the most energetic worker in Hollywood. His dressing-room looks like political headquarters at election time, rather than a place for relaxation. The moment the camera-man is through with him, Eddie dashes back to his dressing-room. His secretary is clicking away at the type-

writer, two collaborators are in the throes of creating new jokes, the telephone is ringing. Eddie prepares his programme for his radio broadcasts between "takes."

The outdoor set for his picture, "Shoot the Chutes," looks like a piece right out of Coney Island. There are merry-go-rounds, roller coasters, elephants and popcorn stands. And none of it is faked.

Eddie Cantor was brought up in the poorest section of New York's East Side. At an age when most boys are still going to school, he had a job as a singing waiter. No wonder Eddie is one of those who believe America is the land of opportunity.

WHEN Katharine Hepburn first made her appearance on the set she exhibited all kinds of artistic eccentricities. Her off-stage costume was a pair of old overalls, and she would squat on the floor in the middle of the studio to read her fan mail. It was the general opinion that Katharine was trying to attract attention by a show of temperance.

To-day all this is done with. She wears normal clothes and behaves sensibly. No doubt her success has given her genuine poise, and the realiser that she can afford to be herself. She is much more popular for her natural behaviour.

SOME people come to film studios by queer roads. A case in point is that of a man who is to have a small part in Capitol Films' "Love in Exile," the film version of "His Majesty's Pyjamas," in which Olive Brook and Helen Vinson are to co-star.

This man was selling matches in the bitter winter wind in Regent Street, London. Two men, well-lunched and well up in the world of film-making, emerged from a restaurant. One of them looked at the match-seller, and saw something besides anguish in his face. A few questions were put, a few answers given, with the result that the hungry man is now well-fed. It was afterwards learned that he had been at a famous public school, had been through the war, and had been in the Palestine Gendarmerie.

STILL thrilling to his great triumph in "Tale of Two Cities," Ronald Colman has gone off to his retreat in Santa Barbara. He is fond of privacy and enjoys running away from the film centre. He has now purchased a house in the beautiful California Hills so that he may entertain an exclusive circle of friends. After all, there are limits to the amount of privacy one wants.

PRODUCTION has commenced at Gainsborough Studios, Islington, on a new Will Hay comedy (as yet untitled). In this film Will Hay departs from the



YOU'LL SEE HER in "Captain Blood"—Olivia de Havilland, who will be a surprise to those who see her opposite Flynn in this picture.

schoolmaster type, as seen in "Boys Will Be Boys," and becomes Mr. Stubblings, a solicitor very much down on his luck. He becomes mixed up with a gang of American crooks, who are anxious to rob a bank underneath Will Hay's shabby offices. Graham Moffat, the gum-chewing fat boy who made a hit in the Wallis-Lynn film, "Stormy Weather," is Hay's office boy. What goes on between them in attempting to give the impression that the office is run off its feet with work, promises to be very funny.

JOAN BLONDELL looked at herself in the mirror and realized with horror that she was getting plump. In fact an unkind observer might have termed her fat.

Joan had been in a pretty nervous state of mind, but the realisation that her beauty was slipping made her snap out of it. In two months she lost 16 pounds, and to-day all filmland is enthusing over her slyph-like silhouette.

Joan ate her way pleasantly to slenderness. This is how she did it:

Breakfast: Coffee and an orange.

Luncheon: Lamb chop, sliced tomato,

grapefruit and tea. Dinner: A quarter pound of steak, sliced cucumber, sliced orange and coffee.

The diet left her plenty of vitality, and she feels as well as she looks.

Her divorced husband, George Barnes, camera-man, spent Christmas with her and the baby. Joan will soon begin work in the new Warner film, "Souls o' Guna" opposite Joe E. Brown.

Intimate friends believe that the rift

finally came about because Barbara's rapid rise to success and fame left him in the shade.

Miss Stanwyck has the custody of their 3-year-old son, Dion Anthony Fay.

FRIENDS of Claudette Colbert are actually relieved to have her married at last. For months she has kept them on the jump with the conflicting reports coming in that she was married, or only affianced, or separated from Dr. Joel Freeman. But now she is really Mrs. Freeman in private life and they have moved into Claudette's home.

Claudette's latest ambition is to become a painter. As if she didn't have fame enough for one little girl.

THE new British Lion production, "Soft Lights and Sweet Music," starring Ambrose and a host of well-known London variety stars, was shown to the trade in London on February 12. The film, directed by Mr. Herbert Smith, has what is claimed to be the greatest array of top-line variety and radio stars

ever assembled in a British production. Mr. Smith also directed for British Lion the successes "On the Air" and "In Town Tonight." He says "Soft Lights and Sweet Music" will be an even greater success, not only because of the more expensive cast, but also because of its spectacular appeal and its unusual story.

I CHATTED with one of the most appealing stars on the M.-G.-M. lot yesterday. He was sitting in the back seat of a limousine and we conversed through the open window. His name is Rin-Tin-Tin jun., and he's probably one of the most beautiful and intelligent police dogs in the world. A dog's life in the movies is harder now than in the silent days. Then all commands could be spoken or even yelled. Now dog trainers have evolved a new system of hand-signals which canine actors are taught to obey. It takes an intelligent dog to do that.

Romance Etched Against the Thrill of Strife

Gallant men, gay, reckless cavaliers, and brave women in a drama of courage and excitement. Glorious romance... stirring Negro spirituals, and comedy, mingled with poignant drama. In the season's finest picture!



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RANDOLPH SCOTT,
WALTER CONNOLLY,
JANET BEECHER,
ELIZABETH PATTERSON,
HARRY ELLERBE, AND
DICKIE MOORE.

(For General Exhibition)

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PRINCE EDWARD

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Checks Prevail



1. A BRIGHT brown tweed flecked with darker brown and yellow is used for the sports spectator suit shown above. A dark brown shirt with yellow tie, thick calf shoes, and a mannish felt hat complete the ensemble.

2. FOR SMART town wear this rough-surfaced coat with tailored pockets and self-covered buttons is suitable for many occasions. The high neckline is shown on a gathered satin blouse of a toning blue, and the smart felt hat has a curled ostrich feather ornament.



3. PREPARED FOR all weathers is the wearer of the high-collared check overcoat—extreme right. The material is checked with blue on a sunshine-yellow background.

4. AN INTRIGUING travel ensemble—lower centre—shows the new vogue for three-quarter coats in dark green lined with checked cloth of green and white. The peaked beret is of matching green.



When Highwaymen
robbed stage coaches



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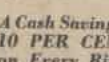
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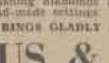
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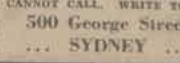
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ANGUS & COOTE 500 George Street
... SYDNEY ...

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★ DIAMOND JIM

Edward Arnold, Jean Arthur. (Universal.)

THIS picture misses three stars by a very narrow margin. The story is unusual, Arnold's acting is splendid, the re-creation of the 'nineties atmosphere all that could be desired. The one small fly in the ointment is this: the action could have been speeded up just a trifle, thus making what is now a very good film into an excellent one.

As it stands, the picture is worth anybody's money. I have watched Arnold for quite a long time. Never starred until Universal decided to make "Diamond Jim," his acting has been such, even in minor roles, as to make him remembered. It is a shame that a picture which reveals him at his top (and Arnold's best is something many actors could study), should be sent to a weekly change house at a time when offerings not approaching it are showing in theatres which will run them for two or even three weeks.

The most that can be said of any actor in any part is that he makes real and human the character he portrays. Edward Arnold does this. Diamond Jim Brady, in his hands, is as real as any man you are likely to meet in the street; more real, since Arnold makes you feel as Brady feels, laugh with him, suffer with him, and understand the tragedy which gives this picture one of the best and most artistic endings I have seen—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★★ GERMANY

Travel film. (U.F.A.)

ONE of the best-produced travel pictures we've had for a long time. Although tinged to a certain extent with Nazi propaganda, the film, with its picturesqueness and fine photography, could stand as an example of fine workmanship to any makers of similar offerings.

The most noticeable feature—apart from the two qualities mentioned—is the small amount of talking U.F.A. considered necessary when making the picture. American, English, and Australian studios should take a lesson from this. The audience is assumed to have enough intelligence to be able to appreciate the beauty of mountains, countryside and old castles and houses without a blatant voice claiming the whole atmosphere by mouthing a tenth-rate description in what is usually an equally tenth-rate manner.

At any rate, the audience of which I was a member liked the film thoroughly and did not hesitate to show their liking with applause.—Embassy; showing.

★ COME OUT OF THE PANTRY

Jack Buchanan, Fay Wray. (B.D.F.)

THIS picture is typical of ninety per cent. of the world's output in pictures—not good enough to raise any enthusiasm, and not bad enough to justify a starting kick in the short ribs. In brief, the reviewer's bugbear: an average show.

Mr. Buchanan, who is in front of the camera most of the time, sings occasionally and tunelessly, gives a dance in imitation of Fred Astaire (a dangerous thing to do), and generally gets by without awakening too many yawns among the audience. Fay Wray, not being called on to do much, is satisfactorily decorative. The remaining members of the cast are adequate.

And the story? Again, fair. English aristocrat who goes to America to sell the family pictures. Dumps them on some art-struck millionaire for a hundred and fifty grand (i.e., 150,000 dollars—but isn't it picking up the language?) and then deposits the loot in a bank that promptly goes smash. Broke, the aristocrat gets a job as footman, falls in love with his employer's niece, with her, and then hears the welcome news that uncle—another millionaire—is going to take over the bank which went smash, with the result that milord will now be paid a hundred cents in the dollar. Everything, in short, is just swell.

So there you are.—Embassy; showing.

★ MANHATTAN MOON

Ricardo Cortez, Dorothy Page. (Universal.)

QUITE fair entertainment. Based on the complications which arise from the actions of a girl who acts as double for a famous actress (Dorothy Page), the story moves through the inevitable misunderstandings to the point where Cortez, as a rich, self-made nightclub proprietor, not sure whether he is proposing to the actress or her double, nevertheless gets his confession of love off his chest, and is lucky enough to say it to the right girl.

Miss Page, if it is she who sings (and her mouth action, on the screen, cer-

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.

★★ Two stars—
good films.

★ One star—
average films.

No stars . . . no good.

tainly looks a bit queer) has a pleasant enough voice, and a foreign accent that is no worse than foreign accents usually are on the lips of Hollywood actresses. Cortez is very competent. This actor has a smoothness, a suavity that should get him bigger and better stories than those he is given nowadays. Perhaps he'll get a real chance soon. I certainly think he deserves one.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ HELL BENT FOR LOVE

Tim McCoy, Lillian Bond. (Columbia.)

MR. MCCOY has always been associated in my mind with cowboys, bellowing six-guns, and galloping horses. In this picture he swaps his chaps (pronounced "ahaps," don't forget) for riding breeches and leggings, and his bronco for a motor bike. Since, however, he's a cop, he is allowed to keep his gun, with exciting results for everyone.

As an action picture, this item should be satisfactory enough for those who like that kind of fare. Tim fights gun duels with gangsters; is dismissed the

★★★ MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

Charles Laughton, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone. (M-G-M.)

A very fine picture, beautifully produced and acted. Definitely something you should see.

A full review appeared in our last week's issue.

force because of a frame-up; organises a band of ex-crooks to run to earth the arch-villain of the piece, and finally wins a medal and the girl of his heart. Fair enough, although in the process of working all this out a lot of footage is wasted on a motor-cycle race. This last is thrilling enough the first couple of times round, but the sixth lap will leave you with no reaction except perhaps a slight dizziness.—Lyric; showing.

GIRLS, PLEASE!

Sydney Howard, Jane Baxter. (B.D.F.)

A DISPIRITING affair. I must admit to laughing once, when Howard, disguised in feminine attire, gets gently intoxicated, but one laugh per hour doesn't make a comedy.

As if the general aridity of the picture would not be sufficient for even the most easy-going of audiences, Howard is allowed to sing. I suppose that, being a comedian, it was a comic song, but the impression that remains with me is one of mournfulness. Somebody should have stopped him.

Sydney Howard, I feel bound to explain, is not connected with the Australian branch of the family. Nor must he be allied with our Yorkshire kinsmen; the latter branch pronounces the name: Hwoof.—Embassy; showing.

TEMPTATION

Frances Day, Stewart Rome. (G.B.)

DULL as ditch water, and remarkable, in addition, for acting that could be bettered in many a suburban amateur dramatic society. Frances Day, in an effort to be Hungarian, vacillates between coyness and vulgarity.

Furthermore, whoever gave this unfortunate girl the idea that she can sing should suffer the extreme penalty of the law. A soulful look, plus a rolling of the eyes, hasn't to date, made a singer, but if Frances persists in this technique she may establish a precedent. Who knows?

CLAUDETTE ON HONEYMOON

Claudette Colbert and her bridegroom have received more than 2000 messages of congratulation. Their plans for a two-week honeymoon were kept a deep, dark secret.

The husband in the case, Dr. Joel Pressman, is an eminent surgeon. It all started when Claudette had a sore throat. It was Dr. Pressman, too, who removed the tonsils from Grace Moore's throat.



ROBERT DONAT (right) as he appears in the romantic role of Murdoch Glouire in "The Ghost Goes West."

ROBERT DONAT Seen in Domestic ROLE

Joanna and John

Play Lead in Home

I was telephoning Robert Donat. A voice at the other end of the wire asked me to hold on for a few moments while the star was being fetched. There was a sound of the receiver being put down; then silence for a few seconds.

I heard a voice. "Hello!" it piped. It certainly wasn't Robert Donat—it wasn't a masculine voice at all.

"Hello!" I said. "Who's that? Is that Mr. Donat's home?"

"This is Joanna," came the reply. "Who's speaking?"

Of course I knew who that was. Robert Donat had spoken to me about his four-year-old daughter several times. So Joanna and I had a brief conversation about Joanna herself.

Suddenly, "Would you like to speak to John?" she queried.

John, I guessed, was her brother. Eighteen months old, Robert had told me.

"I'd love to," I said; Joanna promised to fetch him. But it was still her voice I heard a moment later.

"Sorry," she said. "You can't talk to John. He's busy."

"What's he doing?"

"Oh, he's playing!"

That was my first contact with Miss Joanna Donat. We were interrupted then. Her father had come into the room. I had been ringing him up about his new picture, but at the last moment I altered my mind. I told him I wanted to interview his children. He hesitated.

"I am not really keen on publicising them," he said. "I don't want a lot of 'fond parent' mob-stuff—but, oh, all right, come along and have a look at 'em!'"

Thus I found myself travelling out Hampstead way to see Robert Donat's family. I had been told in the studios

about the kiddies. They have captivated everyone.

Of course, it was all wrong! A male writer going to see a male star about his children! Who's ever heard of such a thing? But I reflected on my way there that filmgoers probably owe quite a lot to John and Joanna. Robert wasn't a star when they were born. Their appearance in this world made it essential that he should work hard to earn enough to bring them up in the way every parent dreams of doing. And he worked so hard that he has ascended like a rocket straight into the starry heights.

John and Joanna didn't let me down. They're adorable. John, the baby, has a mop of reddish hair like tarnished copper, and his features are amazingly like his father's. Joanna looks like growing up into a typical English beauty. She is fair, has blue eyes, and wavy golden hair.

Expensive Visit

THEY'VE seen you on the set, haven't they? I asked. Robert Donat nodded. He glanced down at Joanna as he did so and grinned.

"Yes," he said. "And Joanna's first visit was a pretty expensive one—for the studio."

She came along to watch me during "The Thirty-Nine Steps." We were doing the scene in the crofter's house in Scotland, when John Laurie had to

A Delightful Story of the Children of the Star of Britain's Newest Success: "The Ghost Goes West."

JOHN K. NEWNHAM

step towards me in a threatening way, as if to fight. The "take" was going perfectly. Laurie stepped forward with his fist raised. Suddenly a high-pitched little voice rang out: "What's that man doing to my daddy?"

"Of course it ruined the shot. And it almost reduced us all to hysterics. We had to pack Joanna into the sound-box, where she was well away from the mike, while we took the scene again. She was very much perturbed about my safety!"

"Has she ever seen you on the screen?" I asked.

"Not yet."

"What was Joanna's first reaction to the studio?" I asked.

Robert laughed. "She just stared up at me in my make-up," he explained, "and said very solemnly 'Daddy why have you got a yellow face?'"

Joanna had a great "pash" on director Alfred Hitchcock, who made "The Thirty-Nine Steps," and it's not merely awe at his corpulent figure. She calls him "Uncle Hitch," and she's always talking about him.

Treasured Letters

"HITCH" looks forward every week now to receiving a letter which arrives with unfailing regularity. It is an untidy-looking letter, and he knows that he's going to wonder what half of it is about. But he gets a great kick out of it. It's from Joanna and it consists of drawings and scrawled words.

He's keeping them all, and he's keeping the envelopes as well. For those envelopes are the most fantastic-looking things you can imagine. Joanna has found where her father keeps a rubber stamp marked "Photographs," which he uses for envelopes containing stills. Joanna makes full use of that rubber stamp. She stamps it all over those envelopes containing her letters to "Hitch," until there's hardly a clear space left.

Mrs. Donat always knows when her daughter has been writing to her adopted uncle. Joanna manages to get a good many of those rubber stamp marks over her hands and frocks as well.

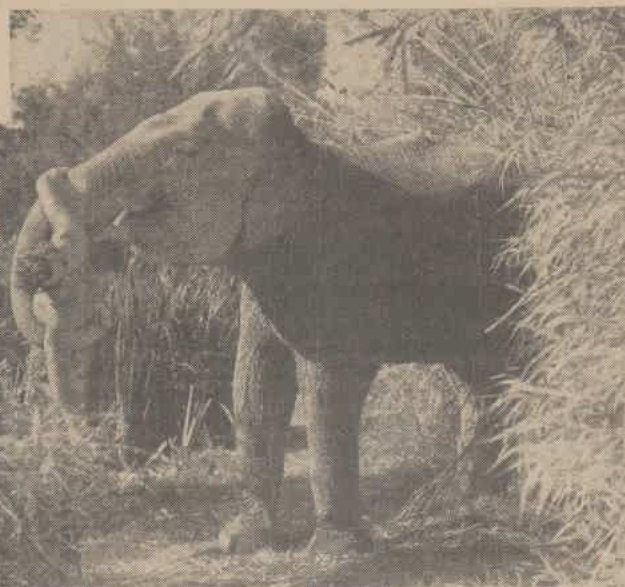
THRILLS Or HORROR?

Growing Feeling Against Merely "Horrible" Films

By JUDY BAILEY—Our Special Correspondent in London.

WHY DO WE go to the pictures? To see life reflected on the screen, certainly—but what kind of life? Obviously, the kind we don't experience ourselves—or the same life but with a difference; and the difference consists of emotional disturbances which, for convenience, we call "thrills."

Our nature is such that we must have these "shake ups," or we grow sluggish and jellified; but, on the other hand, our civilisation has so screened and sheltered us that it isn't practicable to experience sufficient thrills at first hand.



HERE'S A REAL THRILL. When the jungle giant seizes Buster Crabbe in "Tarzan the Fearless," who could fail to react to the excitement?

Supposing your hero is to throw himself over a castle rampart into a moat filled with crocodiles: on the stage you hear the other characters say there are crocodiles, you see the hero jump, up-stage, and disappear from sight, and perhaps a little water is splashed up.

On the screen he is in no great actual danger, yet you look over and see for yourself what a terrible height it is; you see the reptiles swimming about; you not only see the jump, you see him fall, you see him hit the water, you watch him swimming desperately from the crocodiles—and you must believe the evidence of your own eyes. Your hero must be in grave peril . . . for the camera, as we know, cannot lie!

Horror Films Different

SUCH scenes, which set the blood pounding through the veins, are highly beneficial for indigestion, gout, rheumatism, sciatica, and premature middle-age. The audience thrives on thrills, the cinema thrives on the audience, and everybody is happy.

But the so-called "horror" film—that's an entirely different matter.

The term, meaning originally "extreme aversion," has been loosely applied to films which, to supply the desired emotional jolt, exploit sadism, perversion, bestiality, and deformity.

This is utterly wrong, being vicious and dangerous. It is permissible for a film to be horrible, but not horrible; and between the two there is a dividing line which is apparent to all thinking people.

The forerunner of the cycle of "horror" pictures which is now drawing to a close was the stage "Grand Guignol," and that was merely a "stunt," calculated to attract a neurotic section of the public.

There is a growing body of opinion, inside as well as outside the film industry, against such films, which are successful in direct ratio to their power to create unnatural excitement.

As a matter of fact, they are bound to fail, because the public is, as a rule, healthy-minded.

Producers of "horrible" films realise this, and consequently "tone down" their product to make it acceptable.

But in doing so they tacitly acknowledge its basic fallacy; imagine a man hitting you on the head with a hammer with one hand to impress you, and with the other holding it back for fear it offends you!

A "thriller" must be whole-hearted—the more exciting the better. And that is why the authentic "thriller" will live and thrive, and the "horror" film will die.

Waste in Film Industry

Continued from Page 32

IT means, or should mean, that a great deal of preliminary work has been done to ensure the shot being completely successful at the first "take."

When a very difficult or dangerous shot is to be done, involving destruction of property or a thorough soaking of any player, or for any other reason, a retake is not practicable, it reflects great credit on all concerned to "do it in one."

Then why not other shots, too? The limit in this wastage has surely been reached in the case of "Magnificent Obsession," which Director John M. Stahl lately completed for Universal, featuring Irene Dunne, Robert Taylor, Charles Butterworth, and Betty Furness.

When I say completed—well, it's about time.

Stahl's method is to shoot every scene again and again and again until he is satisfied that he has the perfect "take."

Miles of Waste

IN the sixteen weeks that "Magnificent Obsession" took to make, he shot 467,000 feet of film, and to this were added another 457,000 feet to carry the sound track, making nearly a million feet, in all.

If you were to see that amount of film run through on the screen it would take you twelve eight-hour days; 352 miles of film; too much.

So Stahl then had the task of reducing this mass of material to 10,000 feet—about a fiftieth of the original length.

It took him and an assistant nine weeks to accomplish this. Room had to be found in the ash-can for 457,000 feet of picture-film and 457,000 feet of sound-track, which was of no more value than if it had been quietly burned before the production started.

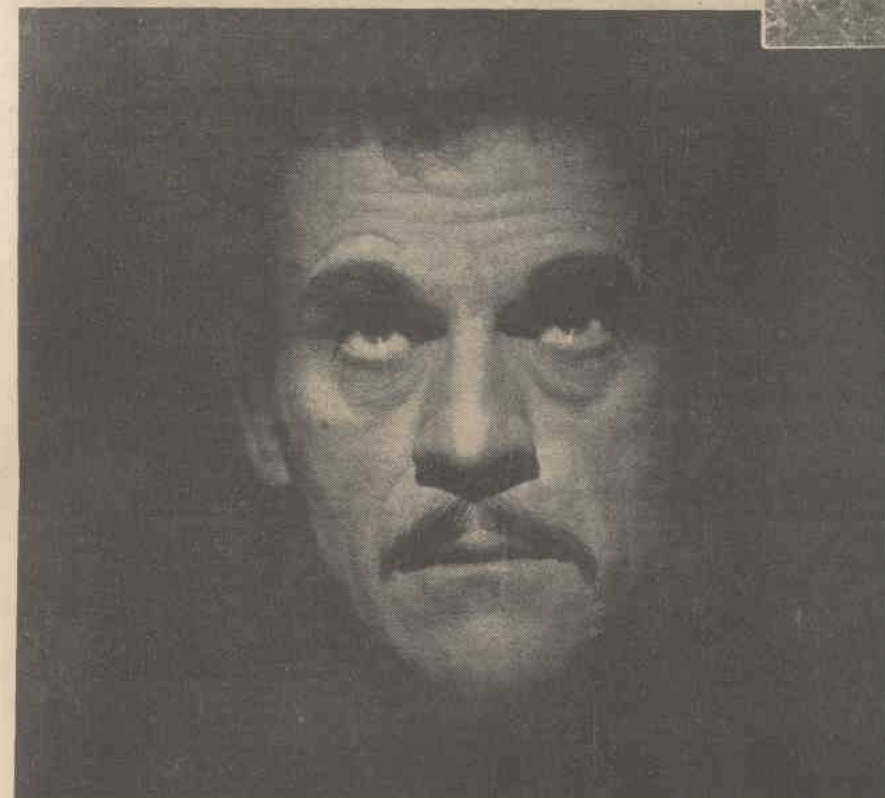
Imagine any other business attempting to work on these lines! Supposing, for instance, in writing two pages I were to ask the editor for time to write a hundred, so that I could pick out the best two; would he agree?

It seems improbable.

The root of the trouble lies in the studios' attitude towards this wastage.

Have I "snapped around" to gather all these instances? Not at all! They were practically all publicised by the companies concerned (or perhaps one should say "unconcerned"), with apparently a kind of perverted pride in the carelessness and incompetence involved.

What is wanted is a change of heart—and, as Henry Hathaway says, "pretty quick!"



ABOVE: AN UNUSUAL STUDY of the best-known of all "horror-film" actors—Boris Karloff. Below, right: In "Ceiling Zero," James Cagney will provide clean thrills of the right sort.

SO we have to experience them artificially, and the screen is the best medium for this.

In the theatre we can see things happening on a stage, remote, impersonal, detached from ourselves. We are safe, secure, sitting in an armchair and looking at the struggle and turmoil of life through a window, as it were.

In order to appreciate what the characters on the stage are going through, we have to project ourselves into their consciousness; we have to receive our thrills vicariously, which is not the most effective method.

Watching a well-made film, we don't sit by as spectators; we participate.

Take a case in point, which a great many Australian Women's Weekly readers are likely to have seen—the scene in "Hell's Angels," in which the British pilot decides to crash his plane into the envelope of the Zeppelin to destroy it, even though this means inevitable death to himself.

Palpable Shudders

WE see his face—grim, tense, even horror-stricken—as his plane swoops down. Then we are transferred to the pilot's seat, and it is we who are hurtled to death at ninety miles an hour; and at the moment of impact—and backout—a palpable shudder runs through the audience.

That is good cinema.

In this there is no harm, because in

our subconscious we are aware that we are safe, sitting in a comfortable armchair, watching a screen.

Let me illustrate this. Some years ago there was an exhibition sideshow promising thrills, in which people were admitted (a handful at a time) to sit facing a curtain between two columns.

They naturally expected the curtain to be drawn—but, instead, with a loud cracking sound, one of the pillars began to topple over on them.

Just before it reached them, and before they even had time to leap from their seats, its fall was arrested and it hung suspended above them.

Tricks of Trade

THAT provided a thrill, certainly, but not the kind to please the public. There were so many complaints that the sideshow was closed down—because the public's basic feeling was undermined.

The cinema can leave the spectator with a subconscious assurance of absolute safety, and yet surprise his imagination into playing tricks on him.

Secondary to the type of thrill in which the audience seems to participate is the type in which some character who has won the audience's sympathy is involved in danger; and here again the screen can be far more effective than the stage, because the screen can produce an impression of great danger where no danger is.

It would take several complete issues of The Australian Women's Weekly to list the number of ways in which this can be done, and, anyway, it doesn't do to give away too many tricks of the trade; but an example or two will show what I mean.



CURRENT FILMS

Condensed Reviews for
Country and Suburban
Theatre-goers.

- ♦ **A FEATHER IN HER HAT.** Basil Rathbone, Louis Hayward, Pauline Lord (Columbia). The innate nobility of the English lower middle-classes furnishes the theme for this picture. The acting is splendid. The story is weak.
- ♦ **BLACK ROOM.** Boris Karloff, Marian Marsh (Columbia). Mystery murder. Unconvincing in many places.
- ♦ **CHINATOWN SQUAD.** Lyle Talbot, Valerie Hobson (Universal). A mystery drama. The test of a really good mystery story is whether, at the end when the murderer is unmasked, one can sit back and say: "Why, of course! Now, why wasn't I as smart as Sexton Blake (or whoever the master-detective might be)? The clues were all there, but I didn't see them." "Chinatown Squad" does not survive this test.
- ♦♦ **CHINA SEAS.** Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery (M.G.-M.). Drama. You won't be disappointed in this picture. It is first-class entertainment and includes a perfect screen drunk.
- ♦♦ **CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS.** The Warren William, Genevieve Tobin (Warner Bros.). One of the most enjoyable murder mystery comedies of recent months. This is a verdict that

The Stars Indicate Our Grading

- will be expected by those who see this picture.
- ♦♦♦ **DIRTY WORK.** Ralph Lynn, Robertson Hare, Gordon Barker (G.B.). A good comedy. With Ben Travers responsible for the story, only a consummately stupid director could prevent this film abounding in funny situations. The direction, however, is splendid.
- ♦ **DANCE BAND.** Buddy Rogers, June Clyde (B.I.P.). A musical, and not a good one. Hardly worth one star.
- ♦ **FRECKLES.** Tom Browne, Carol Stone (R.K.O.). Mystery drama. Fair!
- ♦ **GUYNOR.** The George Arliss (Gaumont-British). Drama. His angry quality that, masquerading as it may be to 25 per cent. of picturegoers, is quite likely to go over big with the other 75 per cent.
- ♦♦ **HERE COMES THE BAND.** Virginia Bruce, Ted Healy, Ted Lewis and Band (M.G.-M.). Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton make this picture worthy of its one star. These two comedians are indefatigable, and for the most part, funny.
- ♦♦ **HERE'S TO ROMANCE.** Nina Marshall, Anita Louise (Fox). Musical comedy. cum opera. Several good singing numbers.
- ♦♦ **HERE COMES COOKIE.** Gracie Allen, George Burns (Paramount). Farce. Good entertainment.
- ♦♦ **I FOUND STELLA PARISH.** Kay Francis, Ian Hunter, Paul Lukas (Warner's). The theme of the story is not new (what theme is?). The treatment of the mother-love motif is not hackneyed. A picture that should go well with any audience.
- ♦♦ **INFORMER.** The Victor McLaglen, Margot Grahame (R.K.O.). Anyone looking for frivolous entertainment or

- ♦ **NEVADA.** Larry Crabbe, Kathleen Burke (Paramount). This is a western from a story by Zane Grey. Starting off with the best intentions in the world, it maintains a fairly high standard of logic and coherence until the end. However, with this overlooked, the picture is good enough entertainment.
- ♦♦ **NITWITS.** The Wheeler and Woolsey (R.K.O.). A farce. Chief among the high spots of this production are Woolsey tangled up in a tennis-net, and Wheeler on stilts serenading his lady in prison, a la Blondel.
- ♦♦ **NAVY WIFE.** Ralph Bellamy, Claire Trevor (Fox). Drama. An entertainment this picture would not win an international award.
- ♦♦ **OASIS.** Traveltage by Capt. Hurley (Cinesound). Photography good and selection of material interesting.
- ♦♦ **PADDY O'DAY.** Jane Withers, Pinky Tamm (Fox). Musical comedy. Some good popular song-hits in this production.
- ♦♦ **PEG OF OLD DRURY.** Anna Neagle, Sir Cedric Hardwicke (B.D.F.). A delightful romance. Speeches from "The Merchant of Venice" and "Richard III" provide some of the highlights of the film.
- ♦♦ **RAIN MAKERS.** The Wheeler and Woolsey (R.K.O.). Farce. A few good laughs to be had out of this picture.
- ♦♦ **HAVEN.** The Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Irene Ware (Universal). This is a thriller of unusual type. Using Edgar Allan Poe's weird preoccupation with torture as a starting-off point, the author has built up the story. This picture has its thrills.
- ♦♦ **SANDERS OF THE RIVER.** Paul Robeson, Leslie Banks, Nina Mae Mackinnon (United Artists). Drama. Very out of the ordinary.
- ♦♦ **SUPER SPEED.** Norman Foster, Mary Carlisle (Columbia). The story and photography poor. The acting? Well, a bit in advance of the two just-mentioned ingredients.
- ♦♦ **SCROOGE.** Sir Seymour Hicks, Donald Calthrop, Athene Seyler, Oscar Asche (B.D.F.). A few faults, but still good entertainment.
- ♦♦ **SHIPMATES FOREVER.** Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler (Warner's). Judging by this film, the American navy is run mainly on sentiment. Powell does less crooner's tricks in this production and does more straight singing.
- ♦♦ **VIRGINIA JUDGE.** The Walter C. Kelly, Stepin Fetchit (Paramount). An amusing enough offering, laced, towards the end, by a nugget of drama provided by a weak and hysterical young man.
- ♦♦ **VINTAGE WINE.** Sir Seymour Hicks, Clair Luce (B.D.F.). English drawing-room comedy. Ever-present humor and smart dialogue.
- ♦♦ **WHILE PARENTS SLEEP.** MacKenzie Ward, Jean Gillie, Ella Jefferys (B.D.F.). Comedy. Everybody who likes to laugh will enjoy this picture. Good entertainment.
- ♦♦ **WAY DOWN EAST.** Rochelle Hudson, Henry Fonda (Fox). Three-quarters of this picture is good. Photography, acting, and direction are splendid. Ending spoils this picture.
- ♦♦ **WOMAN WANTED.** Maureen O'Sullivan, Joel McCrea (M.G.-M.). A fast-moving, well-produced gangster picture that would be fair entertainment in any theatre.

Italy Bans
British

From Judy Bailey.

Anti-British sentiment in official Italian circles has not been assuaged by the banning of British-made films.

It is now announced that no picture with an English flavor — no matter where produced — will be granted entrance to the Duce's domain.

The first American picture to be barred is "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." It is generally expected that films like "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Captain Blood," "David Copperfield," and "The Tale of Two Cities," to mention only a few, will be refused admission.

a soothing bedtime story will be well advised not to see this picture. A heavy drama. The production is brilliant.

- ♦♦ **JOY RIDE.** Gene Gerrard, Zelma O'Neil (B.D.F.). Comedy. If votes are taken for the poorest comedy of 1935, this effort should win hands down.
- ♦♦ **MARCH OF TIME.** News Feature (R.K.O.). A fine panorama of movements and events that are changing the face of the world. A real magazine-news item that nobody should miss.
- ♦♦ **MARRY THE GUY.** Sonnie Hale, Winifred Shuter (B.D.F.). Farce. All should like it.
- ♦♦ **MR. WHAT'S HIS NAME.** Sir Seymour Hicks, Olive Blakney (W.B.). Comedy. If you enjoy a thorough laugh, or feel like an evening of care-free entertainment, you certainly should consider this picture.
- ♦♦ **MISS PACIFIC FLEET.** Hugh Herbert, Glenda Farrell, Joan Blondell (Warner's). Only a professional misanthrope could sit through this effort without laughing. A comedy dealing with the efforts made by two girls to win the 5000 dollars attached to a popularity contest.
- ♦♦ **MURDER OF DR. HARRIGAN.** The Ricardo Cortez, Kay Linaker (Warner Bros.). Mystery drama. Despite the stereotyped material the actors make a good job of the film.
- ♦♦ **MARK OF THE VAMPIRE.** Lionel Barrymore, Elizabeth Allen, Bela Lugosi (M.G.-M.). Fantastic mystery drama. Vampires play a large part in the picture.
- ♦♦ **MAN OF IRON.** Mary Astor, Barton MacLane (Warner's). This story concerns a workman who is a crack-jack as a shop foreman. Made manager and then vice-president of the concern, his new importance rubs to his head, and disaster follows.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



SHIRLEY COMPETITION

Late Entrants Still Have Chance

Closing Date, March 21

Our extension of this popular competition has resulted in hundreds of further entries, which are still pouring in, and those who have not yet mailed their entry have until March 21 for their letter to reach this office.

Competitors desiring one of the special photographs of Shirley should note that they must make application on the separate form published on this page.

COMPETITORS may submit more than one entry and those who, on thinking over their first attempt, have decided that they could better it, are still at liberty to send in further efforts.

Letters telling "Why I Like Shirley Temple" must not be longer than 50 words. For the best letters one hundred beautiful Shirley Temple dolls, replicas of the little star, valued from 33/- to 95/-, will be the prizes.

The competition is divided into two sections—adult and juvenile. The latter is confined to children under 14. In the adult section, 46 dolls will be awarded, while 54 will go as prizes in the juvenile section.

Over 1400 Photos of Shirley

ALL who have entered our Shirley Temple Competition are keen Shirley fans, but just a few miles out of Sydney there lives Dorothy McMahon, a 12-year-old girl, whose boundless admiration for the little star presents a more novel aspect. She has collected the startling number of 1477 separate photographs of her idol. This should be a record.

Entry coupons must be clipped from this page and sent in with the competing letter. This is to facilitate the tremendous volume of work here in the office.

In addition to the prizes, a special Shirley Temple photograph is being given to all competitors who desire one. A penny stamp must be enclosed to cover postage, and application for a photograph should be made on the coupon on this page.

Envelopes enclosing entries should be endorsed, "Shirley Temple Competition," and addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 137CC, G.P.O.

ENTRY FORM

Shirley Temple Competition

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

AGE

(If entering juvenile section)

(I have attached my entry for Shirley Temple Competition and a 1d. stamp to cover postage of portrait which goes to all competitors. I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.)

(Signature)

WE'LL Tell YOU

A section for readers who seek information.

Mae M.C. Merrylands (N.S.W.): Shirley Temple, Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California; Jane Withers (same); Anne Shirley, R.K.O. Studio, 790 Gower St., Hollywood; Claudette Colbert, Paramount Studio, 6451 Marathon St., Hollywood; Carole Lombard, Bing Crosby (same); Lorelei Young, United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood; Grace Moore, Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood; Dick Powell, Warner-Pixar National Studio, Burbank, Calif.; Nelson Eddy, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif. C. Garrick, Tahmoor; C/o Cinesound Productions Limited, 63 Ebley St. Waverley, would find him.

Clyde Morris, Gunnedah (N.S.W.): Joe E. Brown, Warner's-Pixar National Studio, Burbank, California; Ginger Rogers, R.K.O. Studio, 790 Gower St., Hollywood, California; George O'Brien, Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California; Lorelei Young, United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California. It will cost 3d. for a one-ounce letter.

Basel Davis, Coda (N.S.W.): Shirley Temple, Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

B.T. Rockhampton (Q'd.): Renee Gadd was born in South America. She has fair hair and hazel eyes; Alice Joyce in Kansas City, Missouri, October 1, 1890; five feet seven, weighs 120 lbs. brown hair, hazel eyes.

D. Hersey, Glenelg (S.A.): Emily Williams is the son of an ironworker. Went to Oxford and took an M.A. degree. He has already written half-a-dozen plays. He was responsible for the translation of "Christopher Bean." He wrote the screen adaptation and dialogue of "Friday the 13th," as well as playing the role of Blake the blackmailer.

O.S. Newport (N.S.W.): Here is the cast of "Our Little Girl": Molly Middleton ... Shirley Temple; Ella Middleton ... Rosemary Auer; Doctor Donald Middleton ... Joel McCrea; Rife Brent ... Lyle Talbot; Sarah Boynton ... Erin O'Brien-Moore; Circus Performer ... Poodles Hannaford; Amy ... Margaret Armstrong; Alice ... Rita Owen; Jackson ... Leonard Carey; Mr. Tramp ... J. Farrell MacDonald; Layton (the druggist) ... Jack Baxley.

THE
LION'S ROAR(A column of gossip
devoted to the finest
motion pictures)

Cheers for "Mutiny on the Bounty."

The Year 1787 ... and from Portsmouth sails the gallant H.M.S. "Bounty" ... her destination lies thousands of miles across unknown oceans ... the legendary South Sea Islands.

Her Captain ... Captain William Bligh ... a master mariner, stern and cruel.

Her First Mate ... Fletcher Christian ... a fair and honorable sailor who demanded justice for his men.

Among the crew ... a young ensign on his first voyage ... Roger Byam ... facing life with a smile ... soon to face death also with a gallantry characteristic of the British stock from which he sprung.

Smashed and battered by terrifying storms ... becalmed under a merciless sun ... on, on, on Bligh drove the "Bounty." Men suffered ... held in check by the relentless captain ... until finally ... smothering under the lash ... they rebelled against him ... and led by Fletcher Christian seized the "Bounty."

Can admit, with those who remained loyal to him, Captain Bligh accomplished the seemingly impossible in a three thousand mile open boat voyage to Timor—and to England.

What became of Fletcher Christian and his band of mutineers? Did they find their island paradise among the natives of Tahiti?

Millions of words have come down through the years about the "Mutiny on the Bounty" ... the saga of the sea that changed the naval history of the British nation.

Now these pages come to flaming life in the greatest motion picture romance to reach the screen.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Mutiny on the Bounty" starring Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone.

Now screening at the St. James Theatre, Sydney. Soon for the Melbourne Metro and soon also at Brisbane Metro.

Yours for a grand time,
LEO.

Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS GREAT SERIAL ARE:

MANDRAKE: The Master Magician, is in Arabia on the trail of SAKI: The world's most successful thief. Saki leaves LOthAR: Mandrake's Nubian servant, a captive in a cellar so that he may retain some jewels which he stole from NARDA: A very lovely princess. Mandrake bargains with Saki when he encounters him, and Saki trades the jewels and LOthAR for his own freedom. Mandrake returns the jewels to Narda. Saki then comes in the disguise of

INSPECTOR DUFFY: And is persuaded to look after the jewels. LOthAR is sent to escort him home. The real Inspector Duffy then comes to light, and Mandrake acts quickly. He speaks to LOthAR through his figure-image, telling him what has happened and to get Saki. The real inspector learns the truth and he gives chase also. Things then become involved. Both Saki and the inspector are dressed alike and LOthAR cannot distinguish them. Innocently, he drags off the real inspector.



To be Continued.

POSTAL BARGAIN SHOP BY MAIL CORNER

DEAF?

Chico Invisible Earphones

The last word in really scientific earphones, which can be easily inserted into the ears without fear of pain or injury. CHICO INVISIBLE EARPHONES are NOT made of perishable rubber, but are so perfectly and scientifically constructed that they are guaranteed for your lifetime.

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THE MEARS EARPHONE COMPANY,
24 State Shopping Block, Market St., Sydney.

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WRIST WATCHES
Comet, Mo-Me Dolls, Fountain Pens and many other valuable prizes, also cash commission, for selling small parcel of tested garden seeds. Send for parcel and big illustrated catalogue of presents. SEND NO MONEY NOW, only name and address. Write to-day.

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CORNS

NEVER CUT YOUR CORNS!

There is danger, and it is called Tetanus (Lockjaw). An eighteen-penny bottle of the Queensland Corn Cure salve "WAMP" will remove a dozen corns for you. No pain or bother at all. Try this remarkable preparation to-day. All chemists sell it.

FRESHENING UP TAFFETA: Try borax to freshen up your taffeta frock. Wring a sponge out in borax water and wipe the frock on the wrong side. When nearly dry, iron it on the wrong side with a warm iron. Borax water is made by dissolving one ounce of borax in a cupful of boiling water and adding it to a gallon of water.

WE GUARANTEE YOU LUCK OR REFUND YOUR MONEY!

If you have had luck to the Lottery, games, painting, etc., you should have a pair of Magic Business Cards. These cards are inserted in each credit account as a guarantee. They are printed with ink, and when used, they will attract good luck, and when not used, they will attract bad luck. They are guaranteed to bring you 4/4 the rate. Packed 32 cards. Some included in 1 day if not satisfied.
Royalty Traders, Room 40 V.B.,
3 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

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NOTHING MORE PERMANENT - state whether interested full or part time - send your name and address - receive illustrated booklet and full information. Address: The John Gilman Coy., Ltd., Dept. 122, Corner Parramatta and Fremont Bridge Roads, Camperdown, Sydney, N.S.W.

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You can learn AT HOME. In One Evening! You need not be a "wall-flower" or "wallflower" any longer. For 1 GUARANTEE to make you a graceful, finished dancer, almost overnight. My dancing study book - NEVER FAILS. To celebrate the New Season 1936 copies of my big, instructive book, "Dancing Made Easy" are offered FREE to readers of this paper. Just send name and full address (including State) and book will be forwarded absolutely FREE by return mail.

PROF. DEMONT, P.O. Box 10, 107 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

HEIR TO PHARAOHS Is Prince Charming of East Interesting Talk From 2G.B.

At Kenry House, on Kingston Hill, lives Britain's most distinguished young guest of to-day. This is Crown Prince Farouk of Egypt, Heir Apparent to King Fuad, a sixteen-year-old youth, who is studying to enter the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich.

It is common knowledge throughout Egypt that King Fuad is failing in health, and so the attention of his people is turning, as never before, to Prince Farouk.

He is the Prince Charming of the East, and but for his father's commands that his son should not be spoiled by publicity he would be a leading figure in British society to-day.

This young student Prince, who will some day be Pharaoh, lives just like an English boy. He has English and



PRINCE FAROUK, of Egypt, whose story will be told by Dorothea Vantier from Station 2G.B.

Arabic tutors, and is attended by two dusky valets from the Nile.

"Prince Farouk," his home-life, work and recreations, will be told to you in a musical setting of the Nile by Dorothea Vantier during the radio sessions of The Australian Women's Weekly from 2GB on Wednesday, February 26, at 11.45 a.m.

Marriage Announced

JOHN WATSON, who has been heard from 2GB as an announcer on recent Saturday afternoons, is the absence of Thelma George, was not on the air last Saturday. That was the occasion of a big event in this busy young man's life, for on that day his marriage to Miss Jean Brothowski was celebrated.

John achieved some fame a few years ago in the swimming world, and while in America on a business trip won a swimming race across Vancouver Harbor. Miss Brothowski is well known in the amateur theatrical world, having been secretary of the Bryant Playhouse.

Ask Aunt Val!

"DOES anybody in Australia know anything about rearing Chinese pheasants?" That is one of the many problems that Aunt Val, of 2GB, is called upon to solve in the course of her work for the Radio Pen-Friends Club, which she conducts in conjunction with De-De, of KPL, Los Angeles, California. If anybody can supply the required information, it is Aunt Val's duty to induce him or her to correspond with a young American couple who have started a Chinese pheasant ranch in California.

A letter to the Taronga Park Trust was courteously answered with the information that a Victorian resident has a great many different varieties of pheasants, and successfully rears young birds, and that there is an Ornamental Pheasant Society in London.

Thus the good work of establishing interesting friendships around the world goes on, thanks to the enthusiasm of Aunt Val.

LATE KING'S SPEECH

THE Empire-wide broadcast of the late King George last Christmas has been recorded by "His Master's Voice" Company, in co-operation with the B.B.C., and reached Australia by Air Mail last week. This record is of great historic interest, being the last speech His Majesty made to his subjects overseas. Speedy work in the Sydney factory of the company resulted in the record being available the day after matrices were received from London.

Records have also been made of the broadcast talk to the Dominions by the British Prime Minister (Mr. Stanley Baldwin).

In the case of the King's speech, the profits derived from the sale of the records are to be devoted to charities nominated by the late King, while the profits from Mr. Baldwin's records will be devoted to charities nominated by the Prime Minister.

Rheumatism Relieved

Rub soothing Tiger Salve on the affected part and enjoy quick relief from rheumatism, neuralgia, and all muscular complaints. Former sufferer says: "For years I was a martyr to rheumatism, but since using Tiger Salve the relief has been wonderful." At our expense share this relief from pain. Send 3d. stamps to Tiger Salve Pty., 185 George St., Sydney, and receive trial tin.

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For Reservations Phone BW1261

2GB

PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES

DRAMAS OF THE RED CROSS IN PEACE
TIME, PRESENTED BY THE B.S.A.
PLAYERS

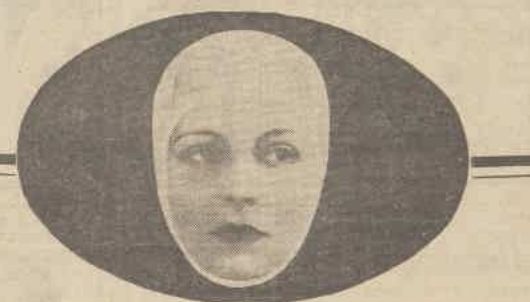
The work of the Red Cross on the fields of France and Gallipoli has been told again and again, but since the close of the Great War the Red Cross has engaged in a new crusade, a crusade against T.B. Yet few people know of the great work that they are doing for humanity. In the course of their work, many poignant cases of bravery and endurance have been encountered and these will form the subject of the B.S.A. Players' third all-star dramatic production. These little epics of everyday life—of the people we see and pass in the street every day—will appeal particularly to women listeners and awaken sympathy for their less fortunate fellows. Each Monday and Thursday at 4 p.m., commencing Monday, March 2.

IN A REFLECTIVE MOOD

EDGAR MADDOCKS' CHOIR OF SIX

For three-quarters of an hour each Sunday morning, 2GB listeners are entertained by the glorious singing of Edgar Maddocks' Choir of six beautiful voices. "In a Reflective Mood" brings you the careful music of the great masters, famous hymns that have woven themselves into the heritage of the ages, stirring choral works by great modern composers. There is nothing finer than a good choir, and Edgar Maddocks' Choir is one of the finest in Sydney. Each Sunday morning at 10.30 a.m.

The Nation's Station



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This message is to the busy modern woman... she who says, "I simply haven't time for long beauty treatments!" For her, Patricia Jones has perfected a special Half-Hour Muscle-Strapping Skin-Toning Treatment. An entirely new service to Beauty! Not a treatment intended for regular beauty care... for that, longer treatments are necessary... but a Treatment formulated expressly to cleanse and tone the skin and give you a glamorous complexion for important occasions.

To have one of these Treatments, while you relax every nerve in the aesthetic surroundings of the Salon, is an experience as delightful as it is beautifying. With consummate skill your skin is cleansed, toned, nourished. You step from the Salon feeling years younger, looking radiant with new beauty.

It is an ideal Treatment for the woman who would look her loveliest for a dance or visit to the theatre. And the cost is but 5/6.

Single Treatments of one hour, 10/-.

Course of six one-hour Treatments, £2/10/-.

For large pores and blackheads... Specialised MASQUE TREATMENT. A marvellous Treatment that draws impurities from the pores, firms and tightens the skin, refines its texture and stimulates circulation.

Single Treatments of one hour, 12/6.

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11'6



DRESSING TABLE VASE. 3'11

Flowers on your dressing table add beauty... put them in this K. and H. cut glass vase. 4 inches high. Price

3/11

CUT GLASS VIOLET VASE. 3'11

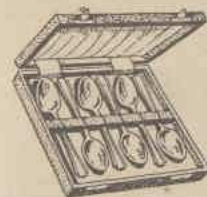
Good quality K. and H. Violet Vase in a diamond cutting. Ideal for the dressing table. 3 inches high. Price

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A Cut Glass Salad Bowl of excellent quality hand-cut lead crystal. 7-inch diameter. Other shapes and cuttings. Price

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Six good quality E.P.N.S. Teaspoons in a silk lined case. Fancy shaped handles. Price, box

7/6

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Attractive but inexpensive

Axminster Carpets £7'10

Undecided about recarpeting? Well, come in and inspect these high-grade British Axminster Carpet Squares, they'll help you decide in their favour! Colourings are orange, green, blue, and rose on fawn and brown grounds.

Size 9ft. x 9ft. SPECIAL PRICE, £7'10/-
Size 9ft. x 10ft. 6in. SPECIAL PRICE, £8'12/-
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Felt Base Squares 23'6

So you can't afford a carpet! You don't have to while we have these Felt Base Squares. A wide range of colourings in patterns to suit any room — bedroom, dining room or lounge.

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Heavy quality Grass Rug in a delightful range of art moderne patterns. It'll brighten the kitchen or breakfast room. The edges are bound.

Size 24in. x 48in. SPECIAL, 3'6
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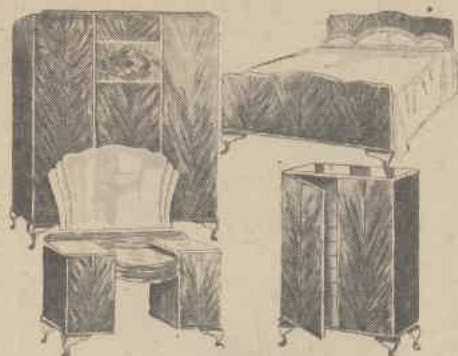
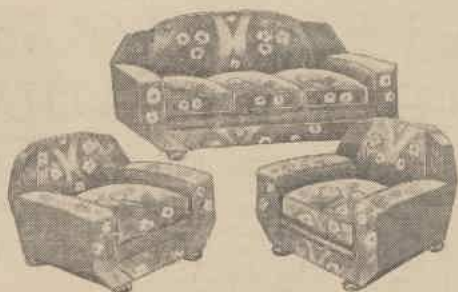


Fig. W. Veneer £25'17'6

The "Hastings" is a Bedroom Suite of full polished figured Walnut Veneer comprising a 4ft. 6in. wardrobe; 3ft. 9in. well-top, knee-hole toilet table; and a 3ft. x 3ft. lowboy. All have full cabriole legs. Price £25'17'6
4ft. 6in. Bedstead to match. Price £4'18'6

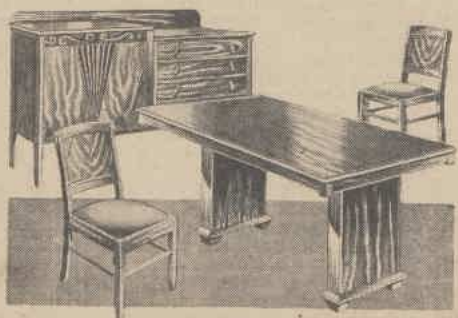
27'6 deposit 6'6 weekly



Quality Suite £19'17'6

The five features of this Lounge Suite are its comfort, durability, appearance, quality and reasonably low price! Upholstered with best quality Genoa Velvet and has the backs and seats well sprung, and 5 loose cushions. Price, £19'17'6

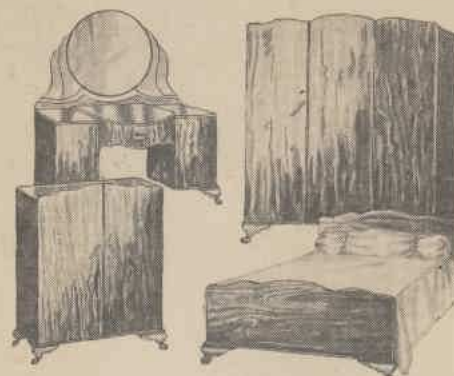
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Two-tone Oak £15'17'6

The "Ideal" Dining Room Suite is of two-tone Oak and comprises 4ft. 6in. sideboard, which is half fitted 4 drawers (1 divided), spacious cupboards on the other; massive 5ft. x 2ft. 9in. refectory table; 4 panel-back chairs, with fabrex drop-in seats. Price £15'17'6

15/- deposit 4/- weekly



Walnut Veneer £22'7'6

A beautifully grained Walnut Veneer was used to make the "Tweed" Bedroom Suite. Fully fitted 4ft. 6in. wardrobe; 3ft. 9in. knee-hole toilet table; and 3ft. lowboy, with 3 trays and hanging space. Full cabriole legs. Price £22'7'6
4ft. 6in. Bedstead to match. Price £4'12'6

22'6 deposit 5'6 weekly



Lounge Suite £15'17'6

Best quality Genoa Velvet has been effectively combined with plain coloured Fabrex in this 3-piece Lounge Suite. The springs are on best quality webbing. An attractive and comfortable suite at a low price. Price £15'17'6

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Dining Suite £13'17'6

Of full polish Maple finish is the "Bellambi" Dining Room Suite. Comprises 4ft. 6in. sideboard with 3-piece shaped mirror on back; 5ft. x 2ft. 9in. laminated top refectory table; 4 chairs with fabrex drop-in seats. Price £13'17'6

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HELEN TWELVETREES
Bewitching Star of "Thoroughbred."

I think the Women's Weekly Beauty Book is simply wonderful. What surprised me most about it was the extraordinary completeness of its contents. I really expected that it would deal with facial beauty only. But no—although facial beauty is very prominently dealt with, it deals very thoroughly with all other forms of beauty, too. To know that so many useful treatments are given in one book for such a little money must be glorious news for every Australian girl and woman. I know I for one will now never be without my copy of "Beauty."

MARGARET VYNER

One of Sydney's Loveliest Ladies.

When I was in Paris I, of course, was very interested in Beauty Salons. In London, too, I had an opportunity of learning about various beauty treatments, etc. But I never dreamed I would one day find a completely satisfying beauty treatment given in one book. That's but one reason why I consider the Women's Weekly Beauty Book a wonderful volume. It gives beauty treatments and knowledge which would ordinarily cost pounds and pounds, and it is done in such a way that almost anyone can follow it successfully. And it's so marvellously complete, for it covers every phase of beauty. And it does it so well, too. In fact, Australian girls and women can consider themselves very lucky that they can get this wonderful beauty book so easily and inexpensively.



IT GIVES BEAUTY TREATMENTS AND KNOWLEDGE WHICH WOULD ORDINARILY COST POUNDS AND POUNDS AND ITS SO MARVELLOUSLY COMPLETE



LILLIAN PERTKA

Footlight Favorite of "Anything Goes."

MARVELOUS! THE KNOWLEDGE IT GIVES IS ASTOUNDING, FOR ITS DIET HINTS ALONE ITS WORTH MANY TIMES THE 5/- IT COSTS

Some of us are born beautiful . . . others achieve beauty in spite of natural shortcomings. But we all want to be beautiful, don't we? That's why the Beauty Book issued by the Women's Weekly will be a "best seller" among Australian girls and women. It is a marvellous book—the details cover it quite amply, and the knowledge about the promotion of beauty is astounding. Why, for its diet hints alone, it's worth many times its little 5/- it costs. I am a blonde, of course, and was naturally interested in the special hints for blondes—but I couldn't help reading all about the other types, too, and I was really surprised at the valuable hints and treatments given.

The Greatest Personal Book for Women Ever Published SEND TO-DAY FOR YOUR COPY

THREE famous beauties—three world-wide favorites renowned for their chic and charm—this week join in the tumultuous paean of praise that from all sides has greeted the publication of "Beauty"—the wonder work for women, offered at a sensational privilege price to you as a reader of The Australian Women's Weekly.

"Wonderful!" says Helen Twelvetrees. "Astounding!" says Lillian Pertka. "Marvellous!" says Margaret Vyner. And with one mighty voice ten thousand women—their volumes already proud and precious possessions—echo this unanimous chorus. **THEY KNOW . . .** they have seen "Beauty," held it in their own hands, turned its pages, read its features, marvelled at its rich appearance, its superb contents, its unparalleled completeness. At a glance they have recognised its priceless worth, its vital value to every woman in search of greater loveliness. Instantly they have acclaimed it the most practical, most comprehensive, most authoritative personal book for women ever published.

Small wonder the demand is enormous. Every day sees a greater and greater avalanche of orders coming from every corner of the State. Indeed, if the pace continues, it may be a question of only a few days at most, before the limited edition is completely exhausted. And it may not be possible to secure a further supply.

DELAY IS DANGEROUS

If you are wise you will not wait another day. Delay almost certainly means disappointment—means that you will be without a book every woman should have—a book that will prove the Gateway to Romance for many—a book that will be the Good Companion in countless boudoirs—a book that holds the golden key to priceless beauty.

RESERVATION FORM

SEND NO MONEY NOW, BUT POST AT ONCE

To The Australian Women's Weekly,

Department W5,

Box 385AT, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please reserve for me in accordance with your offer a copy of "Beauty," at the presentation price of only 5/- (if to be posted, 6/-).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

NOTE: You may send this Reservation Form in an unsealed envelope bearing a penny stamp.

NO ACKNOWLEDGMENT WILL BE SENT

but a copy will be reserved for all who post this form. This offer applies only to readers residing in New South Wales.

As Margaret Vyner states—wealthy women pay pounds and pounds to acquire the precious secrets it contains, and yet, because this mighty volume is offered to you by The Australian Women's Weekly it can be yours for the amazingly low price of only 5/- . . . what's more . . . yours in almost no time . . . there are only four tokens to collect.

You are asked to send no money now, but you must act immediately. APPLY AT ONCE ON THE SPECIAL RESERVATION FORM at left below.

And now a word about the book itself. It is magnificently bound in rich Powder-Blue, Suede-Finished Cloth, with a gorgeous Silver Spine and Overlap, the title beautifully embossed in flowing script on the right hand cover. In addition, it has attractive Suede-Grained Endpapers with dust-proof top edges to match. It measures 10in. deep by 6½in. wide, and 2in. thick. And to protect the beauty of your book it comes to you wrapped in a special cellophane wrapper.

Printed throughout on specially selected opaque paper, from new clear-face type, each volume contains over 430 pages, more than 150,000 words, 50 long absorbing chapters, more than 750 subjects, 48 full-page illustrations, 52 line drawings, and a six-page at-a-glance index to every feature.

Look for a moment at this short list of some of the all-embracing contents. . . Make-up and a make-up chart. Your type and how to suit it—Perfume and its Choice—Hats and Faces—The Art of Buying Clothes—Hints on Chic—What Charm Means—Vitality and "It"—Birthdays and Luckstones—Hints for Brides—Fashion Beauty in Fur—Planetary Influences on Character—Beauty and Motherhood—The Business Woman . . . Have you ever known such an outstanding treasury of beauty knowledge?

And just think of it! The treatment it gives—the formulas, aids and suggestions—are usually obtainable from only the most exclusive specialists. They would be far beyond the average pocket if sought professionally.

Here are all the beauty secrets of stage, screen and society favorites—the mysteries of chic and charm that Bond Street, Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix have for years so closely

guarded. In page after magic page crammed with new ideas, new thoughts, new suggestions is the concentrated wisdom and experience of a board of world-famous beauty specialists. Its practical instructions and thousands of hints will help you make the absolute best of your face and figure, clothes and coloring. It is a book that will undoubtedly lead you to greater loveliness.

If you have not already reserved your copy you will have to hurry. The edition available is being quickly taken up and late comers are bound to be disappointed. Make up your mind now and send to-day on the special Reservation Form which is published at the left. This opportunity may not come your way again—the only way to be sure you are not left out is to apply for your copy immediately. Do it at once—now—while you think of it and have the time to spare.

Remember! Although this wonder work would in the ordinary way cost well over a pound, it can be yours as a reader of The Australian Women's Weekly for only 5/-.

You are asked to send no money now. Simply read the simple "All you have to do" instructions and then apply without delay. Run no risk—complete and post the reservation form by the very next mail.



and Ten thousand Women Echo them...

A TUMULT OF ACCLAIM—
AN AVALANCHE OF ORDERS

Edition Limited

FIRST COME—FIRST SERVED

DELAY MEANS DISAPPOINTMENT

A word of warning! If you have not already applied for your copy of "Beauty" — the wonder work for women offered to you by The Australian Women's Weekly—you must do it at once. To-morrow may be too late. The edition available is strictly limited and the demand huge. It may not be possible to secure further copies. To be in time you must complete and post the special Reservation Form instantly. If you delay you run real risk of a direct personal loss.

This week three of the loveliest ladies in the land join in the wholehearted and unanimous chorus of praise that on all sides greets "Beauty"—the Silver Book of Golden Secrets. Margaret Viner, Helen Twelvrees and Lillian Perka all acclaim it as the finest and most valuable book ever published for women... a book that no one, young or old, slender or full-figured, bride or matron, blonde or brunette... can really afford to be without.

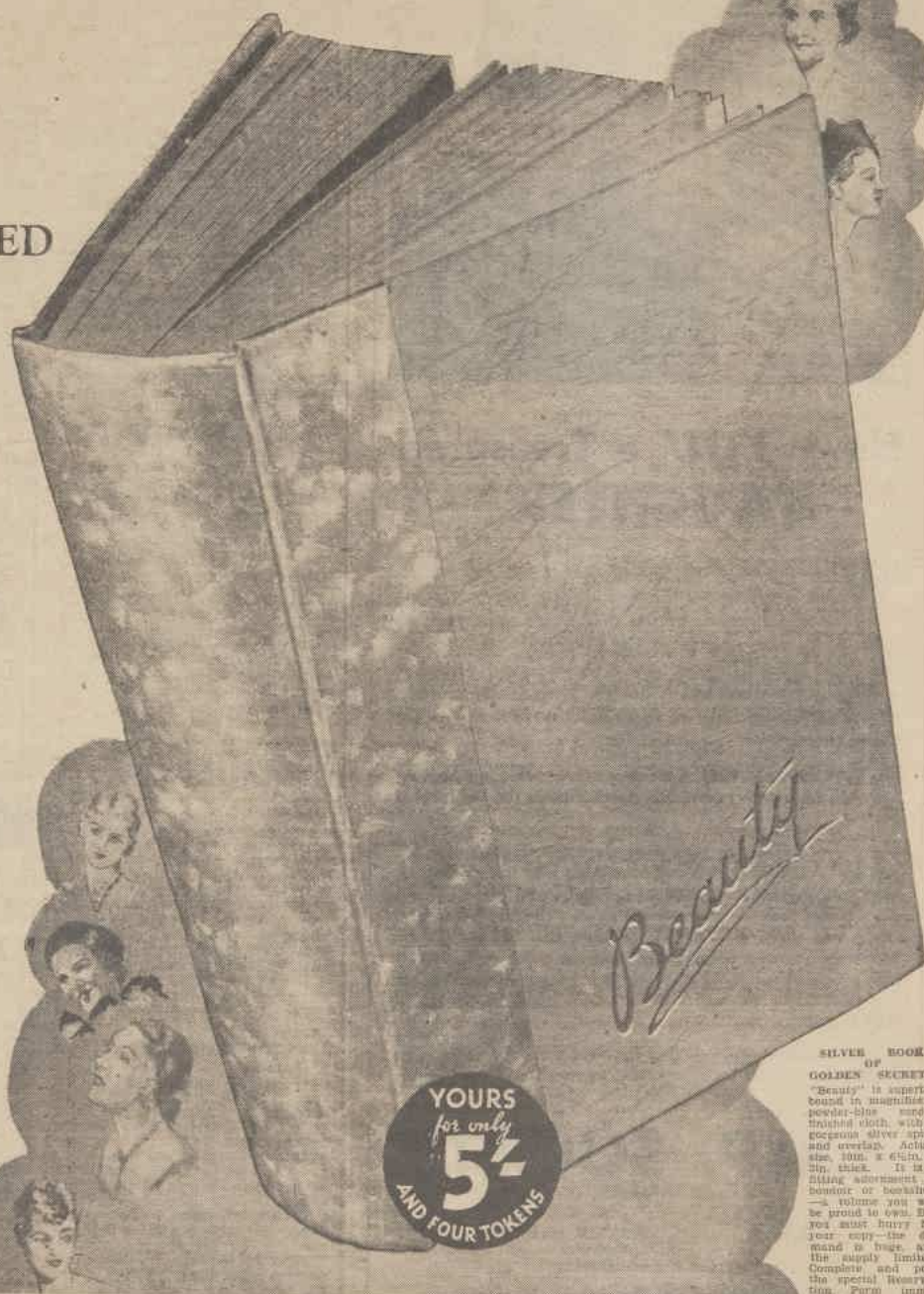
Small wonder their praise is so wholehearted! "Beauty" is designed and written by the best authorities of England, America and the Continent, and no pains or expense have been spared to make it the most complete and comprehensive work of its kind ever produced. Nothing has been left out—it is packed from cover to cover with practical instructions on make-up, charm, poise, personality, even sex appeal.

There are thousands of new-found ways and hints that will help you make the best of your face and form—leading you to greater loveliness, fresher charm, more sophisticated chic. From it you can mould a new personality with an allure, an appeal completely surpassing all expectations.

No matter what you want to know on a subject that is nearest to every woman's heart—there is an answer in "Beauty." What is my type—How can I make the most of it? How can I improve my figure? How should I use make-up? How can I beautify my eyes? How should I dress to best advantage? What Perfume should I use? How can I help my children to beauty? How can I keep beautiful? How can I grow old gracefully? What should I have in my trousseau? How can I have flawless skin?... these and a hundred other problems that face a woman in her search for beauty are answered in this great book.

It is the Book Of Women's Happiness—a book that should be in your pocket. And it can be—easily, quickly, cheaply if you only act promptly. Simply complete and mail the special Reservation Form to-day. You are asked to send no money now and the book is yours, through the Women's Weekly, for the sensational privilege price of only 5/-. And there are only four tokens to collect.

Thousands upon thousands of eager women have already leaped at this exceptional opportunity and the demand grows greater daily. Soon because of limited supplies the offer will have to be withdrawn, but if you act without delay you can still be sure of your copy. Don't wait a moment longer. Get your pen now and fill in the Reservation Form instantly. You have no time to lose. Hurry.



SILVER BOOK OF GOLDEN SECRETS.
"Beauty" is superbly bound in magnificent powder-blue, wide-mouthed cloth, with a gorgeous silver spine and overtop. Actual size, 10in. x 6in. x 1/2in. thick. It is a fitting adornment to boudoir or dressing room—a volume you will be proud to own. But you must hurry for your copy—the demand is huge and the supply limited. Complete and post the special Reservation Form immediately.

NAME _____
(BLOCK LETTERS)
ADDRESS _____
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DO NOT DETACH

"BEAUTY"

If undelivered, please return to Mrs. J. G. W. Sydney

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY "BEAUTY" BOOK OFFER!

TOKEN BB5

Here is a specimen token similar to the four of series BB you have to cut from not more than 4 consecutive weekly issues of The Australian Women's Weekly. Tokens appear each week in the top right-hand corner of the inside back page.

USE GUM, NOT PINS

1	2
3	4

VOUCHER BB
for a copy of "BEAUTY"

Send this Voucher to The Australian Women's Weekly as soon as completed in accordance with the directions given above.
To Book Dept., Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt St. (Box 3854T, G.P.O.), Sydney.

Please give me the book as applied for.

"Beauty" Price 5/- If to be 6/- Posted:

Please despatch my volume to me by post. I have added 1/- to cover the cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc., making 6/- for a copy of "Beauty."
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ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

BE SURE! APPLY TO-DAY

First of all fill in and post the Reservation Form at once. Cut out the token (series BB) from the right-hand top corner of the inside back page of The Australian Women's Weekly and paste it on to the first of the four spaces provided on the voucher. Do this for four weeks with tokens cut from any four consecutive issues of The Australian Women's Weekly. You will always find the token in the same position each week (inside the back page), and no tokens other than Series BB will be accepted in connection with this scheme. You may commence to qualify with Token No. BB1, or any subsequent token. Having completed your qualification—that is, collected four tokens of Series BB, cut from any four consecutive issues... write your name and address on your voucher. Bring in 5/- with your voucher properly completed, and you will be immediately handed your copy of this wonderful book. If you require your volume to be despatched to you, write your full name and postal address on the Address Form. Please write in ink in block letters. Send in for your copy of "Beauty" your voucher, address label, four tokens, and a postal note for 6/-, which includes 1/- to cover cost of packing, carriage, insurance, etc. Remember... do not send stamps. Write your name and address on the back of your postal note and make it payable to The Australian Women's Weekly. For your own protection keep a record of the number of your postal note. Then send it together with your voucher and address form, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 3854T, G.P.O. Sydney. Your volume will then be despatched to you immediately. But be sure you post your Reservation Form to-day.

A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



Have YOU a Treasured DAUGHTER?

WILLIAM BURROUGHS is not his real name, but it will do for this recital. Mr. Burroughs has been a member of the A.M.P. since he was 26 years of age. He has two A.M.P. policies on his own life. One is for £750, payable at death; the other is for £500, payable when he reaches 55. Bonuses are steadily mounting up on both of them, and he is very happy about them.

Mr. Burroughs has, also, a treasured daughter, for whom he has an A.M.P. policy for £200, payable when the girl reaches 21.

Many men hesitate to give themselves the comfort of more policies because they fear that something may happen to prevent them paying the premiums regularly, and that they will lose all that they have invested in them. The fear is baseless. After two years, an A.M.P. member can have a policy converted into a paid-up policy with no more premiums to pay, provided such paid-up policy is for a sum assured of not less than £50. A man CAN'T LOSE when he invests in A.M.P. policies.

If you, who read this, feel that you need the comfort of more assurance, ask that an experienced adviser be sent to you at once, or that the Society get in touch with you by mail.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

SIR SAMUEL HORDERN, Chairman.
C. A. ELLIOTT, F.I.A., Actuary.
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HEAD OFFICE: 87 Pitt Street, SYDNEY

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Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, and Hobart.

District Offices throughout all States.

Continuing

"VERY good of you, Emily, to come round. Thanks—for your sympathy. Don't worry, my dear, on my account. I am quite sure Karl is safe."

Emily gave a pinched stare.
"Well—that must be a comfort to you. Though I must say that if it was my boy—"

Rebecca nodded at her.
"Quite so, Emily. You wait till you have a child of your own, if you are ever going to have one. Thank you, my dear. I'll let you know when the good news comes."

Having warmed her hands, ostensibly for the day's work, Rebecca went behind the counter, and began to open and shut drawers as though to assure herself that their contents were intact. She gave Emily no more of her attention, and Emily, having flung her barb and seen it rebound from her mother-in-law's stout bosom, opened the door of the shop.

"I do hate these raw mornings. They always make one feel the worst—about things. But it's no good being down-hearted, is it? As I said to my neighbor: 'Well, if the poor boy's dead—he can't suffer any more. But—really, it's—too wicked!'"

Rebecca placed a cardboard box quietly on the counter.

"Please shut the door after you—Emily. It keeps the cold air out."

EARLY in January Rebecca's faith was justified.

She received an official notification stating that her son was a prisoner in Germany.

Two days later a letter came to her from Karl. It was scribbled in pencil on what appeared to be the torn-off margin of a newspaper, a significant fragment.

"Mother—don't worry. I'm a prisoner and well. I'm in a prisoners' camp. They are quite kind to us. I've managed to get this off to you—Love,

Charles."

Rebecca had just come downstairs dressed to go out. She was paying a surprise visit to the Upper Street shop, for Rebecca had found it necessary to keep the world guessing. As she was to say to Karl in his great days: "Never let them take you for granted, my dear." She sat down for a moment by the oil stove. Her heart seemed to be doing funny things inside her. Mrs. Mutter's niece, Euphemia, glanced at her a little anxiously.

"You do look queer, dearie."

Said Rebecca, "I feel it. I feel—"

"Faint—dearie?"

And then Rebecca laughed, and went on laughing.

"No—just as though I had eaten too much. You'll find a little brandy in the parlor cupboard, Phenie. Bring me a good tablespoonful, and have a little yourself."

Mrs. Mutter's niece persuaded her to go and sit by the parlor window. It was always so stuffy in the Essex Road shop.

"It's the suddenness of things, Mrs. Snopp. But ain't it a mercy the boy's safe."

"He's more than safe, my dear. Bring me that letter block will you. I've just remembered—I want to write a letter."

Using her knees and a pencil she scribbled a note to Emily.

"My dear Emily,

"I know you will be so relieved to hear that Karl is safe."

Her eyes were mischievous as she licked the flap of the envelope and stuck it down. Yes, that would be a great relief to Emily. Meanwhile, Rebecca's soul seemed to be seething with ideas.

"I'm going to do something about this—Phenie. Look after the shop till I come back."

SACKCLOTH into SILK

From Page 30

Rebecca posted the letter to Emily, and on her way to Upper Street she called at a signwriter's. She wanted two big notices preparing, something arresting and colorful to put in her shop window. Yes, and she wanted them done at once.

THREE days later both Upper Street and the Essex Road crowded outside Rebecca's windows. A large notice in red, white, and blue invited the public to enter.

"Come in and Take Free Tickets for Free Fur Coats. Three Prizes to the Lucky Numbers."

Almost it became a case for the police, such was the congestion on the pavements. Each shop offered to the public a bag full of cardboard tickets. Rebecca had chosen her lucky



A Bachelor's Philosophy...

YOUNG men who yearn for married life, this truth you first should learn, Although you may earn what you get, your wife gets what you earn.

numbers. They were 18, 29, 303. Eighteen was Karl's age, twenty-nine the day of the month on which his mother had heard that he was safe, three hundred and three her number in the Essex Road. No fewer than two thousand, five hundred and seven tickets were drawn. The lucky numbers and the names of the winners were posted up in the window.

Emily had an added grievance. She had heard of the excitement, and during her mother-in-law's absence she had pushed her way into the Upper Street shop, and put her hand into the bag.

Emily had drawn number 13.

REBECCA was to possess both the glory and the flowers.

Old Mr. Vidler passed away early in the year, leaving to an absent Karl his collection of autographed photos of celebrities, two notebooks full of stage jottings, a message, and a hundred pounds in cash. "Tell him not to

forget to please the Pitt." Mr. Belcher had drunk himself into paradise early in the war, so both of Karl's mentors were shadows. They had done their work.

From Karlsruhe—opposite name—he was transferred to a prisoners' camp at Abenheim, in Bavaria, Marlborough country, and suggesting Strauss. It was a mixed camp, but a good one, and its commandant no Prussian, yet in that crowded community Karl soon developed a hatred of collectivism. To begin with, he was perpetually hungry, and desperately bored. A diet of cabbage, potato, war bread, and thin skillets did little but raise the wind. For the first three weeks Karl was without money or gratuity, and too sensitive to savor a cigarette.

His mother became a provider of parcels. Having been warned by a customer that the private parcels were less likely to reach their destination, she denied herself the delight of the individual choice, and arranged with Selfridge's for a weekly parcel to be sent. Cigarettes she posted. She wrote three times a week.

HER early letters were questioning. With air raids and propaganda assailing her, it was very natural that Rebecca should have little faith in the humanity of the enemy. Was Karl receiving his food parcels? For a month nothing reached him, and then at Abenheim he received four parcels simultaneously, intact. From that date they reached him regularly.

There was a sentence in one of Karl's letters that somehow had slipped past the censor.

"These people are starving but they don't touch our parcels."

His mother was challenged by that sentence. It was more potent than any propaganda. She began to believe that the Germans were not bad sort of people. Their children were hungry, but they did not steal the food she sent to her son.

She passed on the information to Mr. Smart next door, but Mr. Smart was unscrupulous. He had lost a son, and business was difficult, and a war diet was giving him dyspepsia. Propaganda rumbled in him like the wind.

"Starving. I hope they are. Serve 'em right."

Mr. Smart's candor helped him to stimulate a purpose that was maturing in Rebecca's mind. She was full of plans these days. Even the March offensive could not discourage her. When other people were looking somewhat blue she began her counter-offensive against the crudities of the Essex Road. Her Karl was to transcend the Essex Road. She had opened a third shop, in the Seven Sisters Road. She was a capitalist to the tune of four thousand pounds in war stock. Her bank balance was as plump as her person.

She explored. She discovered that there was a house to-let in Highbury Terrace, a quiet but imposing house. She called on a firm of estate agents, was given details, and an order to view. Early in April she became the tenant of No. 73 Highbury Terrace. She transferred her furniture, bought new, and settled with Euphemia in No. 73. One of her first acts was to choose and garnish a writing-room for Karl. Its window looked over the gardens at the back of the terrace. It was a quiet room, and she placed his table and manuscripts in the window.

Please turn to Page 47

The Power behind the Throne !

That's you, charming lady, and may we request a favor which will prove mutually advantageous.

When motoring, get the thrill of a maximum surge of engine power — always use

Super Plume Ethyl and
THE 5-POWER PETROL

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I WISH MY SKIN WERE CLEAR LIKE YOURS

USE REXONA, MY DEAR AND THAT WISH WILL COME TRUE

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To keep your skin clear and healthy, you must cleanse not only the surface skin, but the pores as well. Special ingredients enable Rexona's medicated lather to penetrate right down into the pores and there, at the root of the trouble, clear away dust, germs, and impurities from which skin disorders begin. Use Rexona to correct present skin faults... and to protect you in the future.

REXONA OINTMENT... FOR STUBBORN SKIN DISORDERS

For more stubborn skin disorders—sores, ulcers, even eczema—Rexona Ointment combines with Rexona Soap to make a complete skin treatment. Its soothing properties ease irritation instantly.



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Bayer Aspirin Harmless, but it Must be Genuine.

Since Bayer discovered Aspirin and introduced it to the medical profession in 1900, many imitations of this original genuine Aspirin are being sold, some as Aspirin and others are being loudly advertised under similar names, but unless you see the name Bayer on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over 30 years as a harmless way to stop headaches.

When you suffer headache, from any cause, or you feel nervous, unstrung or excitable, be sure you take only genuine Bayer Aspirin tablets as directed in package, and relief will come without any bad reaction.

Bayer Aspirin never affects the heart, deranges the stomach or forms a habit; besides, this genuine Bayer Aspirin costs no more than these uncertain substitutes and imitations which no physician would think of prescribing. All chemists sell boxes containing 12 Bayer Aspirin tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Say Bayer and trust because Bayer means Better.

Are you 'Always Tired'?

That "always tired" feeling means that your body has lost its energy and vitality. Take Wincarnis, the tonic wine, regularly and keep your blood rich and pure. Wincarnis feeds starved tissues and brings calm to jangled nerves. Over 20,000 recommendations from Medical men. Get a bottle from your chemist—today. Pints 4/3. Quarts 7/3.

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REDUCE SAFELY



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A Kensington lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone to 9 stone 2 1/2. This is a scientifically correct treatment consisting of healthy dieting, three weeks' treatment, 5/6, 8/6, 10/6, 10/6, at all Chemists, or post free from NOEL F. FORD, M.P.S., (Syd. Unit), Chemist, 247 King Street, Melbourne. Tel. 11712.

Sackcloth into Silk

Continued from Page 46

EMILY, walking alone in Highbury Fields, and looking upon her mother-in-law's new mansion, was moved to exclaim—"Coo, doesn't she think herself grand!" Emily had written warning Augustus of the change in his mother's material affairs, and Augustus, accumulating envy, hatred, and bitterness in that House of Martyrs, wrote seriously to his mother.

"I think you ought to do something for my wife. It is no fault of hers that I am suffering for my principles, and that she is suffering for them with me. Had my father lived, he, too, would have set his face against this monstrous inhumanity."

Almost, Augustus lectured his mother. At the end of the letter his neat and giggling signature moved her to look out of Karl's window and smile at a black cat asleep upon a wall. Augustus Slop! How unharmonious, and shiny-seated and undistinguished. Yes, Augustus was the son of Samuel. She put a large white hand to a large white chin, and let her eyes rest upon the brown paper cover of her child's manuscript.

"Charles Kesteven!" The idea had been simmering for a long time below the surface of things. Why not shed that ungainly, stumpy, and shuffling surname, and become Kesteven? Was she not proposing to join with Karl in conquering a new Canada? Karl was not Slop! For, somehow, Rebecca was feeling her beloved's adventure big within her. It was as though she and her Karl were to be born again into a gay, laughing, glamorous world. She was young, absurdly and splendidly young, in spite of her solid curves. Yes, by the propheta, she would do it, and confront her beloved with a new house and a new name.

"Gorgeous old snob!" She chuckled. What—exactly—was a snob?

She went to call upon a solicitor who had done legal business for her. She announced her purpose. She desired by Deed Poll to change her name from Slop! to Kesteven. How prophetic and singular her choice was to be she did not then know. Charles Kesteven, a name to conjure with, to set the little jealous people chattering like angry apes.

When the thing was done she wrote a letter to her beloved and signed it with the new name. There was mischief and mother-wit and laughter in her letter.

Karl, who was now working on a German farm, read it sitting in that little attic bedroom of his, with its window opening upon the dusk and the clouding flicker of a great aspen tree. "Kesteven!"

She had taken it from his manuscript! What a woman his mother was! She understood. But how was it she understood, and so subtly and so shrewdly, things that were delicate, joyous, and delicate?

"You'll have to play Kesteven, Karl." He stood up, with his head close to the sloping ceiling, his hands in his trouser pockets, and laughed. Something had fallen from him, a name, an uncouth garment.

KARL came to the Essex Road.

By the statue of the gentleman on Elinston Green, Karl stood for a moment by the railings and looked along that familiar highway as though to savor this adventure of home-coming. As a returned pilgrim he was something of a person to be stared at, a tall dark, striding youth with a pack on his back, and wearing a field-grey greatcoat. His cap and his puttees were English, and so was the play in his pack.

He was finding the pavements good to his feet. Here were the poplar trees, and Collins' Music Hall, and the familiar outlines of the diverging streets, and houses that were like intimate faces. Why assure yourself that you were being watched by strangers? Human faces might be stranger and he was not concerned with them. He held on till he saw his mother's shop across the road, and he stood on the kerb and stared. Things looked smaller. He saw the narrow house, its windows in pairs, the stuccoed cornice, the black chimney-stack. The same zinc chimney-pot raised a bent arm. The fascia board above the shop had changed its face. He looked for Slop!, while being prepared to discover Kesteven. He saw neither. "The London Suburban Fur Co." glared in letters of gold.

Karl stood on the kerb for half a minute, and absorbed impressions. There was much fresh paint, bright green doors, shop windows that were more prosperous than of old. The sunning was up; had it been down he would have seen that it was a new one. Crossing the road to that familiar strip of pavement, he looked in through the glass panel of the shop door.

He saw his mother, or to be more

meticulous he saw a stout person in a black sable coat and a red toque standing in the middle of the shop with her back towards the door. Both hair and skirt had been curtailed. Karl had noticed those shorter skirts, and the woman in the shop showed a pair of stout ankles and new black shoes. She was talking to a saleswoman, and for a moment Karl took her to be a customer who was being served. He opened the door, and the same old shop-bell rang.

"Excuse me, is Mrs. Kesteven here?" The saleswoman gave him a wide stare, but the figure in the sable coat revolved on those stout ankles.

"Karl!" HE was conscious of being enveloped by this new and sumptuous mother, but if Rebecca's outer self had altered, her emotions were the same. The saleswoman withdrew herself discreetly to the back room. Rebecca's arms were round her son's neck. He was aware of kissing a suddenly wet face of warm fur and a pleasant perfume.

"O my dear!" He was as much moved as she was, though he may have shown it less.

"I didn't wire I thought I'd—just stroll in."

"Now, isn't it silly of me? God knows where my handkerchief is."

She rubbed a furred sleeve across her face rather like a large and pleasant cat—and then she laughed. "O, my dear!" She put her hands on his shoulders and held him off, and looked at him. Her boy was man. She remembered that he was not quite twenty, but he looked eight years older. Even his eyes were different. The face of the boy had hardened into the face of the man.

"Well, well!" And suddenly she sat down on one of the shop chairs, and opened her coat as though conscious of the weight and the warmth of it. Her face wore a smile, but her eyes looked through the veil of that smile at a creature whom she had not seen for nearly two years. What manner of man was the new Karl?—She was conscious of a kind of smothering, questioning shyness. Surely he was taller? And how good looking, though his face seemed to have had its soft curves rubbed out. His eyes were so much older. But, of course, they had seen strange things.

THE mother in her said, "You look as though you haven't had enough to eat, my dear." He unsling his pack and laid it on the counter.

"O, the blockade, you know. Besides, I have been working pretty hard."

"They really were kind to you, Karl?"

"I've promised to go back and see them some day."

She wondered for a moment. Was there a girl?

"Taking your old mother, Karl?"

"That's understood."

"They asked me, too?"

"Yes."

He strolled round the shop looking at things. Obviously, the Fur Company could afford to spend money. The old deal shelves and drawers had been replaced by mock mahogany; and had given way to electric light. A camel-colored carpet covered the floor.

Karl reached for his pack.

"Same old room, mother?—I'll go up and have a wash."

Rebecca rose to her feet.

"We don't live here now, my dear."

She watched his face. She had kept this surprise for him, but what surprises had he for her?

"You didn't tell me."

"No."

THEY smiled at each other, and Karl knew by his mother's eyes that the surprise was to be a pleasant one. She had looked at him in just the same way when she had held concealed a new box of lead soldiers.

"The war seems to have suited you, mother."

"My dear, don't throw that in my face. I did give something."

The bell attached to the shop door jangled, and the saleswoman came through from the back room. Two young women with hard, bright faces were asking to be shown fur coats. They looked boldly and curiously at Karl, and Rebecca, with a nod in the direction of the managers, carried her arm off. Life might well be complicated by young women with bold, bright faces. Outside, on the pavement, Rebecca slipped a hand under her son's arm.

"Mind—walking out with an old woman, Karl?"

Please turn to Page 48

DESTROY! These PESTS!

RATS & MICE



HOUGHTON & BYRNE Guaranteed Destroyers will stamp out the pests that are menacing property and health.

SAFE—CERTAIN—INEXPENSIVE!

"SQUILLTOX" KILLS RATS AND MICE, BUT NOTHING ELSE—Safely ride horses and properties of these destructive pests—will not harm humans or domestic pets—Kills Rats and Mice only, but it kills them with certainty—1/4 tin makes 100 baits...

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"SOLVENTO"—A safe and certain destroyer of the loathsome, disease-carrying Cockroach pest—has been tested and proved fully effective under every condition—ashore and afloat—it is perfectly safe among food-stuffs. Protect your family's health...

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"TIMBERTOX"—"the poison in oil" kills White Ants and Borers and prevents further attack; contains a poison soluble in oil only—will not bleach out.

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"K.F." is the safe Flea Killer—Kills Fleas on Dogs and Cats—also Lice and Vermin on Birds, Poultry and Horses—it is non-irritant and non-poisonous and prevents re-infestation—Indispensable in the home too!

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"WOODBOROL" is today's sure method of destroying Borers—Kills Borers and their eggs—Does not leave stain—Easily applied—Safe and certain destruction of these pests—Save your house and furniture from devastation by Borer damages...

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"SPRAYZOL"—A liquid insecticide which kills them where they breed—Drives them out of crevices to die. "Sprayzol" means "quick riddance" of these unwelcome "Bug" guests.

Use "SPRAYZOL" 1 PINT, 2/6

ANTS



"X-ANT"—The non-poisonous method of destroying Ants, is wonderfully efficient and is entirely safe among foodstuffs. A sprinkling of "X-ANT" means "exit" to Ants!

Use "X-ANT" TIN 1/3

CABBAGE MOTH



Grew Cabbages without Grubs and Flies without Fets. "Derridust" is the new, safe, non-poisonous plant insecticide, replaces dangerous arsenicals. Kills Cabbage-Moth, Diamond-Bell, Turnip, Turnip, etc. 1 lb. will dust 100 cabbages.

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DOG-TICKS—Use TIK-FIX, the sure preventive against tick attacks on dogs and cats.

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CHAMPION'S PURE MALT VINEGAR

BREWED FROM A 200 YEARS OLD RECIPE!

Sackcloth into Silk

Continued from Page 48

"I MAY have no use for your principles, and I'm not going to finance them, but here's a present. You had better tell Emily to keep her job while you are looking round."

"I'll take it for Emily's sake. You don't quite understand—"

Rebecca got on her feet.

"We won't argue about that. But listen a moment, my lad. I'm not going to pay for your ranting. I had quite enough of that in the old days, and who was it who had to get busy and pay the butcher and the baker? I am not going to put up with any more of that stuff. You understand?"

Augustus wanted to tell his mother that commercial success was corrupting her soul, but he had that five pound note between finger and thumb, and Emily was waiting for him on a seat in Highbury Fields.

Karl had discovered his new quarters. He had climbed stairs that were covered with a green pile carpet between boards that were painted white. "Second floor, my dear." He had opened a door and seen a red carpet and rose-colored curtains framing a window, and in the window—his writing-table with the brown-covered manuscript lying upon it.

He went and stood in the window. He saw a small walled garden, grass, an old holly tree, a stable with a faded green door, other gardens, a winter sky faintly flushed. For London the room was strangely quiet. It seemed to offer him something that he had not known for years—tranquillity, aloofness, an essential serenity, the tacit acceptance of what he was and might be. It contained a sofa, an easy chair, a gas stove, a case full of his books. A second white door invited him to explore.

He found himself in a bedroom with two windows overlooking the fields. There were towels ready on the towel-horse, and the bed was made and covered with a light blue quilt. An oak wardrobe had its back to the left-hand wall. Karl opened one of the oak doors and saw a new suit hanging on a hanger hooked to a brass rail. He took it out, looked at it, smiled, and laid it on the bed.

A chest of drawers faced the wardrobe, and Karl opened the drawers in succession. Collars, ties, handkerchiefs, socks, new pyjamas, new shirts, new underclothing. By Jove, how good! To be clean, sleek himself! His mother—Well, she was rather an amazing person. Feathering his nest. Would she want to make things too soft? Possession? Yes, there was a wildness in him. He did not want to be anybody's pet lamb. But he did want a bath. Was there a bath? And what were his mother and Augustus saying to each other? Silmy sentences, am old Gus.

He went out on to the landing, and at that moment he heard the closing of the front door. There was something solid and final in the sound. He stood for a moment, listening.

"Karl."

"Hallo, Mother."

"Found things?"

"I should say so. I'm en prince. What about Gus?"

"Gone," said his mother's voice.

Karl smiled at the landing window. "Mother, can I have a bath?"

"Next floor, darling. Water's hot. I'll show you."

THEY met on the first floor landing. Rebecca slightly out of breath, for age and a bulky figure made stair climbing an effort, and in her carnival mood she had attacked those stairs at an impromptu run. Her mouth was open, her eyes alight. She laughed at herself and her panting.

"One gets out of breath, you know. Comes of not feeling old."

And how did he like these rooms? Her eyes watched him. Karl took his mother's face in his hands, and kissed it, and Rebecca closed her eyes.

"Oh, my dear."

"It's simply wonderful to be back."

"It's wonderful to have you."

Her hands hung upon his shoulders. "Karl—I'm not going to be a selfish old woman."

"Could you be?"

"Could I be? Of course. But I won't be. That's the way to lose things."

She opened her eyes at him, and Karl, the returned soldier, realised that his mother had beautiful eyes.

"My dear, I only ask you one thing. Be gay, be naughty, be wild. Run after life, but don't be a ranter. I've had so much ranting. I've always thought of you as doing things, not ranting about them. People seem to rant when they are failures."

He looked at her steadily.

"I want to do things. I'm rather fierce about doing them. I've a play for you to read."

She hugged him.

"That's splendid."

She showed him the bathroom with its new white porcelain bath. She,

too, had things to do. She bustled downstairs and resuming her hat and coat, shouted to Euphemia. "Phemie, I'm going out. We've got to cook a dinner. Oh, drat this rationing! What have you got? That bit of beef. And some tinned apricots. Damn tinned apricots. I'll see what I can do in Upper Street."

MEANWHILE, Karl was drinking champagne with his mother, and the hearts and eyes of both were merry. The dinner was an improvisation, and Euphemia was brought from below stairs and made to drink a glass of wine.

She looked at Karl in his new suit. Euphemia showed her gums when she smiled. "Happy days, Mr. Karl, and many of 'em."

The eyes of Euphemia were the eyes of woman. Surely Mr. Karl should be the child of fortune. His looks should propitiate the goddess even as they pleased the honest eyes of Euphemia. And would Mr. Karl take early morning tea? Euphemia could manage it. She was ready to surrender her sugar ration.

Rebecca, refilling Karl's glass and her own, looked at her son with little sparks of light in her eyes. All barriers were down between them. Her beloved was no stranger to be watched and wondered about, but a child who asked questions and was innocently frank in his confessions. Hence the sparkle in her eyes, eyes that would never be old, because she understood youth and loved it. Life was going to be a good business for both of them, and not merely in the quest of the Apples of Gold. And what were Karl's ideas? To paint the town blue or red? "No, not red, my dear—please—not red." His ambitions? Karl, full of good wine and the company of this best of friends, let his youth go. Yes, he wanted to live, laugh, shine, swagger a little. He wanted success, freedom, money. No, he had no urge to reform or to uplift humanity.

"I'm rather damnably ambitious. You have to be rather full of yourself."

She exulted.

"That's what I want you to be, Karl. The people who set up as saints—are just that—because there is no devil in them. Don't be a saint."

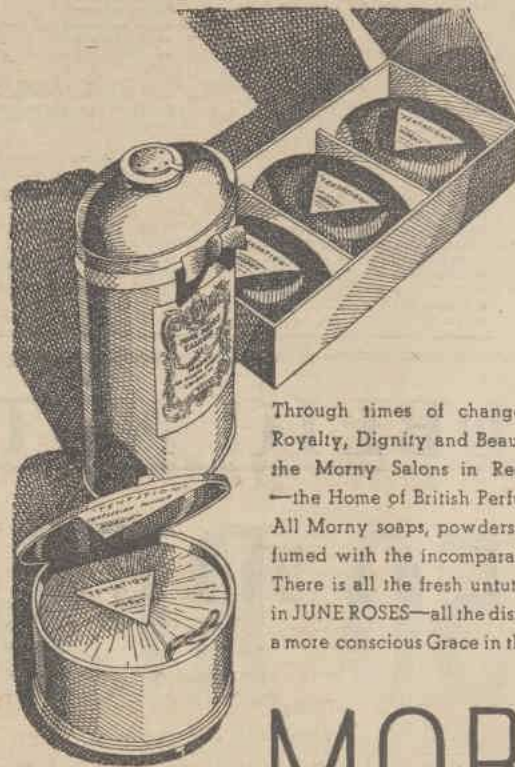
He got up and stood by the fire, and leaning one shoulder against the mantelpiece, looked down at her.

"I feel I have the stuff in me. I'm not ranting. It's rather astonishing when you first realise that there is something big and strange inside one."

She raised her glass and her forehead eyes to the lovely audacity of youth. That was the cry she asked for, not whimpering and moaning, or the snarling of weaklings with a grievance.

"It's in you, Karl. Brought anything back with you?"

Please turn to Page 50



Through times of change and many reigns, Royalty, Dignity and Beauty have mingled in the Morny Salons in Regent Street, London,—the Home of British Perfumery.

All Morny soaps, powders and creams are perfumed with the incomparable Morny perfumes. There is all the fresh untutored charm of Youth in JUNE ROSES—all the disturbing complexity of a more conscious Grace in the new TENTATION.

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£25 Cash Must Be Won "Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 24

£25 CASH WILL BE AWARDED TO THE COMPETITOR WHO OBTAINS THE GREATEST NUMBER OF NAMES FROM THE LIST GIVEN BELOW. IN THE EVENT OF TIES PRIZE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED EQUALLY.

This list below is made up of names of featured film players, the first letter only of the Christian name being given. The surname is jumbled with the addition of one unnecessary letter. See example, STAN LAUREL, the extra unnecessary letter being "P". Include this name in your solution as Number 1. NOTE: (1) Additional entries must be written out separately. (2) Alterations cannot be accepted. (3) MISPELT NAMES COUNT AS ERRORS.

IMPORTANT: Use the diagram for working out your solution, and, when you have solved the names, write your list in order on a sheet of plain paper (one side only). Enclose a Postal Note for 1/- as entry fee—additional entries will be charged 6d. each—(stamps will not be accepted), and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, MARCH 6th, 1936. "FILM STARS" COMPETITION, G.P.O. Box 3824T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

No. 1. STAN	ALLPURE	LAUREL	No. 9. G	SONGSWAN
2. O	HAYROD		10. V	YANKBY
3. B	BYNCROS		11. P	CASKLU
4. A	NSTEW		12. E	LADYE
5. F	MORENAG		13. T	SEWALL
6. D	NOTKENY		14. C	MREOOO
7. A	HARDYGIN		15. C	GABNEL
8. G	KERHARK		16. J	DNUNG

Prize Money is deposited with "Australian Women's Weekly."

Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final.

RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER ON ISSUE DATED MARCH 21st.

"Search For Film Stars" Competition No. 21

RESULT.
One competitor submitted an entry containing twenty-five correct names of featured players. This was the greatest number of correct names received, and in accordance with the conditions of the competition, he receives the prize, £25 cash.
H. G. TOPHAM, 36 Young Street, Sydney.

Names
Obtained
By Winning
Competitor
1. Oreta Garbo; 2. Jack Oakie; 3. Mae West; 4. Gary Cooper; 5. Grant Cooper; 6. George Cooper; 7. Gladys Cooper; 8. Gerald Cooper; 9. Lewis Stone; 10. Robert Ames; 11. Rosemary Ames; 12. Roscoe Ames; 13. Billie Dove; 14. Jessie Love; 15. Katharine Hepburn; 16. George Brent; 17. James Hall; 18. Jean Hersholt; 19. Barbara Stanwyck; 20. Mary Pickford; 21. Douglas Fairbanks; 22. Barbara Stanwyck; 23. Ralph Lynn; 24. Carole Lombard; 25. Carmen Bonard.

Continued from Page 49

HE smiled at her and then looked at the fire. "Oh, yes, a play. I wrote it out there." His smile became whimsical. "I think it's rather a good play."

"Let me read it." "It's in manuscript." "Don't be silly, dear. I could read you backwards. I'll take the play to bed with me."

She did. "Golden Rain" was contained in a cheap exercise book, and Rebecca sat up in bed and read Karl's play from cover to cover. She was no dramatic critic, merely a shrewd and large-hearted creature with a knowledge of life that had not come to her from books. The play astonished her. It was so vigorous, colorful, mature. Whence this brilliance, this comprehension, this raw bright realism? A boy like Karl! How did he know? But that was just it: a genius. She laid the script on the quilt and sat staring, with her face cap over one eye. But this was tremendous! She knew a thing or two about life! Couldn't she spot the value of a fur coat? And her beloved had written this.

She bundled out of bed, and upstairs on her bare feet, to knock at her son's door.

"Asleep?" "No. Anything wrong?" "My dear, it's tremendous. Sir Oscar Bloom has got to read it." Karl sat up in bed. "Oscar Bloom? You don't mean to say you know him?" "Oh, don't II" said his mother, "he's a friend of old Max Isenstein's. Karl, I'm coming in."

And she went, voluminous in white, turbulent, triumphant. Karl was sitting up in bed in pale blue pyjamas. He saw his mother's excited face.

"You're a bit prejudiced, Mother, aren't you?"

She fell upon him and kissed him. "I should say so, and with reason. My dear, I always had a feeling that you could do it, but not like this!"

She talked of seeing Sir Oscar Bloom. At supper some evenings later Karl had the air of a young man feeding upon secret preoccupations. His mother could observe such matters and refrain from remarking upon them. She was wise as to certain of her son's activities. He was at work on a new play; he was boxing and dancing; she could detect signs of a new world-confidence. He could tie

Sackcloth into Silk

his own dress tie. He put in two hours reading a day. He looked very fit and happy.

At the end of the meal he said to her, "I had some luck to-day."

"Sir Oscar?"

"No, almost better than that. Sir Oscar's secretary."

"Miss Buck?"

Karl concealed his surprise. "You know her?"

"I met her at lunch. And when, my dear?"

"Oh, I've been making a nuisance of myself at the Parthenon—I haven't been able to penetrate to the presence, but—"

"She told you to send in the play?"

"I took her out to lunch, mother."

"Miss Buck went out to lunch with you?"

"Yes. I think I have got her interested in the play."

His mother looked at him shrewdly, but she did not tell him that a woman might be interested in something else. Now, what sort of creature was Miss Buck? Was she Catherine of Russia

or Romance? Rebecca had seen Sir Oscar's secretary as a hard-bitten, colorful lady of three and thirty. Well, these hazards had to be met in the course of adventure, and Karl's mother attempted no interference.

"She may be very useful, Karl." "She may be. She's going to read the play."

Next morning Rebecca took a taxi to Max Isenstein's. She and Max understood not only business, but each other.

"Max, I want to ask you a question."

"Ask it, my dear."

"You know Oscar's secretary?"

"I should say I do."

"Has she any influence?"

"With Oscar?"

"Yes."

Mr. Isenstein looked sly.

"She's one of the toughest propositions in London. What she says to Oscar, goes."

Rebecca jiggled a foot and looked dark.

"What sort of woman is she?"

"Emancipated, my dear."

"Damn it, Max," said Karl's mother,

"that rather leaves me in the cupboard. Is she sentimental sort?" Mr. Isenstein chuckled inwardly. "Shouldn't say so, Becky. Likes life a la carte."

Rebecca smiled at him shrewdly.

"Well, that's a relief. But one can never be sure."

KARL arrived at Miss Buck's flat with a neat brown parcel and an incipient black eye. The brute could not be helped. He had received it in a two minutes' scrap with Mr. Jack Jones, his professor.

"You go for me, air. No feather dusters."

Karl had gone for him wholeheartedly, and Mr. Jones had fought back. "Sorry, sir, I didn't mean to jab quite so hard, but you asked for it," Karl had laughed.

"And got it. How did it shape?" Mr. Jones had grinned at him. "You've got the spirit."

Miss Buck herself opened the door to him. She had no resident maid. She was in an evening gown of apple-green, and she had had her hair waved.

"Well—here you are."

She glanced at his brown paper parcel.

"I have taken you at your word."

"I don't say things I don't mean."

She led the way into her sitting-room, and Karl saw a sofa covered with yellow brocade, an occasional table with a whisky decanter, a syphon and glasses, and a silver cigarette-box. The room was lighted by a shaded lamp on a second table. A gas stove was burning.

"The sofa's the most comfy place."

Karl sat down and laid his hat, gloves, and parcel beside him on the sofa. She stood by the table.

"Have a little drink?"

"Thanks. May I?"

And then she saw that half-closed, swollen eye.

"My dear, what—have—you been doing?"

"You mean—my eye?"

"I do."

"Jack Jones, my boxing pro, gave it me."

"Hard luck."

"Oh—I asked for it—All in the day's play."

She took the stopper from the decanter, and began to pour whisky into a glass. She was generous with the whisky.

"Half and half?"

"No, right up, please, with soda."

Their fingers touched as she handed him the glass.

"Help yourself to a tag."

She sat down on the sofa and poured herself out a whisky.

"Well, here's luck—to the play."

They drank, and then she appeared to notice his hat and gloves and the parcel lying between them. She gathered them up, and placed them on the table under the lamp.

"Now tell me things."

SHE found him a

little shy, and she liked him all the better for it, though he had shown no shyness when he had been delivering a frontal attack upon the defences of Sir Oscar Bloom. But this was a different affair, more oblique, an incident in billets, two people sitting on a sofa and appraising each other. She was much older than he was, so much more mature and experienced, and able to introduce into the interplay a discrimination that was catholic. He might be able to use his fists, but his eyes, mouth, ears and hands were sensitive.

"Tell me things."

"What things?"

"About yourself."

"Don't you get the precedence?"

She looked at him whimsically through her cigarette smoke.

"Wouldn't interest you, would it?"

"Why not? You're rather unusual."

"Think so? I've been a chorus girl, and I've run an hotel."

"Well, that's real."

"So the war blew up your illusions?"

"Not quite. It blew up a lot of humbug. It made some of us more real."

He observed her. Her lids were half-closed. She had a handsome head, a fine throat, strong shoulders. Yes, she was very real. There was nothing flimsy or finicky about her, a strong, attractive creature in her pagan health.

He said, "My mother used to keep a shop. Yes, I served in the shop till the war came."

"That wasn't—the whole story."

"No. I began with a toy theatre when I was a kid. It's always been in my mind. I have more than a feeling."

She nodded her head at him.

"Can you take knocks? Well, like that eye? I should say you can. Because you may get them."

He gave her a curious smile.

"Nothing could be quite so bad—as the war. I may have to be punched into learning all the tricks of the game."

She said, "I may be able to save you some of those knocks."

Please turn to Page 51

PUBLIC NOTICE

£250 REWARD

£250 in Cash will be divided among the successful competitors in Grace Bros.' Women's Industries and School Children's Handicrafts Exhibition, which commences on Thursday, June 4, 1936.

ALL ENTRIES FOR THESE EXHIBITIONS ARE FREE, and competitors are at liberty to purchase their materials wherever they please.

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Sackcloth into Silk

THERE was not much that Miss Buck did not know about the dramatic world, and not very much that she did not know about men, but even the great ones of the earth were guessing. What did the public want after four years of war? "Chu Chin Chow" and "Romance" were breaking records, but it was unwise to assume that the public would continue to crowd to such products.

Like Rebecca, Miss Buck read "Golden Rain" in bed while smoking a sequence of cigarettes. She had never known herself to get excited about a play. Possibly she had been promising herself more excitement from the playwright than from his work, but she read "Golden Rain" at one sitting—or rather—at one lying. It astonished her. It was not only devilish clever but devilish real. It moved her, and she could say to herself, "I'm pretty tough, but this makes me feel queer in my throat and funny." It was not a literary play. The construction and the craftsmanship of it struck her as admirable. Had she not watched some twenty plays in production, and she knew when a thing worked and when it would get across the footlights. Terse vital dialogue, movement, one big situation, and an unexpected curtain. But not too unexpected. The public must be allowed to feel that it has been wise all the time.

She sat up in bed and lit a last cigarette. "By God, but the boy's got it. He wasn't bluffing." Nevertheless, she knew how to approach Sir Oscar. She sent the play back to Highbury Terrace by a special messenger with a note enclosed. "My Dear—

I think this is it. But let us be quite official. Post your play to us as though nothing had happened behind the scenes. Let it drop from the 'files,' so to speak. Even great men like to make discoveries."

FOR Bertha Buck this was a very generous gesture, and though in later years she did boast that she had been the first person to read a Kesteven play, she allowed Sir Oscar Bloom his panache.

She admitted herself casually into the presence, with "Golden Rain" in her hand.

"We have had twenty-one submitted this week. But here is something you might like to read."

"Who sent it? Green? I told Green that if he pushed any more pups on me."

"No. It came by post. Quite an unknown name, a man named Kesteven."

Sir Oscar looked at her sharply. "Kesteven?"

"Yes."

"Any letter with it?"

"Of course."

"What sort of letter?"

Miss Buck went for the letter. It was formal and brief, and it attempted no introduction, nor did it claim favor or privilege. Sir Oscar puffed out his cheeks, a trick of his.

"I think I know this fellow's mother. She—"

But never mind. "I'll read the thing. You've read it?"

"Yes, just—in the way of business."

"Any good?"

"I think it shows very distinct promise."

She was clever in her camouflage. Sir Oscar became sulky and truculent when he had cause to suspect that someone was using secret diplomacy. He would swear that he was one of the most pestered men in London. Asked out to dinner by some fashionable person, he went, expecting to find some fellow who was wangling an introduction, or to have a play pushed up his sleeve. He was suborned, flattered, ambushed. Even in the sanctuary of his club members would come and sit by him. "I say, Oscar, I've got a nephew who." People tried to foist upon him young women who were convinced they could act. And Miss Buck was employed to stand behind him or in front of him with a swatting and keep off his swarm of insects. He relied upon her ruthlessness and her integrity, or rather—he paid her generously to be ruthless and unscrupulous. So, she trotted lightly, and he did not suspect her of smuggling young Kesteven in at the sacred door.

Continued from Page 50

well, never mind the critics. There were only two or three dramatic critics in London who mattered. The rest were young jacks. Get the public, and the critics could go to blazes. Who ever sat down to write a play or a novel for the critics? Shakespeare was not exactly a moron. He wrote for his public, all his public, great gentlemen and shopkeepers.

Sir Oscar read the first act. It pleased him so well that he got out of bed, lit the stove, put on a dressing-gown and slippers, and sat down in front of the stove. He liked to smoke when he read a new play, but on this occasion he did not smoke. It began to dawn upon him as he read that this was the very play his feeling for things had on it. Next day he passed on "Golden Rain" to his stage-manager at the Parthenon.

"Read that, Jack. See what you think of it."

Two days later Jack Hammond came into the "Presence" with Karl's play in his hand.

"I don't know what you think, sir, but my feeling is that we've got a winner."

"That's my feeling, too, my lad. It's a perfect play from the public's point of view. Gives 'em just what they want, and something more. The something more is for the few. It gets the belly and the head. Darned few plays do that."

"Who is Kesteven?"

"Quite a youngster, I believe. I've been looking for the ornate man. He may be it."

Miss Buck had been listening at the door. When Mr. Hammond passed out and Sir Oscar rang his bell for her, she carried to him a ten in the morning secretarial face, her notebook and her pencil.

"Oh, Miss Buck, about that play?"

"What play, sir?"

"That thing you passed to me, 'Golden Rain.'"

"Oh, yes, I remember, sir."

"I rather like it. It is a little young, of course, but it has points. Drop a line to the author, and tell him to come and see me."

"At once, sir?"

"Well—say to-morrow, about twelve."

KARL'S first impression of Sir Oscar Bloom was that of a fat man seated at a desk as though he and the desk were attached to each other. Karl saw a large, wax-white face, coffee-colored eyes, a cap of oiled black hair. Sir Oscar's torso was short and thick, the legs under the desk of the same quality. His hands were engaged in filling a gold cigarette-case with Egyptian cigarettes, and the movement of his fingers were deliberate and neat.

"Good morning, Mr. Kesteven."

"Good morning, sir."

"Sit down. I think I know your mother."

Caricaturists gave Sir Oscar a top hat, fur coat and cigar, and the face of the creature might be white wool, vellum or marble. The coffee-colored eyes were smudged in large and black. A very spiteful fellow had drawn a picture of him as "Joshua Before the Walls of Jericho." Sir Oscar's enemies were many, and yet like Diarrhea he had a happy way of confounding them by being what many of them were not, a gentleman, and something of a genius. They had to allow him a sense of color and a feeling for the drama's atmosphere, though they spoke of these qualities as the attributes of a flashy Oriental. Sir Oscar's intimates were equally sure that he was Aryan, and not yellow hard. His smile was rare, and his sense of humor precious, and as though to fool his enemies he would sometimes cultivate an air of apocryphal coarseness. He liked or he did not like. He did not trouble to express dislike, but ignored the people and things that were displeasing to him. That saved time and tissue. It was not truculence, but efficiency.

Karl and Sir Oscar looked at each other, the young man and the autocrat of five and fifty.

"This play of yours, Mr. Kesteven," Karl waited, faintly smiling.

"I like it. Why didn't you get an introduction to me through your mother?"

Karl's smile became more pronounced.

"I think because I wanted to try it on my own. And you must be so bored, sir, with people cadging introductions."

Sir Oscar pushed his cigarette case across the desk.

"Yes, that's so. Smoke? How long have you been writing plays?"

Backache

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Backache, while in itself painful, is but a sign of some deep-seated trouble threatening your health. Because your kidneys are inflamed, clogged with impurities, or sluggish, they start aching.

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Insist on Fly-Tox. Economical because of its better quality.

COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY SPRAYS

INSIST ON FLY-TOX IT KILLS

Please turn to Page 52

F 36



Your Dog

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week

LISTLESSNESS in a dog is a sure sign that something is wrong with him. It is not natural for a dog to be tired out without reason. The trouble with most dogs is that their blood is full of impurities due to improper food. Even one meal of wrong food will often give rise to poisons and impurities in the blood which, by affecting the organs, produce listlessness, bad temper, moodiness, loss of appetite, etc.

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CONDITION POWDERS

Price—1/6 per Box of 20 Powders
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Sackcloth into Silk

Continued from Page 51

YOUTH can be like dynamite, provide one explosion, and end—in nothingness. Sir Oscar might be soapy-skinned, and outwardly stolid, but he was as quick as some women in getting an impression. He liked this lad. He liked the quiet way he sat there, his white teeth, his full-faced candor, his lack of obliquity. He did not fidget or exhibit temperment. Young Kesteven had manners, a dignity, and Sir Oscar had found most clever young men uncomfortable creatures. They seemed to sit on their cleverness as on a cushion full of pins. They were apt to be facetiously impertinent or aggressively servile. They either talked too much, or were insolently dumb. He would have said that ability and good manners do not go to the same tailor. The nice lads were—as a rule—unmarketable, and perhaps that was the reason why they were nice.

"Have you anything else you can show me?"

"Another play, sir? Yes, I have written two acts of another play."

"I should like to see it."

"Very good of you, sir, but it may take me a month to finish and correct. To be frank, I don't want to be hurried. One shouldn't be caught with one's pants down."

"Quite right. Don't hurry. Youth's in such a devil of a hurry, wants success quickly. I think there may be a future for 'Golden Rain.' You may agree to let me try it out at my Repertory Theatre. But I should like to read that second play."

Karl was about to thank him, but Sir Oscar had not finished.

"You're rather young, you know. That's a very insulting thing to say, isn't it? If I like the second play—we can begin to think of an agreement. Got an agent?"

"No, sir."

"You will have to employ an agent. Talk it over with your mother. She is a good business woman, I believe. Later, you may be able to manage your own affairs."

"Couldn't I leave it to you, sir?" Sir Oscar's brown eyes twinkled. "I might do you, you know!"

He looked at his watch.

"Well, what about some lunch? Come out and lunch with me at my club."

Karl was a little flushed.

"I'd love to, sir."

He helped Sir Oscar on with his overcoat, and passed out with him into the ante-room. Miss Buck was busy with her typewriter, her face dejected and impersonal.

"Going to lunch, Miss Buck. I shall be back at two-thirty."

"Very good, sir."

Karl happened to meet Miss Buck's blue eyes. She closed one of them behind Sir Oscar Bloom's back.

Karl had his own latchkey, and as he opened the door of No. 13 he heard a voice, a familiar and unpleasant voice, loud, declamatory and alcoholic, the voice of Brother George. Karl stood still. The voice of this silly brute who was his brother brought back memories of red knuckles and squelches of bullying laughter, brother George, back from the war after six months in an M.T. section of the A.S.C. at a base-port, and very much in liquor, had turned up to see what he could get out of the old woman.

Karl listened for half a minute before opening the dining-room door. He saw his mother sitting, white and solid in a chair by the window, her hands crossed on a bag that lay in her lap. George was in khaki, and on the hearth-rug. His service-cap lay on the table. He had brought into this quiet room a smell of dirty clothes and sweat.

His blue eyes bulged at Karl out of an evil and inflamed face.

"Hallo—oo here's Mr. Change-Me-Name. The little hero, what?"

Rebecca sat very still with her eyes on her youngest son.

"You had better leave George to me, Karl."

Karl closed the door. He knew, as well as his mother did, that George became actively dangerous when in liquor. So, George had been trying to bully his mother, and Rebecca was afraid for his—Karl's—sake.

Karl was brittle ice. He had heard some of the nice things that Brother George had been saying.

"Back from your war, George."

His brother's lower lip stuck forward. The large red face was thrust forward on the thick stalk of its neck.

"Feeling funny, are you?"

"Just a little."

"See here, my kid, I'm not taking any lip from you."

Karl's eyes fixed themselves on that red and brutal mouth. He wanted to hit that mouth.

"Too much rum ration, I think."

He heard a faint, crackling sound, and, turning his head, saw something crisp and white in his mother's hands. "I won't have any rowing here, George. Here's something."

But Karl put himself quickly between mother and son. He kept his eyes on his brother.

"Put the money away, Mother."

George lurched forward, and so brought his large red face nearer to Karl's.

"You keep out of this business, see. You go outside, girlie, and leave me and the old woman alone."

Karl smiled at him.

"Think so? Well, think again."

He turned to his mother. He slipped a hand under her arm.

"Go upstairs, Mother. I'll talk to George."

REBECAHA surprised herself and her sons by allowing herself to be put gently out into the hall by Karl. "Go upstairs, Mother. I can manage." She went up the stairs. She heard the voice of George say, "You have got the old woman in your pocket, haven't you?" Rebecca sat down on the stairs just above the first landing, with her bag still in her hands. Perhaps Karl had been right not to let her buy off that blackguard George. But would Karl?

Something was knocked over in the dining-room. It was followed by a second crash, a spurt of foul language, and a jingling of glass on the side-board. Rebecca got to her feet and looked over the bannisters. Was Karl being knocked about by that drunken brute? She would go down—And then she saw a brown figure with its arms covering its head come backing out into the passage.

"Blast you!"

A white object shot out and up and caught George on the jaw. George's legs seemed to give way; he crumpled, and his mother sat down again on the stairs. Karl had knocked the blackguard out. Well, wasn't that splendid!

She saw Karl opening the front door. She watched a flaccid, fuddled and inco-ordinate figure being bundled down the passage and pushed out into the street.

But that was not quite the end of the incident. A greasy service-cap had been left on the dining-room table. Karl went for it and tossed it out into the roadway. He shut the front door and came to the foot of the stairs.

"He won't try it on again, Mother."

"Oh, my dear!"

"By the way, I think Sir Oscar is going to stage 'Golden Rain.'"

(To Be Continued)

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TREATMENT: Rub Rexona Ointment lightly over the surface; or, if the skin has blistered smear Rexona thickly on a bandage and apply gently.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

February 29, 1936.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

53

Needlework Witchery!

BERTHA MAXWELL creates four distinctive borders for decorating blouses, jackets, etc., and offers the two smart styles featured here for the not-so-slim.

ALL the newest fashion notes from the great dressmaking houses abroad draw constant attention to hand needlework as being the ideal form of frock decoration; I think we know that already, for it is always true, but perhaps we forget it for a while.

Included in our needlework list for this year are several lovely things for day and evening wear, with just that tiny touch of the needle which will lift our frocks out of the daily sameness which makes them merely clothing.

PASSING through a great city store the other day, I noticed a girl who appeared to be the cynosure of all eyes as she moved about her shopping. The reason? Her plain, cool, green frock was decorated with a little white hand embroidery giving it that subtle note of distinction which is so lacking in most of our wardrobes. And every woman who watched her was wondering why she herself had not thought of the same thing, the little bit of needlework so easy to do.

We should use more handwork on our clothing. These garments and their borders will be the first step in the right direction this year.

The jacket and blouse on this page have been specially designed for our readers, in patterns which will take needlework in a simple, effective manner, and then the small borders have been designed for them, so that there is nothing haphazard in the combination of the two. And you will be pleased to know that the patterns are available in O.S. measurements. Great attention has been paid to the cutting of a pattern shape which has slimming lines in both garments. Notice their lovely simplicity, and the way in which the eye is attracted to the interesting needle effects. A result so perfect is only achieved when artist and dress-designer work hand in hand to produce garments of true distinction.

These are the prices of patterns and transfers, with simple directions for putting the garments together. There is almost nothing to do in the making.

Hand-cut patterns of blouse and jacket in sizes 36, 40, and 42-inch bust cost 1/- each. Transfer measures 10 x 24 inches, giving half a yard each of four borders, three-quarters to one inch wide. Price 1/-.

Jacket and Blouse

FOR the bridge jacket you will need 2½ yards of 36-inch material, and if the jacket is to be lined, the same amount of lining, four buttons, the transfer, and thread to embroider.

There are three pattern pieces: half-front, half-back, and sleeve. Lay centre-back to the fold of material and cut front and sleeve double. Allow for seams. Cut lining the same. Join shoulder and underarm seams, set in sleeves. Make the lining up and attach to jacket by turning both edges in and clip-stitching together. Sew buttons in place.

Note: This jacket would look very handsome made in black velvet, lined with white satin and embroidered with silver or gold thread. To do this you will have to sew the transfer to the material and sew the thread to the design, tearing the paper away after.

For the blouse you will need two yards of 36-inch material and the transfer. The blouse is cut with a slight cowl in front, and a seam down the arm. There are two pattern pieces, half-back and front. Join pieces to the end of each sleeve for the extra length. The

embroidery being worked over this to hide the join.

Face the front neck with a two-inch strip of bias material. Join the sleeve seams and then embroider. Join underarm seams, slit the cowl down for three inches, bind, and face back neck. Fasten with a button and loop. Face lower edge of sleeves with a two-inch strip of bias material. Turn a narrow hem at lower edge, make a casing at waist and thread elastic through.

The Transfer

THIS gives half a yard each of the four quaintly-pretty little borders. If you need more than this quantity order two or three sheets of transfer. The top border, composed of bowls of flowers in conventional style, is one-inch wide. The other three are three-quarters of an inch wide.

All the borders may be clipped into motifs and spaced out to cover more material, or used as single pieces of work on collars, cuffs, pockets, and underwings. There are simply dozens of ways of using these sweet patterns.

The Bowl of Flowers: Outline the bowl curve with black or brown thread. Then buttonhole all round the circular flowers from the centre outwards, and make the narrow leaves with a lazy-daisy stitch or outline.

Put a spot of yellow or black in the flower centres, and work the round part in any bright color you think will suit your material. Use several colors for the flowers, pink, blue, and mauve perhaps, with green leaves and the round spot between the bowls in black or green.

The Cross-Stitch: Nothing could be simpler than this little design, and yet it is able to express itself as a flower border by the use of color. The group of five stitches is a typical cross-stitch flower.

If the centre stitch is yellow or gold, and the four outer ones are blue, rose, or any good flower color, the

OTHER PATTERNS AND TRANSFERS

MANY lovely fashion items which have been designed by Bertha Maxwell have appeared in previous issues, and are still available at our offices.

Patterns for two blouses, one short-sleeved, square-necked, the other with long, full sleeves and circular yoke, 1/1 each. 12 x 12 transfer sheet, carrying 8 conventional rose motifs with massed leaves in garland effect, for 1/-.

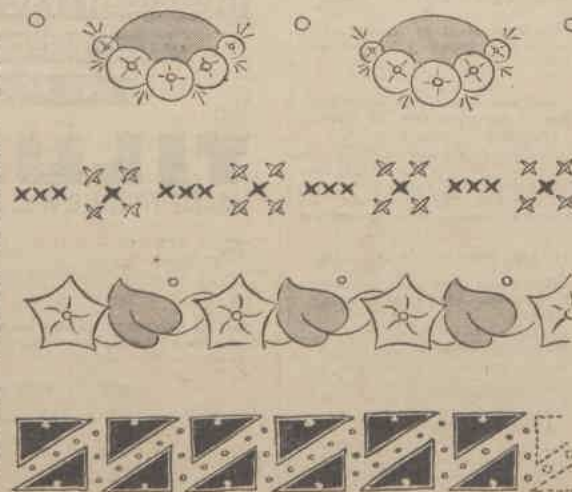
Smart unisex overall, Patterns 1/1 each. Transfer sheet, giving 1 yard design for running-stitch and 4 corners, specially designed for overalls decoration, 1/-.



THIS smart bridge jacket, specially designed for the not-so-slim, has a score of uses. With the pattern, and directions given in this article, anyone can make it with ease. Pattern costs 1/-.

LEFT: The simple lines of this Maggy blouse will appeal in the not-so-slim. The cowl-like neck can be made lower by the wearing of a clip brooch. Pattern costs 1/-.

DESIGN showing portion of transfer for four different borders for various kinds of stitchery—satin-stitch, outline, cutwork, and cross-stitch; borders are from three-quarters to one inch wide, and transfer gives 2yd. each. Price 1/-. You may use these little borders also for small pieces of house linen, for aprons, guest-towels, and children's frocks.



effect is gained instantly. The three stitches intervening should be green. The whole border may be worked in one color. Keep all the stitches facing in the same direction.

The Flower Border: A pink or purple convolvulus, with green leaves and stems, travelling along with quick outline stitches. And if you want something very unusual, work the flower in rose-pink of a rather deep hue, and all the leaves and stems in black very loosely on white linen or muslin.

Cutwork Border: This is very good for cutting into small square motifs for the ends of ties or long collars, or for cutting into groups of three or more squares. The working is so simple that anyone may attempt it with success; just a running thread round each triangle, then buttonholing inwards and clipping out, with a few dots or knots as shown, the finished result being a dignified border suitable for the best fabrics.

If it is just as handsome if each triangle is satin-stitched instead of being worked in cut embroidery. For very quick, simple work, outline the whole design and you will be pleased with it.

Use these little borders also for small pieces of house linen, aprons, towels, and children's frocks.



PREVENT CRACKS: Glass dishes have often been cracked by pouring hot dessert into them. To prevent this occurring stand the dish to be filled on a wet cloth. This will prevent the glass from cracking.

BUYING STAIR CARPET: Allow at least an extra yard when buying your stair carpet. After a year or so of hard wear you will be able to move the carpet either up or down, and so equalise the wear.

FOR DRESSMAKERS:—Women who will let the vera-vail to the ground when sewing would do well to lay generous sheets of newspaper on the floor under and all around the table. Instead of endless sweeping and tidying up you may then roll up the scraps into a tidy bundle.



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Says her work would have suffered but for the tonic effect of her nightly Bourn-vita. Read this woman secretary's letter:—

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Felton, Grimwade & Duerdin Ltd., Melbourne

READERS' RECIPES *Tried* and Found WORTHY Prize-Winning Entries in Our Weekly Competition

Judged the best for one week, these excellent recipes given below will help you out with your culinary problems. They are all recipes that have been entered by readers in our weekly recipe competition. With a sweet, savory, cake, or biscuit, or any dish at all, you may secure a prize yourself.

WRITE a good recipe out, endorse it "Post Recipes," and send it to our offices.

There are no tiresome rules—your recipe, if it is good and better than the rest, will win you either first prize of £1, second prize of 10/-, or one of the four consolation prizes of 2/6 each.

JUGGED PIGEONS

Cut up 4 birds in halves, melt 3 tablespoons butter in a stew pan

wider than before. Use a small skewer to place figures in position.
Second Prize of 10/- to K. Fisher, Princess Ave., Caulfield E.S. Vic.

WATERMELON-RIND PICKLES

Use thick rinds. Remove green skin and all pink portion. Cut in pieces about an inch or two square. Soak overnight in salt water. Drain and rinse in fresh water. Boil rinds half an hour in water to which enough alum has been added to make water taste rather strongly of alum.
Drain and rinse. To 4lb. rind add 3lb. sugar and 1 quart vinegar, 3 sticks

Cooking Hints

If tomatoes have become soft and only fit for cooking, here's a way to revive them and make them firm again: Place them in a basin of cold water in which some cooking salt has been dissolved. Leave for two hours, and on lifting them out you will find they have regained their firmness.

Make cream go round further by whipping up the white of an egg and mixing it with the cream. Add a pinch of salt or bicarbonate of soda to fruit which is being stewed, and you will need far less sugar.

for two days (one in a hot climate) to drip and solidify. Take out of the cloth and mash with a fork, adding salt and pepper, and fresh cream to make a smooth, stiff paste.

Caraway seeds, or dried herbs, may be added. Put into a small basin lined with muslin and press for a few hours under a heavy weight.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Wright, 112 Brisbane St., Hobart.

PEANUT SHORTBREAD

Twelve ounces plain flour, 8oz. butter, 4oz. castor sugar. The filling: 2oz. butter, 2oz. castor sugar, 2oz. flour, 2oz. ground peanuts, 2oz. whole peanuts.

Make the shortbread by creaming butter and working in sugar and flour gradually. Knead till smooth. Roll out till one-third of an inch thick, and lay on a greased Yorkshire pudding tin, pressing back the edges to make them thick.

Prepare the nut mixture by creaming butter and sugar till soft, and working in finely-ground nuts and flour. Spread this mixture on the shortbread, and sprinkle on the top the remainder of the peanuts cut into rough pieces.

Press them in slightly, mark in sections, and put into a rather slow oven for 30 minutes till pale yellow—not brown—in color. If kept in a tin will remain fresh and crisp for a month.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Thomson, George St., Moonta, S.A.

BUTTER SPONGE

Half-pound butter, 1lb. flour, 1lb. soft sugar, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 extra teaspoonful flour.

Beat butter, add flour, beat together till white. Beat sugar and eggs together till stiff and frothy. Pour eggs and sugar into the butter and flour and mix well together. Then add baking powder and tablespoonful of flour (sifted). Put equal portions into sandwich tins and bake in a moderately hot oven 25 to 30 minutes. Turn on to sieve to cool. This may be used as a foundation of many sandwiches or cooked in flat tin and cut into fancy shapes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. I. Newton, 4 Brady St., Croydon, N.S.W.

TEA-POT TALES By JOHN ROGERS



"The man with the sack" a popular teapot shape of 1780. A cadogan or lidless teapot.



100 years ago an old lady, who received a small package of tea sent her by her son, boiled the tea and ate the leaves.



LORD NELSON

Lord Nelson was presented by Lloyds with a silver tea set in recognition of his services in protecting British merchant shipping during the wars with the French.

with 4 tablespoons of finely-chopped onions. Fry onions a deep golden-brown. Then fry a couple of slices of bacon.

When cooked, remove onions and bacon and place pigeons in fat and fry for 5 minutes. Add 11 cups good stock. 2 glasses of sherry wine, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon celery salt.

Stew slowly for 40 minutes. Put back the bacon and onions with the pigeons. Simmer again for 15 minutes. Turn out on dish, garnish with green peas and mashed potatoes. Serve very hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Pease, 19 Council St., Cook's Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.

CLOCK CAKE

One and a half cups self-raising flour, 1 cup warm milk, 1lb. butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, one at a time. Then add milk and flour. Beat thoroughly. Turn the mixture into a large, shallow, round tin, thoroughly greased. Bake in moderate oven.

TO ICE AND DECORATE CAKE

Half-pound icing sugar, cochineal, 1 teaspoon crystallised cherries, angelica.

Sift sugar, add 2 drops cochineal, and add gradually sufficient water (hot) to make the icing fit a smooth stream to run from spoon. Pour on to cake, sides also, and smooth off with knife. Place cherry in centre and allow to set.

Cut angelica in even, narrow strips, and then in even, short, quarter-inch lengths, 36 altogether. Cut the hour and minute hands from strips slightly

of cinnamon, 3 blades of mace, and 1 tablespoon of cloves. Cook until clear. Seal in jars.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Z. Jennings, Hopetown St., North Ipswich, Qld.

MILK CHEESE

Take unboiled milk that has gone thick and pour into butter muslin. Hang

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AND KITCHEN

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MARBLE-FINISHED WALL PANELS

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FIRST DAYS in the KITCHEN



A Lesson for "Brand New" Housewives on the Buying and Storing of Foodstuffs—Plus a Few Good Recipes

A HOUSEWIFE, to be really successful, must not only be a good cook and housekeeper, but a good shopper also. Experience is, of course, the best teacher in this instance, but here is a helping-hand for the young bride who is out to make the best of her new job.

IN this week's page I refer to your shopping basket, or, to be exact, the things that take up the space in it. After all, buying is the very corner-stone of domestic economy.

If you are not a good buyer, money is wasted, and if you are not a good judge of quality the product of your labor in the kitchen will not be as good as that of the woman who has a keen sense of value.

Here are some hints on wise marketing:

It is advisable to pay cash for goods when possible, and to keep a strict account of all money you spend. Deal at shops that have a quick turnover, as the goods are more likely to be fresh.

Buy perishable goods in small quantities.

By . . .
RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

A WIRE bin for vegetables is a good investment.



IN A KITCHEN destitute of an array of built-in cupboards, a store cupboard like the one sketched above will serve splendidly. It could be constructed by the handyman at very little cost.

SCALLOPED CORN

One cup corn, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon plain flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, salt, cayenne, browned breadcrumbs.

Make a white sauce with the butter, flour and milk. Cook well. Add salt, cayenne, and corn. Pour into greased casserole or separate ramekins. Cover with breadcrumbs. Place in oven for a few minutes. Serve at once.

DEL MONTE TARTS

Half-pound good short crust, 1lb. seeded raisins, 2oz. currants, 1oz. sultanas, 2oz. chopped dates, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 6 tablespoons sherry, warm icing.

Chop the raisins and dates. Add the other ingredients and stir over the gas till thick and the moisture extracted. Make the short crust. Turn on to floured board. Roll out, cut into rounds with fluted cutter. Line deep patty tins with the rounds, prick the centres. Bake in moderate oven, and when half-cooked, fill with the mixture and return to the oven to finish cooking. Place on cake-cooler. When cold, ice the centre with warm icing made with sherry.

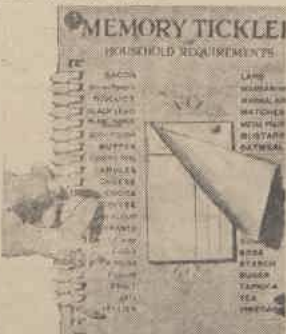
GRAPE JAM

Wash the grapes well, rub gently till soft. Place in preserving pan. Bring to boiling point. Add the sugar, allowing 1lb. of sugar to each 1lb. of fruit. Stir in well. Remove the seeds as they rise to the top. Boil quickly until it will set when tried on a cold saucer. Bottle at once. Tie down and store in cool, dry place.

ALMA CAKES

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 5oz. self-raising flour, jam.

Cream butter and sugar. Add beaten egg, then milk, lastly the well-sifted flour. Place a spoonful of the mixture in well-greased patty tins. Make a well in the centre of each, and put in a little jam. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes.



YOU CANNOT fail to keep your larder well stocked if you have a gadget like the one above to help your memory.



IT MAKES MATTERS a lot easier and cooking not such a bore if you have ingredients such as flour, sugar, salt, and the like, housed in neat canisters at your hand. A nice idea is to have them matching the color scheme of the room. Here you see Frances Langford, petite M.G.-M. star, at work in her kitchen. Note the convenient placing of canisters.

MONTE CARLO BISCUITS

One and a half ounces sugar, 1oz. butter, 2 tablespoons water, 8oz. self-raising flour.

Filling: 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon raspberry jam, added gradually.

Cream butter and sugar, add water and flour, roll into balls, mark with fork. Place on greased tin and bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Join with raspberry filling.

SMOTHERED EGGS

Three eggs, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon plain flour, 1 cup milk, salt, cayenne, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Make a white sauce with the butter, flour, and milk. Add salt and cayenne to taste. Pour into buttered fire-proof dish. Break eggs carefully on to a saucer, then slide them into the sauce

which should cover them. Bake in moderate oven till eggs are set. Cover with grated cheese. Return to oven for two or three minutes. Serve at once.

NAPOLEONS

Quantity of sponge mixture, 1lb. puff pastry, raspberry jam, whipped cream, boiled icing, chopped nuts.

Make the puff pastry. Roll into 16-inch square. Cut a thin strip off all round. Lay in greased swiss-roll tin. Bake in hot oven. Make the sponge mixture, and bake in a swiss-roll tin 25 to 30 minutes. When the pastry is cold, split it, spread with jam, then whipped cream. Lay on the sponge cake. Spread with jam, then cream, and lay on the other half of pastry. Cover the top with boiled icing. Sprinkle with nuts. Place under the grill for a few minutes. Cut into strips.



MOTHERS!

Give your children their milk-quota in tempting fresh fruit Junkets!

If your children won't drink milk, give them their daily requirement in the form of Hansen's delicious fruit Junkets! The colour, fragrance and real fruit flavours of these dainty Junkets encourage young appetites. Easily and quickly made with Hansen's Fruit Junket Essence, they solve the sweet problem for busy mothers.

Order some Hansen's Essence for Making Fruit Junkets in-day from your grocer—serve Fruit Junkets regularly to the family!

• If you prefer plain junket, you can get Hansen's Junket Tablets at all grocers.

HANSEN'S
Essence for making
FRUIT
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ORANGE—LEMON
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And so she chooses
Rosella.



The goodness of sun-ripened tomatoes in a delicious

Tomato Sauce

Discriminating housewives throughout Australia realize that every bottle of Rosella Tomato Sauce contains full value—the concentrated goodness of sun-ripened tomatoes, delicately spiced.

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Piles Go Quick

Without Salves or Cutting.

Thousands who have piles have not learned that quick and permanent relief can only be accomplished with internal medicine. Neither cutting nor any amount of treatment with ointments and suppositories will remove the cause. Bad circulation causes piles. There is a complete stagnation of blood in the lower bowl and a weakening of the parts. Dr. J. S. Leonhardt found the remedy and called his prescription *Vacuoloid*. He tried it in 1000 cases with the marvellous record of success in 98 per cent, and then decided it should be sold by chemists everywhere under a rigid money-back guarantee. Don't waste any more time with outside applications. Get a package of *Vacuoloid* to-day. It has given safe and lasting relief to thousands and will do the same for you, or costs you nothing ***

BRIGHTER GARDENS

At the time when other gardens are dreary, yours can be a vision of colorful splendour. If you sow these early-sown seeds NOW!

CALENDULA—CAMPFIRE—Large, brilliant, orange-scarlet, 60, pkt. CHLANTHUS—Choke-tail hybrids, long spikes, large blossoms, lovely blue shades, 1/-, pkt. GODETIA—Tall double, gorgeous mixture of colors, 50, pkt. PANSY—Early Winter Flowering Giants (mixed), 1/-, pkt. STOCK—Giant Perfection (2 fine strains), mixed, 50, pkt. SWEET WILIA—Early Winter Flowering, Frilled Spencers (Anderson's Special Mixture), 1/-, pkt.

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THERE ARE MANY grown-ups as well as young girls who would just love to have such a dainty and colorful home for their pretty 'kerchiefs. The sachet pictured above took less than half-an-hour to make.

WOULD YOU like the daintiest of floral kerchief sachets made of pastel-toned organdie mounted on matching silk? You may have a pansy, water lily, or rose, in green, pink, lemon, or blue. Measuring 8 x 8 inches, outlined with hemstitching and traced ready for rapid stitching, they're a marvelous value at 1/6 each.



New Life For Shrunken Frocks

A DRESS that has shrunk in the wash is one of life's minor tragedies. Yet there are several ways of fixing the matter up—by judicious cutting and insets—so that the dress will be almost as good as new.

If the dress is pulling under the arms and across the bust, cut down the centre of the bodice and insert a little front of contrasting silk. This may be carried to the waist, and finished off with a little belt tying at the back.

If you like you can turn the cut edges of the original frock back over the bodice like coat revers. If the sleeves have shrunk, too, slit the sides up to the elbows and insert material like that used in the bodice.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Conducted by
EVE GYE

Taffeta and Lace Make this 'Kerchief Sachet!

It's Easy and Inexpensive to Make, Too!

Young girls simply adore pretty things, and if you're looking for a birthday-gift idea for a youthful friend—or if you'd like something sweet and pretty for your own dressing-table, here's the very thing.

YOU can buy silk taffeta in the loveliest shades—in soft pastels, in deep, rich colors, in shot effects—for very little. You'll note that only half a yard of material is required for this sachet, so the cost is hardly worth worrying about. Gold lace, which looks so enchanting on ivory or colored silk taffeta, may be had at varying prices, but remnants sufficient to make a sachet or two may usually be picked up for a trifle.

To make the sachet you need 1/2 yard of 36-inch silk taffeta, 1 yard of 4-inch gold lace, 1 yard of 2-inch gold lace, 4 rounds of cardboard 6 inches in diameter, and a wooden ring the same size.

Cover one side only of each piece of cardboard with the taffeta, join two together for the lid and two together for the base.

Cut a strip of taffeta 5 inches wide and 27 inches long, join to the wide lace; cover the ring with the taffeta, gathering it slightly, gather up the taffeta edge to fit the base and join, then gather the lace to fit ring.

Gather the narrow lace round outside edge of lid, new lid to back of ring with a few firm stitches, and fasten in front with a covered button and loop.

THIS dainty transfer design, measuring 12 x 12 inches, costs but 9d.



Transfer with a hundred decorative ties—a crinolene lady, walking in her garden, the flowers on her skin and the flowers at her feet completing the dainty picture. The little lady is 7 1/2 inches tall.

"SUNDAY TRAFFIC" SLOWS UP ROMANCE



SUNDAY — 3:30 P.M.

HOW ABOUT TAKING THAT LAST HOUSE WE SAW? AND SAY, LET'S NOT WAIT, LET'S GET MARRIED—THEN COME BACK AND MOVE IN.

WITHOUT A STICK OF FURNITURE, SILLY! BUT MARTY, DEAR, DO LET'S TAKE THE HOUSE, I LOVE IT.



4:00 P.M.

MARTY, DEAR, WE'RE JUST CRAWLING! WE'LL NEVER GET HOME AT THIS RATE. SUN BEATS DOWN SO—WHEN IT'S HOT!



4:15 P.M.

OH, MARTY, CAN'T I EVEN PUT MY HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDER? YOU'RE SO SILENT. LET'S TALK ABOUT THE HOUSE. WASN'T THE BATHROOM SWEET?



SPEAKING OF BATHROOMS, GAL, WHEN WE GET MARRIED, WE'RE USING LIFEBOUY AND NOTHING BUT! SO REFRESHING—PREVENTS "B.O.", TOO.

MARTY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



WAS MARTY HINTING? IT WAS TERRIBLY HOT AND STICKY "B.O." WOULD BE NOTICEABLE.



GOOD THING I GOT SOME LIFEBOUY, SO COOLING THESE HOT DAYS. NO "B.O." WORRIES EITHER.



"B.O." GONE—Marty wants to sign up for life!

THERE, MARTY, YOU'VE SIGNED THE LEASE. YOU'LL HAVE TO MARRY ME NOW.

AS IF I'D LET YOU GO!



YOU DON'T SEEM TO NOTICE THE HEAT THESE DAYS!

NOT SINCE I'VE CHANGED TO REFRESHING LIFEBOUY BATHS.

Laugh at Heat Waves. The very scent of Lifebuoy—clean, hygienic, fresh—tells you how good you'll feel after a Lifebuoy bath. Heat, stickiness, fatigue, vanish in its rich refreshing lather. Hot weather can't depress you if you stick to Lifebuoy baths.

Safety for your skin

Millions of people all over the world are using Lifebuoy not only as a protection against "B.O." (body odour), but to safeguard the health of their skin. It's rich, purifying lather cleanses deeply removing all waste-matter from the pores and leaving the skin radiantly healthy. Lifebuoy's own hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.



Millions say . . . "It agrees with my skin."

GIVE THEM A Fresh LEASE OF LIFE!



DRAB CURTAINS and COVERS may be rejuvenated by skilful -laundering... or, if faded as well as jaded... given a new lease of life in a dye-bath

ALTHOUGH furnishing fabrics of the lighter calibre can be picked up for a mere song at the sales, many homekeepers hesitate to substitute the new for the not-so-new when rejuvenation methods are within their reach. And more especially as they can be given a fresh lease of life per medium of the dye-bath at a cost of next to nothing.

Chintzes, the fadeless cretonnes, and shadow-tissues, though costing a good deal in the first place, give amazing service, inasmuch as, with careful laundering, they emerge fresh as new. With the mark of summer upon them—dusty and perhaps a little faded—now is the time for them to face the tub—and so meet autumn and winter brightly.



By OUR HOME DECORATOR

AT A COST of almost next to nothing, plus a little patience, the color scheme of your room may be changed and curtains and bedspreads given a new lease of life, as it were. The curtains and bedcovers in this room were previously pastel-blue. By dyeing them an attractive rose color and changing the blue lampshade for one of rose it seems like a new room.

design. For instance, a deep pink for a rose-colored pattern, a deeper blue than delphinium or pastel-blue, and so on. A darker shade of dye than the original fabric color must always be used. Of course, you may bleach the articles. This can be done with chloride of lime.

if too dark or too bright you can adjust accordingly. Remember that, as a rule, material looks shades lighter when it is wet.

And, by the way, don't try to work with small bowls, for the fabric must be well covered the whole time.

Bleaching Possible

IN the case of cotton fabrics the color may be bleached by boiling in strong washing soda and water. The articles should, of course, be washed in the ordinary way before this is done.

Mix the dye strictly according to directions, and strain the solution into the dye-bath.

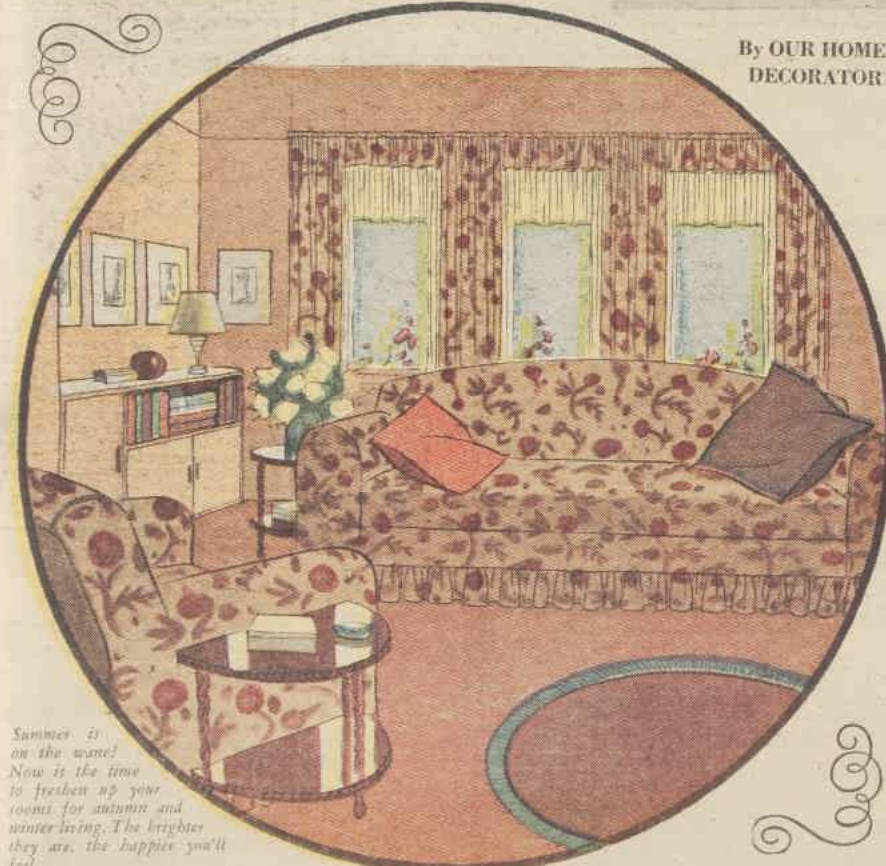
A simple way to manage this is to tie a piece of muslin over a bowl or basin and strain the solution through this muslin. Then remove muslin and pour the contents into the dye-bath. Now test the color on a small piece of similar material. Allow this to dry before proceeding. You will then know exactly how the finished article will look; if too light you can increase the color depth;

For an Even Effect

PUT the articles into the dye-bath wet. You will find that your dyeing will not be patchy or uneven if you put the material into the dye-bath wet. Place over the heat on the stove, and, using two smooth sticks or wooden spoons, keep the articles moving all the time.

Boil for the specified time—not two minutes under—then rinse under running water; rinse until no further dye comes out. Put a tablespoonful of salt in the final rinsing water; do not wring, but lift from the water, and hang the articles out to dry in the open air, but not in a strong light.

When they are almost dry, remove from line, and iron—iron while still damp.—E.E.G.



Summer is on the wane! Now is the time to freshen up your rooms for autumn and winter living. The brighter they are, the happier you'll feel.

SINCE chintz is enjoying such a revival for covers, curtains, bedspreads, and dressing-table flounces, many will no doubt welcome the right method for washing it.

Bran water should be used, as it brightens and slightly stiffens the material, and softens the water (this is good news to those who dwell in areas where the water is hard).

For a set of curtains about half a pint of bran is required. Put bran in a muslin bag and secure with tape or string, and place in a saucepan containing about a quart of water. Bring to boiling point, and let simmer for half an hour. Allow to cool. Remove bag, and add the bran water to the lukewarm, soapy water in which the articles are to be washed.

When washed, rinse first in warm water and then in cold. Add a tablespoonful of vinegar to each quart of water used for the

When Your Rug Refuses to Lie Flat

MANY an accident has occurred at many a room been spoiled by the edge of a rug or mat refusing to lie flat. Instead of keeping iron weights on the edge, or continually trying to smooth it flat as you pass, try this ingenious device:

See a length of thin millinery wire round the corner that curls up, on the wrong side. Bend the wire firmly so that it forces the mat to lie flat, and you won't have any more trouble—or any more tripping.

final cold rinse. This sets and brings out the color. Starch in the usual way. Use a hot iron, plenty of "elbow grease," and the polish will be perfect.

The process of dyeing is an absorbing occupation, and an

exciting one, for faded articles can be brought to new life at a cost of next to nothing.

Dyeing Essentials

THE first thing to do is to get all your materials to hand. You'll need a pair of rubber gloves, smooth wooden sticks or wooden spoons, strainer, basins, and the dye solution.

Wash the articles you are going to dye—disregard all instructions on the packet to the contrary.

It stands to reason that much better results are obtained if the article is free from dust, grime, and grease.

Oh! and be prepared to give your whole attention to the process. Running away in the middle of things may mean disaster.

If you are dyeing patterned materials it is a wise plan to choose a color that harmonises with the principal shade in the

"HE'S COMING

ALONG

MARVELLOUSLY"

thanks to—



ROBINSON'S

"PATENT"

BARLEY

You can successfully rear baby, even from birth, on cow's milk, modified by Robinson's "Patent" Barley. Cow's milk by itself is apt to be indigestible but the addition of Robinson's "Patent" Barley, as clearly and simply directed on every tin, makes cow's milk as digestible as breast milk.

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BF 31/1

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PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

51-172-43

A little PERSIL does a BIG JOB

"JOHNNIE IS AILING. I WISH I KNEW WHAT TO GIVE HIM, NURSE"



"I expect he's constipated. Show me your tongue, Johnnie. Yes, I thought so. See how it's coated. Your head aches, too, doesn't it Johnnie? And you feel poorly? Sure signs that he's out of sorts."

That's the trouble, Mrs. Wilson, his system wants a thorough cleansing. Give him a dose of "California Syrup of Figs"—"Callig"—now and he'll be as happy as a sandhog in a few hours. It's difficult to keep them regular when they're young, they get lazy about it and are soon upset. But you can avoid all that by giving Johnnie a dose of

"California Syrup of Figs" regularly every Saturday night. It will keep him fit and save you a world of sickness and worry.

Safe? You couldn't have anything safer! It's a natural fruit laxative, and acts like fruit on the bowels. That's why so many doctors recommend it, and give it to their own children.

You can't afford to take chances with medicines, particularly with the children. No matter whether it is for myself or a patient, I always insist on "California Syrup of Figs"—"Callig."

"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/1 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say "California" and look for "Callig" on the package.

"California Syrup of Figs"
"NATURE'S OWN" LAXATIVE

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

Do Mothers Know Why Baby Gets Indigestion?

By MARY TRUBY KING

This is a timely topic. Summer's wane takes toll of the energies of the most robust baby. True vigilance during the enervating days will enable baby to have all the benefits of the tonic qualities of the cooler autumn, and to be invigorated by the keenness of winter weather.

THE chief cause of indigestion, whether baby is naturally or artificially fed, is over-feeding.

In the case of the breast-fed baby, indigestion is most liable to occur during the first few weeks of life, before the milk-supply has become regulated to baby's needs.

Sometimes mothers imagine that their milk is not suiting baby, when in reality it is the very best food in the world for him—provided he does not take more than his tummy can comfortably deal with!

Mothers should never wean their babies from the breast because they "return" a little food after each feeding. This is simply Nature's way of saying "Don't leave baby quite so long at such a meal." The quality of human milk is very rarely at fault; but the quantity very often is.

Another cause of indigestion in breast-fed babies is their ability to take the milk too quickly—to gulp down their feeds. When this happens the mother should give her baby a little "spell" two or three times during the meal, drawing the breast away from him and making him wait patiently for a moment or two.

If the milk flows very freely from her breasts, a good plan is to place a pillow on the knee and arrange baby so that his mouth is slightly above and not slightly below the breast. This makes it harder for him to get his food.

Test-feed Baby

IN all cases of suspected over-feeding it is wise to test-feed for 24 hours, to find out exactly how much baby is taking daily. To test-feed, weigh baby in his clothing just before putting him to the breast, feed him, and then weigh him again (in exactly the same clothing). The number of ounces he has gained represents the amount of milk he has sucked. Do this for the five feeds of the day. Then add up the total amount of milk he has had for the 24 hours, and compare it with what he should be having for his age, weight, and nutrition. Any Mothercraft Nurse will tell you how much your baby should be getting, or look up the table in your Mothercraft text book.

If it is found, as it frequently is, that baby is sucking two or three ounces over his proper allowance, it is very simple to remedy this by merely giving him less time at the breast. For instance, if he was in the habit of sucking for 10 minutes at each side, reduce this to 7 or 8 minutes at each side.

You may have to reduce the time even further, but, by the use of scales, you will soon find out just how long baby takes to suck the desired amount.

Normal, healthy babies of average weight should be fed four-hourly from birth. Many babies suffer from indigestion from being fed three-hourly, that is, six feeds in the 24 hours. Sometimes an additional night feed is thrown in—just by way of getting the baby into



THIS YOUNG man doesn't suffer from indigestion, hence his eager anticipation of feeding time.

thoroughly bad habits and breaking the mother's most necessary sleep—but when these extra feeds are deleted the mother is overjoyed to find that the baby loses its restlessness.

If baby is being overfed at the breast, the mother should regulate her own diet. She should take less milk, only one small helping of meat a day, and a little less butter and fat of any kind. More water should be drunk, and she should lead an active life, not neglecting her daily walk.

If an artificially-fed baby is found to be suffering from indigestion ("putting up" of food, attacks of wind or colic, too-frequent motions, etc.) the mother should make sure that the recipe she is using for the milk-mixture is correct.

The most usual mistake is a too-large allowance of milk in the mixture, but it may also have too high a sugar or fat content. The baby who is having too much protein will be easily excited, restless, nervous, and irritable. The baby who is having too much carbohydrate will tend to be fat and pale.

If your Mothercraft Nurse finds that the milk-mixture you are giving is suitable, she may discover that baby is being fed too frequently, or is having too many measures of food in the day.

All these matters are quite simply righted, so do not let baby continue to suffer through your neglect of seeking competent advice from your nearest Baby Health Centre.

A Serious Trouble

INDIGESTION due to over-feeding, irregular feeding, or unsuitable food is the main predisposing cause of diarrhoea. During the holiday season, many babies and children are fed irregularly and unsuitably, due to the family being away from home.

The thoughtful mother will plan ahead to prevent drastic changes in the usual routine, especially in regard to food and feeding times, so that the child's resistance to disease may not be lowered.

The Australian Women's Weekly

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.

BRISBANE: Shell House, 381 Ann Street, Brisbane.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne C1.

NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Watt Street, Newcastle.

SYDNEY: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

TASMANIA: The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Gordon and Goteh (Asia) Ltd., 65 Cameron Street, Launceston.

LONDON: 30 New Bridge Street, London EC4.

HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS

All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1831, G.P.O., Sydney.

Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, Sydney, or Tasmanian office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of newspaper, showing date and page in which par was published.

(b) Give full name and address and State.

Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MS. BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION.

Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions payment goes to the first received.

PATTERNS

See special notice on the Pattern Page. Readers desirous of posting The Australian Women's Weekly to friends should make sure they provide the correct postage, which is 1s. for every 500.



How to wash brownish Blond Hair 2 to 4 shades lighter

—safely, without bleaching!

Brings back that natural blond colour to even the most faded hair.

Blonde—it's amazing how a natural blonde attracts every eye, but when blond hair turns mousy, brownish, why take chances with dyes, injurious bleaches and ordinary shampoos which might cause your hair to fade and discolour even more. You can now wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter with Sta-Blond, that glorious shampoo treatment, used by millions of light and dark blonde all over the world, who know that it prevents blond hair from getting that dull-looking brown shade and keeps it light, silky and fascinatingly beautiful, without the use of henna, camomile, dyes, rinses, peroxide, or injurious bleaches. Makes any kind of permanent wave last longer. Try it today yourself, or at your hairdresser's, and if you don't think it is the finest thing you have ever known, just ask for your money back. Known abroad as Nurbled and Blondex. Made in England. Sole distributors: Farnett & Johnson, Ltd. P.O. Box 3679, N.S. Sydney.

STA-BLOND THE BLOND SHAMPOO



Why Doctors Prefer 'BAYER' A.P.C.

Doctors the world over ask no better guarantee of purity in the drugs and chemicals they prescribe than the name "Bayer." They know that "Bayer" A.P.C. powders are made with genuine original Acetylsalicylic Acid and Phenacetine, both of which were invented by "Bayer." They know that in their pure state these ingredients are white and that "Bayer" A.P.C. powders are therefore free from artificial colouring.

If you have not yet used A.P.C. Powders made by "Bayer" a revelation in quick relief awaits you.

Box of 12 Powders, 1/6. Box of 24 Powders, 2/6. All Chemists.

'BAYER' A.P.C.
QUICK-SURE-SAFE

End Eczema

Tortures Forever

No Need to Suffer Another Day

There is one simple yet inexpensive way to stop the itching and torture of Eczema instantly, and that is to apply Moone's Emerald Oil night and morning, and people who suffer from any embarrassing or disfiguring skin trouble would be wise to banish it before it reaches a more or less chronic stage.

Ask any first-class chemist for an original two-ounce bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength) and refuse to accept anything in its place. It is such a highly concentrated preparation that two ounces last a long time, and furthermore, if this wonderful discovery does not give you complete satisfaction you can have your money refunded.

Special note: People who want to reduce swollen or varicose veins should get a bottle of Emerald Oil at once. By applying night and morning as directed, they will quickly notice an improvement which will continue until the veins and bunches are reduced to normal.

TOO LATE

What a lot of sadness these words often convey. If you are suffering from Depression, Giddiness, Pains in the Head, Irritability, Lack of Energy, Unsteadiness in Walking, Loss of Memory, Hot Flashes, Exhaustion, Failing Health, etc., that's

BLOOD PRESSURE

Who said until it is too late? Be on the safe side and avoid a stroke which may mean sudden death by taking Dr. Newman's Arteriol Tablets.

ARTERIOLE TABLETS

They will make a new man or woman of you.

Mrs. Fritz Toorak says:—

"Since taking Arteriol Tablets I have been in splendid health. My blood pressure has decreased from 230 to normal."

Price, 12/-, 3 weeks; 22/-, 10 weeks; 6/- trial size.

All leading Chemists, or direct from C. WINTER.

83 Wellington Street, New E.A. Victoria.

182 YEARS OF HEALTH

Constituting the Four Generations in the Family of Mrs. Maria Ward

Centre: Mrs. Maria Ward, 91 years young, and a great-grandmother, attributes her marvellous health to Junipah. Even her great-grandson, Louis, aged three years, takes it as an aperient. (Photos by courtesy Ross Studios, 214 Pitt St., Sydney.)



At left is Mrs. Ward's son, Richard, 62 years, well known Sydney remedial masseur, whose rooms are at N.Z. Insurance Chambers, 79 Pitt Street. He is a great believer in Junipah. Below, his son, Vincent, aged 26 years, a commercial traveller, who finds Junipah most beneficial.



Thanks to Junipah

RECENTLY, Mrs. Maria Ward, 91 years of age, of 51 Great Buckingham St., Sydney, told Australia over the Radio how she and her whole family, of four generations, kept themselves fit. Everyone in the family takes Junipah Mineral Spring Salts regularly, even Great-Grandson Louis, aged three years.

In her written testimonial below, Mrs. Ward tells how she remembered hearing her father speak of that age-old remedy, Oil of Juniper — which is one of the finest diuretics known to medical science. Junipah Mineral Spring Salts contain Oil of the genuine Italian Juniper Berry and are thus most effective in all conditions of the kidneys and bladder.

GLANCE AT THESE TESTIMONIALS OF JUNIPAH'S EFFICACY

For Rheumatism.—Mrs. Ward says:—"I always enjoyed the best of health, but a year or two ago must have been careless, and got rheumatism. Then one night I heard about Junipah on the wireless, and I remembered how my father used to talk about Juniper Berries, and how good they were for rheumatism. So I tried Junipah Salts, and now my rheumatism is almost gone."

Acidity and Bladder Troubles Disappear! Herbert Goodlife, of 6 Princes Street, Fitzroy, Vic., writes:—"I am 39 years of age and have had a nervous stomach all my life, with chronic acidity. During the past few years I have developed joint conditions, and excess acid in the bladder, deadness in the limbs. Practically every kind of medicine upset my stomach and aggravated the condition. Junipah Salts, in my case, are proving marvellous, and the benefits you claim for them are certain."

"There are many who are benefiting and who don't take the trouble to let you know," writes Canon R. B. S. Hammond, Sydney's well-known Missioner.

All claims for Junipah are backed by testimonials. Write to Box 1436 J], G.P.O., Sydney, for one in your district and details of our Free Insurance against Doctors' Bills (enclose stamp).



JUNIPAH CAN HELP YOU!

As a non habit-forming aperient, Junipah is pleasant to take and will keep you vigorous and healthy. It will bring quick relief to kidney and bladder and all conditions induced by the stomach and uric acid, and particularly constipation. It is an excellent slimming agent, and will keep the skin free from pimples and other unsightly eruptions.

Scratia, Gout, Lumbago, Neuritis and Rheumatism, and similar uric acid complaints, quickly disappear after a course of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts. As a solvent of uric acid Junipah clears it out of the system and gets right to the foundation of all rheumatic troubles.

Be sure you get J-U-N-I-P-A-H

Junipah is packed in Red and Yellow containers which hold nearly fifty per cent. more than other packings. Insist on Junipah Mineral Spring Salts—they are the only salts containing the genuine Oil of the Juniper Berry. MELBOURNE RESIDENTS should beware of substitutes containing the Oil of Juniper Wood—BE SURE IT'S JUNIPAH—obtainable at all Chemists at 2/- per packet (trial size 1/3).

JUNIPAH

MINERAL SPRING SALTS

NEMESIAS Give Rare Color to Winter

... Sow Lupins, too, for their colorful display!

Says the OLD GARDENER

DO not forget, after summer's generous showing, that winter—drab, dreary, long, without color—is at hand. Seize, therefore, at any opportunity of color and beauty for your winter garden.

Sow first nemesias and lupins, for they will magnificently fulfil your hopes with blossoms of glorious, gay color. Nor are they hard to grow.

Nemesias are annuals which should be even more popular in our gardens than they are. Very pretty and compact, they flower in winter and right into late spring.

They look equally well growing massed together, or in ribbon borders, being very colorful and gay. Colors include white, crimson, orange, brown, and yellow, and variegated shades.

Nemesias somewhat resemble phlox, but are more erect, compact in growth, do not sprawl or spread out, and have wiry stems growing to a height of about fifteen inches to two feet, covered with a wealth of charming blossoms. The flowers are formed in clusters, being liberally distributed from every point of the stem. Because they bloom for so many months, during the dullest part of the year, they are excellent massed together in borders.

They also are ideal plants for window-boxes, pots, tubs, tins, etc.

The plants are hardy, quick-growing, and easy to cultivate. The best results can be obtained by sowing the seed now. Later sowings may be made from time to time, but by making early sowing you



ASTERS ARE MAKING a brave show in many gardens just now. Above you see exotic-looking Rita Canino, Fox player, in her garden—vibrant with giant asters of every conceivable hue.

may have them in bloom during the cold, dreary months of winter, when color is rare.

Buy a 1/- or 6d. packet of seeds, sprinkle them in a semi-shaded corner of the garden. The soil for the seed bed must not be rich, for if it is, it produces long, spindly plants and weak growth.

When large enough, prick the plants out into boxes, and, in a few weeks, they will be ready to transplant to their permanent positions. Most soils will meet the requirements of the nemesis, but that possessing a free or sandy character is to be preferred.

Select beds that have good drainage, are friable, free and open, and enrich with suitable manure.

In sandy soil, put cow manure, in heavy soil, put horse manure. If this manure is not obtainable, add to the soil any well-decayed refuse on hand. The main thing in all gardening operations is to add to the soil as much humus as possible, and this is done by using up everything possible that is well-decayed and suited to the various soils.

There are several varieties of nemesis from which to choose. Compacta is one

Lupins Easy to Grow

THE lupin has of latter years become more popular than ever. It is a very useful cut flower.

No special attention is required for its growth. Any good rich soil, well-worked, will suffice. Plant right out in the open where the plants receive plenty of sun. Sow the seed if possible where the flowers are to grow. Lupins should not be transplanted. Give the plants plenty of water.

Lupins give some wonderful colors. Be careful to keep them separate. A massed bed of yellow lupins, another of blue, another white, is most attractive.

Plant the seeds of the annual varieties about 6 inches apart. Keep free from weeds, select a well-drained bed, and you will be sure to have flowers in abundance.

The perennial lupin is also worthy of special attention. These grow into a much larger bush than the annual type, and need more space to grow. Some grow to a height of five feet.

And so, for their growth, choose any old unsightly corner.

Some varieties of the annual type are



LUPINS GIVE US some wonderful colors in addition to white—shell-pink, delicate pastels and deep rich blues. Above you see the compact growth of the annual type. See article for full directions for easy, successful growing.

of the best. It is very compact, with very large flowers. Blue Gem is very attractive. Strumosa, which is less compact, is also very beautiful. Dwarf compact hybrids are a new and improved variety and are prolific flowerers. Strumosa reticulata have a splendid variety of mottled flowers, very showy and distinct.

If you have not yet grown nemesis, I urge you to try them this winter.

Snow, Queen, Polyphyllus, Excelsior, Douglasii Regal, Blue Pearl, Hartungii, and White Pearl.

Perennials: Break of Day, Pearl, Summer Sky, and Pink. After the perennials have finished their flowering, prune them back methodically, then wait for the next display. A succession of annuals can be had by sowing seed from the best varieties and the largest flowers.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY PAL CONNIE

Connie's Letter

MY Dear Folks,—
Not I have never kept one! Muriel Gibson, of Tamworth (N.S.W.), wrote to me this week and asked me if I had ever kept a diary. To tell the truth, I have an aunt who gives me a diary every single Christmas—or nearly that—and I first and frump until the 1st January because I want to keep a diary every year; then I enter up the first week very properly and carefully, and then—then—3 weeks, and by the time I remember again it's too late to carry on!

An awful case of giving in to myself, I know, but that's not the reason for this letter.

This morning I opened one of these old diaries and read that carefully-filled-up first week—and jolly interesting reading it was—all sorts of happenings and feelings that I had just in the back chambers of my brain, but which soon popped up into daylight when I read the few words about them in my diary.

Well, I was very sorry I hadn't kept at my job, so that I could remember more of what had happened, and so I give this bit of advice. If you possibly can, start a diary right now, and at once, and what is more, keep it. It's good training in going on with that which you have started, and you'll thoroughly enjoy being able to chuckle to yourself about the things you did as a Pal when you're a white-whiskered old grandpa or dear old grandma.

Good-bye for our short week.

Cherish,

From your Pal,
CONNIE.

The Circus

By JOHN FINCH

THE circus is a jolly place,
With lots of rights to see,
The funny clowns that make you laugh
And fill you all with glee.

The horses, too, are wonderful,
So many tricks they do,
One even sees a hoop held out
For ponies to jump through.

And then there are the acrobats,
Who carry out with ease
Their wonderful performances
On tight-rope and trapeze.

Prize of 5/- to JOHN FINCH, Beulah St., Gunnedah.

Tipperary Springs

By EULA PARKER

ONE lovely day, we set out from Hayburn, near Daylesford, to walk to Tipperary Springs.

We walked along cool, shady paths and the grass under our feet was beautifully green from the water of a tiny creek that bubbled and roared in its pool.

At last we reached the spring, and how glad we were to have a drink of the cool water after our long walk. With purple mountains in the distance and the sun shining on the different shades of green, gold, and chocolate-brown pastures, it was a lovely scene, and one that will always remain in my memory.

Two Prize Cards to EULA PARKER, 35 Harold St., Middle Park, Vic.

PRIZE LETTER

Prize of 5/- for the best letter of the week goes to DONALD MAHER, Dalzielville, 101 William St., Orange, N.S.W. Donal's letter was neatly written, well expressed, and was a great pleasure to read.

Two Prize Cards to EULA PARKER, 35 Harold St., Middle Park, Vic.

FOR FUN & FANCY

FOND AUNT: Well, well, if it isn't dear little Donald on the beach, looking for pebbles in the sand!

Donald: Pebbles? Oh, I've forgotten where I buried mine.

Prize Card to B. PHILLIPS, 107 James St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Nice Sister: If I had been offered a ditch with two apples on it I would have taken the smaller one.

Wasty Brother: Well, you've got it, so what's wrong?

Prize Card to ALEX WILSON, 28 McGilgobry St., Ararat, Vic.

Little Tommy was sitting on his daddy's knee watching his mother arrange her hair.

"Daddy hasn't a Maccol wave like that, has he?" laughed father.

"No," said Tommy, with a smile. "No waves at all; only beach."

Prize Card to PEARL DAVEY, 25 John St., Oskleigh, Vic.

"What is the difference between a new halfpenny and a sixpence?"

Fivepence halfpenny.

Prize Card to DIANA LANGFORD, 3 Gregory St., Russellville.

Short-sighted old lady in an antique shop: And here, I suppose, is another of those horrible portraits you call art?

"Excuse me, madam," said the exhausted assistant, "but that's a mirror."

Prize Card to IVY TAYLOR, Lee's Vale, Hawkesbury River, N.S.W.

Just Chatter

PAT JUDGE, of Roma (Qld.), writes a very interesting letter: PETER GIBSON, of Moree (N.S.W.), will be fourteen years of age in May; ALICE WRIGHT, of Rockhampton (Qld.), got a lovely black pony for her twelfth birthday.

JOYCE STOCKDALE, of Blackville, via Quirindi (N.S.W.), writes good verse: MELBY HAYMAN, of Stuart Town (N.S.W.), is fond of drawing, painting, and swimming; FAYVINE JORDAN, of Windar (N.S.W.), writes a very delightful letter.

PHYLIS LE BOUTE, of Richmond (Vic.), is fond of collecting poems; JOY VICKERY, of Ashford (N.S.W.), is a new Pal; PHOEBE GILBERT, of Oatlands, writes an interesting letter; PATTY BUMBLE, of Greta (N.S.W.), is another new Pal.

VALMAI CHIU, who has been staying at Campbell St., Sydney, has just come home from the Murrumbidgee; MICHEL CARTER, of Broulee Brook, via Abernethy, attends the Tamworth Church of England Girls' School; EDITH DALL, of North Bundaberg (Qld.), is fond of jinks.

JOHN LAUREY, of Wyndham, via Oakley, has a cat for her favorite pet; JANET THOMPSON, of Wood End, Brisbane, is nine years of age.

Here you see DAVID and ERIC KIRKWOOD, of Cremorne.

BILL CUMMINGS, of Midura (Vic.), will be coming to Sydney this Easter.

MARJORIE LACEY, of Murrumbidgee, via Oakley, writes a delightful letter; KEN ROSSON, of 22 Harrison St., Sandhurst, via Newcastle (N.S.W.), would like any Pal reader to exchange stamps with him.

PHYLIS DAVIES, of Northcote (Vic.), is a new Pal; JEAN ALEXANDER, of Currawong Court, Flat 2, 10 Clarendon Rd., Strathfield (N.S.W.), would like a pen friend in another State.

Where I Live

By DONAL BROWN

CESNECK is situated in the Hunter River valley about 15 miles from Newcastle. The main industry is coal mining, and many men are employed in the coal mines.

The population is fairly large, about 20,000. The main street is called Vincent St., and is about three-quarters of a mile long. Vincent St. contains a large number of shops, some of which are modern buildings, have recently been erected in this street.

Cesneck High School is one of the largest in New South Wales, containing about 950 pupils and a teaching staff of about 40.

Recently some swimming-baths were constructed. They are well patronised on hot days.

Many people go swimming, hiking, and cycling to Mt. View at the week-ends. From there a good view of Cesneck can be obtained.

Dairying, farming, and grape-growing are carried on just out of Cesneck.

Prize of 5/- to DONAL BROWN (15), 24 Adelaide Road, Cesneck, N.S.W.

BEST PAINTING (FEB. 15)

Prize of 5/- goes to ESTELLA GREEN, 47 King St., East Melbourne, for best painting. Prize Cards are awarded for the next three best to EDNA COULSON, 38 Heydon St., Ingham; LYNLEY WHALEY, 25 Wattle St., N.S.W.; and LIONEL ANDERSON, Altona, Gregory St., Roma, Qld.



Everyone admires the freshness of my skin

My secret is Vivatone—the Perfect Skin Tonic

Few women realize how much the right skin tonic contributes to the beauty of their skin. Those who do, always use Vivatone, the Perfect Skin Tonic. Vivatone is ideal for closing the pores after a thorough cleansing with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. It stimulates the circulation and gives you that fresh, youthful appearance everyone admires. Vivatone is excellent for a quick clean-up before applying new make-up. It is also recommended for neutralizing perspiration. Get a bottle today and see how firm and fresh it will make your skin.



Daggett & Ramsdell

LOOK Lovely and be ADMIRERD

To be Admired is to be Happy

... Here is Help for You!

IT IS sometimes interesting to hear what famous — and the some-day-to-be famous — stars have to say about beauty care, and so I pass on to you to-day some little scraps of advice from the lovely, rather exotic-looking personality featured on this page — Marian Marsh.

AS you know, in Hollywood every star's face is his or her fortune, and, in a different sense, the same holds true with every girl in the world. To look lovely is to be admired, and to be admired is to be happy, a fortune in itself. Playing the important part in a girl's life that it does, the face should be cared for to the greatest degree possible.

Lots of girls, think Marian, abuse their naturally lovely complexions by not cleansing the skin properly, by not adhering to the "last-minute" washing before they retire because "just this once I'm so tired." The "just this once" slip rapidly into a disastrous habit which soon betrays its owner — working girls with begrimed hands bearing all manner of germs and dirt from carbon paper, typewriters, and such.

"Don't judge a book by its cover" is a never axiom, but unfortunately it does

not hold true for women. You most assuredly are judged by your face, before the real you is discovered. To avoid self-consciousness and mental agony, experiment with well-known cold creams on the market. They will aid you to skin perfection, which is so necessary in these modern times. If your skin has a tendency to be oily, soap and water should be used regularly. Experts can do much towards improving your skin and keeping it lovely, but you yourself can do even more by adopting healthy habits in complexion care.

A simple way to commit complexion crime is to squeeze facial blemishes. If your skin is broken out, consult a doctor. This condition can best be treated internally. A consultation with your favorite beauty shop operator will very likely result in a correction of the blemishes by treatment.

Powder requires skill in application as well as in selection. The skin must first be thoroughly cleansed, and an astringent patied on to close the pores. A powder base is also wise if you have the kind of nose that insists on being shiny.

Begin at the neck and work the powder upwards until the entire face is coated ever so lightly.

A blending brush should be used to tone down the powder and to remove excess powder from corners around the nose and eyes. Rouge should be applied with an eye towards the shape of your face. The closer to

...By...
Evelyn

your nose the rouge is applied, the smaller your face will appear.

If you wish to make your face appear more full, bring your rouge out in triangular form towards the ears.

After the rouge application, a lightly patied powder puff will lend a natural appearance.

Use just a dash of eye-shadow, a bit of mascara, and darken your brows lightly, being sure to follow the natural line.

In using lipstick, keep the lower lip slightly lighter and be certain not to form any artificial cupid's bow. Instead, follow the natural contour of your lips.

It is no secret that correct facial appearance lies in skilful blending rather than in one's ability to look blanché, but it is a good point to remember at all times.



AND HERE IS THE GIRL who believes in the old nursery rhyme, "My face is my fortune."—Marian Marsh, striking Columbia film beauty.



(1) Film stars believe in matching lips and eyebrows. (2) Thick-line brows with thin lips; thicker eyebrows with full lips. (3) Don't leave a ridge around lips when applying lipstick. (4) If you will tint your nails, let them, for beauty's sake, harmonize with lipstick.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: I don't know if I, being a mere male, am out of order in writing to you, but my inquiry concerns my wife, who is always complaining of illness in some form or another. My doctor can find nothing really wrong with her. He says she is a hypochondriac, a term which I understand is applied to those who imagine they are ill. Is that the case?

EVERY person numbers among his acquaintances one or more individuals who seem to be continually sick—at least, they claim they are. These persons are designated as victims of hypochondriasis, a chronic state of mild depression characterised chiefly by anxiety concerning health.

An outstanding trait of all hypochondriacs is the shifting of anxiety and attention from one organ to another. First they worry about the heart. Then they think they are short of breath, and must be developing tuberculosis.

A digestive disturbance may give rise to the notion that they have ulcers of the stomach, possibly cancer. And so it goes. One thing after another harasses them almost beyond belief.

The hypochondriac certainly suffers mentally, and we must not treat her complaints lightly, nor poke fun at her. The interesting feature in all such cases is, of course, the fact that nothing whatever is wrong with the organs they believe to be diseased.

When a hypochondriac complains of a pain in the chest, for example, there is no organic difficulty of any kind present. Careful examination and tests will demonstrate that fact. This makes the average person jump to the conclusion that the diseases complained of are purely imaginary.

Nevertheless, the patient suffers just as much as if the lungs were diseased, or whatever the organ may be that is supposed to be affected. The trouble,



...BY A DOCTOR...

you see, is in the mind, not in the actual physical make-up.

In every case of hypochondriasis there is some maladjustment, some disorder of thinking which convinces the individual that she is physically ill.

When we think of a hypochondriac as being a mental case, and not a physical one, we must not judge her to be a candidate for an asylum. Hypochondriasis and insanity are not identical conditions by any means. Nor does the hypochondriac eventually become insane.

It is true that certain forms of insanity are accompanied by delusions that the body is diseased. The rest of the mental picture, nevertheless—the other symptoms the patient presents—is quite different from the mental picture which the hypochondriac presents.

Hypochondriasis is really only a symptom of functional nervous disorders which scientists call "neuroses."

As in all neurotic states, the fundamental cause lies in the unconscious or subconscious mind. In impressions, thoughts, shocks, fears, self-depreciation, inferiority, and guilt. There may be any number or variety of disordered ideas responsible. The cause transmits itself into pains and symptoms of disease that simulate the real thing to an astonishing degree.

The hypochondriac is, therefore, a sick person. She is not physically sick, but her mind is ailing. Telling such an individual to forget it or exert her will-power avails nothing. It merely makes her feel more different and more stigmatised than ever.

The thing to do is to encourage the man or woman with so-called "imaginary ills" to seek the help which modern analytic psychology can give.

SUBTLE...DARING SAVAGE

a really indelible new lipstick

SAVAGE, stirring lip colour... the pulse quickening primitive, put up into lipstick for the beauty-wise sophisticate. Exciting, exotic colour that clings all day... savagely... richly, subtly smooth. Four shades... each a triumph in itself... and a still greater triumph for you.

TANGERINE - FLAME - NATURAL - REDISH



OFTEN IMITATED BUT NEVER EQUALLED!



The original Eno's "Fruit Salt" taken regularly by generations of healthy people all over the world is obtainable at a price which makes it absurd to think of buying imitations.

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OUR FASHION SERVICE & FREE PATTERN



DRESSY COSTUME.

WW1103.—Cut on tailored lines, with unusual features, this Parisian style costume will appeal to the smart woman. Note coat - fastening and dressy sleeves. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

BECOMING MODE

WW1101.—Very sophisticated and chic this little frock with flared collar and stitched raglan sleeves. Note stitching outlining pleats. Right for afternoon occasions. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

LITTLE PETTICOAT

WW1097.—A scrap of material, a remnant, would suffice to make this dear little petticoat. A touch of embroidery will add the necessary finish. Sizes, 3 to 6 years. Material required: 1½ to 2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

WW1102

WW1104

LITTLE GIRL'S COAT

WW1098.—A very charming and youthful style for a little girl from 8 to 10 years. Note smart collar effect, and the trim, pleated back. Material required, 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

SNAPPY ENSEMBLE

WW1102.—You will love the simple frock and full short coat of this ensemble - particularly the coat with the fullness from the yoke back and front. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 7 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SWEET, NEW NECKLINE

WW1104.—A simple, modish frock with concentration on the new and charming neckline. Full sleeves and plain skirt add to the chic. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.

Patterns for styles featured on this page are obtainable by sending to our Pattern Department. Designs featured in previous issues are always available.



WW1100

WW1099

TRIM COAT

WW1099.—Smart little coat tailored with interesting, "fly-away" lapels, fitted trimly at the waist without a belt with sleeves tight at the wrist. Sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 1½ to 2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

LOVELY MATRON'S STYLE

WW1100.—This beautiful dinner-gown for a matron would look delightful in lace and georgette, insets providing the exquisitely light contrast. Note slim-fitting hip-line falling into fullness at the bottom. Bust sizes, 38 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 6½ yards, with 1 yard lace trimming, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

THREE-IN-ONE FREE PATTERN

THIS week we give away free the complete, expert, three-in-one pattern for the three young matrons' frocks shown above. They are all simple, gracefully-becoming styles, cut to fit a 36-inch bust and 42-inch hips. No. 1 is a simple morning frock, and requires 4½ yards, 36-inch wide material. No. 2 would be suitable for the afternoons, and requires 4½ yards, 36-inch wide material. No. 3, a graceful, dignified style, requires 4½ yards, 36-inch wide material.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garments illustrated at bottom left, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Patterns Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 400F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 193, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
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Issue of February 29, 1936.

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THE SNOW LEOPARD

By CHRIS HAWTHORNE



ALTHOUGH Bannister had snapped a leash on Bully's collar he was conscious of reproach in the airedale's eyes, for Bully never quarrelled with anything less formidable than a treed puma or a cornered badger. A dog of the woods and the hills, he had a marked inferiority complex on crowded pavements.

Dick Bannister himself partook much of this awe and terror of city life. He had not accumulated his groups of big game in the Museum of Natural History by wallowing in divans at the Explorers' Club.

Walking out into the quadrangular courtyard of the great Park Avenue apartment hotel, Dick and Bully looked furtively around for some breach in the canyon through which they might reach the street without being honked and harried by motor cars.

Bannister grew suddenly eloquent. "Blow such a piece, anyhow," he said, addressing the monoxide air. "I'd rather ride out of town in a carload of wet mules than stay here another day. Poor Rod!"

Rod was Dick's elder brother, an incardinated New Yorker and an occasional host to the wanderer. The more youthful Richard spent most of his time breaking new trails in hill countries, professedly searching for minerals useful in industry, yet perversely finding more use for a gun than for his geologist's kit.

Dick was about to step off the curbing of the courtyard when something happened—a swirl, a swish and a terrific crash that wrenched a Japanese tourist right before his eyes. A moment later he was bending over the limp, broken body of a man bedded in the debris.

At almost the same instant Bully plunged toward an object that looked like a fur rug which had fluttered down in the wake of the body.

The man was dead. The softened impact had spared that slight figure—clad in mulberry and decked with little brass buttons—from outward mutilation; yet the velocity with which it had reached the ground told of a long fall.

Bannister looked upward. Near the very top of that sheer wall he saw something flapping from a window—a shade or a drapery that broke the perfect geometric figures of a hundred casements.

"Poor little devil—twenty stories—must have been shaking that rug out the window. Looks like a Filipino boy."

A white-faced chauffeur was the first to join him in staring down at the grotesque huddle in the shrubbery. Then a porter, more chauffeurs, a maid servant with a baby cab, more and more chauffeurs, more porters—a mob!

Sibilant whispers, murmurs of pity and excited rumblings had risen to a clamor when a policeman thrust himself through with a crisp "Get back there, all 'o yuh!"

A sergeant next bounded into the scene,

followed by a chattering hotel manager who wanted to have the body removed.

But the sergeant waved the manager away. Formalities had to be observed—the medical examiner and all that. The body would stay where it was for a time, the mob cleared away and the courtyard closed.

All of which Bannister heard with approval. He had dropped the leash and now looked about him to find Bully. At the door that gave out upon the courtyard he saw a girl's figure. She stood motionless for an instant; then, at her quick, sharp order, a magnificent red chow bounded out from behind her and seized an edge of the fur that had fallen with the body. Dick's own dog, squatting with the air of a guardian on top of the fur, was suddenly dispossessed.

"You saw the man fall?"

Dick hastily gave his name and his brother's apartment number to the policeman, who was making a list of witnesses. When he turned again Bully and the chow were tearing and worrying the fur.

"Bully!"

Bannister weighted the word with rebuke. The airedale crept apologetically



toward him, dragging the victor's share of the trophy with him.

"Napoleon!"

The chow ran to his mistress with a small remnant of the fur in his mouth. She disengaged it mechanically, turned and picked up Bully's piece, over which she ran her fingers with feverish haste. A little gasp that seemed to carry a note of terror escaped her; she dropped the mangled fur, ran to the spot where the battle for its possession had been fought, fell to her knees and scanned the thin grass with dilated eyes.

"The clasp and girdle—gone!"

Her words brought Bannister out of a stupor.

BANNISTER found himself lifting the girl to her feet, berating Bully for tearing the fur, and fervently pledging restitution.

The girl met his flood of speech with a cold little laugh and a swift recovery of poise, chilling his ardor with a sudden unpleasant thought. Not once had she turned her eyes toward the huddle on the grass, over which a policeman had thrown a blanket.

"Thank you—but what you say is impossible. The fur is not easily replaced, if at all; much less, the clasp and girdle."

She turned and rested a look of pity upon the blanketed figure of the dead servant. "What a fate!" she murmured.

The hotel manager came hurrying up, begging the girl not to "feel the accident

too deeply." The boy had been sent by an employment agency only a day before. It was unfortunate—this homecoming of hers on the eve of such a dreadful happening. Would she return to her apartment and aid the officials in preparing their report? He regretted the need of this formality.

Bannister saw the girl walk back into the corridor, her chow—in the pride of a smart collar set with green medallions throwing a haughty stare at Bully who gritted back his contempt for the Oriental pet.

Making his way back to his brother's apartment with the dog, he threw the mangled fur upon the floor.

"A snow leopard!" he muttered.

Yet the thought of his impetuous promise to replace the fur persisted. A trip to Asia would be a mere errand for him, the shooting of a wild beast an accustomed chore that often had been an incident to his labors as a geologist. A sudden fear smote him; he was going away that night—going to Nova Scotia to prospect for gypsum on the steep shores of the Bay of Fundy—and yet he had not even learned her name!

Bannister got to his feet. He was moving toward the door when Rod's butler opened it noiselessly from within, revealing a tall blue figure on the threshold. It was the policeman who had taken Bannister's name as a witness to the death of the Filipino boy.

"You'll have to come up to the Sire apartment, Mr. Bannister," said the man. "Captain Boyle says that the little Filipino was murdered and thrown out of the window."

"Murdered, eh?" Bannister felt a thrill. He stepped into the elevator with his blue-coated escort.

"Accident—was my report," said the policeman, "but the medical examiner found a little round hole in the kid's back. That's what brought the Homicide Squad here."

They stepped off at the twentieth floor. "It's a duplex apartment," the man explained.

REMOTE as was Bannister's interest in Big Business, the name of Maurice Sire held a certain magic for him. Not because Sire was a multi-millionaire, but because of the crashing quality of the man's achievements. Sire had been dubbed a Cecil Rhodes, a Genghis Khan, a giant of finance.

And Karen Sire was this man's daughter.

Together they moved to the elevator and ascended. Tall, bronze and sturdy as his escort, Bannister stepped into the Sire apartment, fumbling at the pieces of leopard skin to which he had clung in the ascent. The policeman led the way through an expansive foyer; as they moved upstairs the vistas everywhere presented luxurious settings.

"Here you are," said the policeman, pausing at the open door of a large room and stepping back into the shadows.

A heavy-set, commonplace man with a

derby tilted back on his head was seated at a telephone; another, hatless, grey, alert and smoothly groomed, stood near an ornate aquarium, conversing quietly with Miss Sire. The window through which the servant had gone to his death was still open.

The smooth, grey man turned to the newcomer. "Mr. Bannister? I am the detective in charge—Captain Boyle."

Bannister nodded, sending a reassuring smile toward the girl. She did not smile in return.

"We find," the detective continued, "that the Filipino boy whose body has just been examined, was stabbed in the back before he left this room—that way." He pointed to the open window.

Bannister nodded.

"The body, I am told, fell almost at your feet in the courtyard."

"Yes."

"Did you see anything of a knife — a stiletto or dirk?"

"No."

"Sit down please."

Bannister dropped into a chair and threw the ragged bits of fur upon a table. "My dog and the one owned by Miss Sire got into a fight over that robe," he explained. "I had assumed that the boy was shaking it out a window when he fell."

"He was stabbed and thrown out," Boyle answered rapidly. He looked toward Miss Sire and then at Bannister. "You know each other?"

"We met informally at the dog fight."

"MISS SIRE has admitted that she was the only other person on this floor when the boy went out of the window. In her talk with you in the courtyard did she say anything about that?"

"You were told that I saw no one else on this floor at the time," it was Miss Sire, not Bannister, who answered.

"I accept your amended statement," said Captain Boyle coolly, "but suppose you let the gentleman speak for himself?"

"She did not discuss the accident with me," he replied.

"I told you it was murder!" snapped Boyle. "Why do you refer to it as an accident?"

Bannister stiffened.

"Mr. Sire is flying up from Washington," he announced. "Reaches Roosevelt Field in about two hours." He glanced at the girl with a look of pity, going on reluctantly: "Mr. Sire was surprised to hear that his daughter was here at the time of the murder—thought she was up in Poughkeepsie at school."

Boyle wheeled suddenly upon the girl. "How about that?" he demanded. "You've come gallivanting down to New York without letting your father know. Who was with you?"

Miss Sire smiled. "Gallivanting," she repeated, "you've hit upon the very word, captain. But I was alone. You see, my father had taken this place only recently, and I had never seen it. Our home is at Southampton—this is to serve as a town house. I came down here yesterday just to look it over. I'm going back to-morrow."

"Oh, are you?" Boyle grew sarcastic. "We'll see about that. You're detained by the police, as they say in the papers."

He paused with a satisfied grin. After which, he pitched once more into Bannister. "I suppose you'll be wanting to go away, too—on important business, hey?"

"I had a trip to Nova Scotia in mind, beginning to-night."

"Oh, you did? Well, just consider that

trip cancelled. We may need you as a material witness."

Miss Sire smiled faintly. "I'll agree to stay," she said.

"So will I," Bannister volunteered.

CAPTAIN BOYLE rose. "I'm going below and talk to the servants again," he said, addressing the man with the tilted derby. "I want you to stay—"

"We'll be delighted," thrust in Miss Sire. "Perhaps the gentleman will take off his hat and make himself one of us. I don't believe I caught his name."

"You didn't," said the man with the derby (he had risen and removed it) "because my name wasn't mentioned." He hung his hat on an ornament of the aquarium and walked to the window.

A pause and a silence followed Boyle's leave-taking. His subordinate, with back turned, but ears obviously alert, remained near the window. Bannister was gazing at the pendant derby, which cast a deep shadow down into the water of the aquarium, leaving only a broad band of light on clear water. Clear water? No. It was a blackish pink. He became interested.

"Blood!" he breathed.

Bannister turned a penetrating gaze upon Miss Sire. She returned it without a sign of emotion, permitting her eyes to move slowly to the silent guardian at the window. "Mr. Officer," she said graciously. "I think you'll find something to drink in that room." She pointed to an open door.

"Mr. Officer thawed. "Toole's my name—One-Armed Toole," he said. Yet it was with no undignified haste that he moved toward the door indicated.

Bannister listened until he heard the clink of glass and the gush of a syphon. Then he plunged his arm into the aquarium and drew forth a stiletto of triple-edged pattern, "Yours?" he asked, turning to Miss Sire.

"No," she answered calmly.

"One-Armed Toole, drawing his right and left hands carelessly across his mouth, reappeared in the doorway. He had two perfectly sound and moulder-looking arms, but neither Bannister nor Miss Sire were just then in a mood to press a question on the anomaly.

"Good Scotch, Mr. Bannister!" he said unctuously. "Why don't you take a taste at it?"

"Thanks," Bannister replied coolly, thrusting the palmed dirk into his trousers pocket and keeping his hand there, "with Miss Sire's permission, I will take a spot."

BANNISTER clinked two bottles together, set them down without taking a drink, and squeezed the water out of his coat sleeves with a crunching grip.

With the stiletto still in his pocket he rejoined Miss Sire and the detective. At the same moment a wide panel in the wall opened and Captain Boyle stepped into the room from an electric elevator, a stout, strongly-made woman at his elbow. The man's face was set; a cold fury seemed to possess him. Evidently he had returned from the floor below with an empty bag.

"Here's your new maid, Miss Sire," he snapped. "She's a policeman. Her first duty will be to search you—in there!" He pointed to a closed door.

Bannister managed to remain calm. "Miss Sire is not under arrest," he said. "Isn't this proceeding a little unusual?" Boyle turned upon him with a savage glare. "Oh, you're one of them amachour

lawyers, are you? I suppose if I start to frisk you, we'll hear a roar about police oppression and constitutional rights, hey?"

An answer was on Bannister's lips when he stopped suddenly. He had drawn his right hand from his pocket and clenched his fist. Miss Sire glided to his side and touched his arm. "I am willing to be searched," she said.

But that was not what paralyzed Bannister's tongue. He had felt a tugging at his pocket, and when he thrust his hand down into its depths the stiletto was gone! Karen Sire, with the certainty of being searched within the next few minutes, had deliberately relieved him of the murder weapon. He looked at Boyle, at Toole, at



the policewoman. Not one of them gave a sign that the act had been observed.

The girl's face flushed a little. "It might be better," she said quietly, "if we both waived formalities and permitted Captain Boyle to follow his own methods." She nodded to the policewoman and started toward the door, plucking Toole's derby from its perch as she passed the aquarium. "Yours, isn't it?" she asked, extending the hat toward him.

Toole took the derby, held it awkwardly as she brushed past him, then dropped it over the head of a small Venus de Milo.

Boyle sat down and blotted the dew from his forehead with a handkerchief. "The servants have bomb-proof alibi," he said. "They're a new lot just taken on by Myers, Sire's butler, who came up from Southampton to get this place running. He had 'em all in a bunch on the floor below, instructing them in their duties when he missed the little Filipino. The butler was at the bottom of the stairs yelling for the boy when Miss Sire came running down with a chow. She told him that a servant had just fallen out of the window, and then she made for the elevator."

"Trace," the detective continued, "I've been checking this matter up—you're out of it, all right. I found that you came to town last night to see your brother. The two of you were together all evening, and he left for his office in the morning about ten minutes before you went out for a walk with the airedale."

"Thanks," said Bannister dryly.

Presently the door opened and the policewoman stepped out. "Not a thing on her," she said, directing her report to Boyle.

While he was speaking Karen Sire herself came serenely out of the room.

BANNISTER felt a wrench at his sensibilities, a stab of pain. How had she managed to conceal that dirk with four pairs of eyes upon her?

Boyle mumbled something that sounded like an apology. "The elevator made only one trip to the twentieth floor before nine o'clock this morning," he continued. "That was to bring up a few trunks and five servants—the Southampton butler and four new ones. The Filipino was sent up here to straighten things out. I learned from the manager that you, Miss Sire, had spent the night alone in the apartment."

Miss Sire murmured acquiescence, but said nothing.

The detective's lips tightened. "Everybody in this apartment at the time of the murder will be under suspicion until we clear this matter up," he said. "My original order that you stay here until your

father comes still holds. This officer (indicating Toole) will remain here with you. Mr. Bannister is free to go when he likes. I'll be back by the time Mr. Sire arrives."

He arose, beckoned the policeman, and the two stepped into the elevator.

Toole, who had been standing near the panel, listened until the faint hum of the descending car ceased. Turning around slowly, and without any attempt at stage effect, he drew the murder dirk from an outside pocket in his coat.

"Well, well," he chortled, "you two did this thing pretty smooth—no grits in your work at all! I saw you, Bannister, when you snugged this thing out of the fish tank. I saw the little lady lift it from your jeans, and I felt its weight when she dropped it into my pocket."

Toole paused to release a laugh. "Great!" he went on. "Both of you willing to take the gaff without passing the buck. Strangers at that."

Bannister did not know what was going on in the man's mind, but he felt certain that it all would end in Karen Sire's arrest and his own. Had he been in the detective's place he could not have acted otherwise. This hilarious prelude probably was merely the expression of Toole's satisfaction in his own cleverness.

That the girl took the same view was evident from her deepening pallor. Toole's face had sobered without hardening. He took a step toward her—she swayed, and Bannister caught her falling.

KAREN SIRE had not lost consciousness. Indeed it seemed to Bannister that she dropped in his arms only for an instant. The girl was standing erect now, looking disconcertedly at "One-armed" Toole.

Bannister reopened the colloquy. "Why didn't you let Captain Boyle know this?" he demanded.

"If I had," Toole answered, "he'd have put the basket over both of you."

"You've known Miss Sire only an hour yourself," the detective continued placidly, "and yet you were so sure of her innocence that you took a chance on compounding a felony—a murder. Can't you give me credit for having the same hunch?"

"Captain Boyle will have to know ultimately," Bannister insisted. "We have been trapped in what appears to be a direct connection with the killing of this boy."

Toole merely grinned.

"I'm going to advise Miss Sire to make no statement until she sees an attorney," he said.

Miss Sire had been listening quietly. "Suppose you tell us what you intend to do, Mr. One-armed Toole," she said.

The detective's left hand shot out and clutched his right arm. With a grin, he walked to the aquarium and dropped the stiletto back into the water. "Now," he said cheerfully—"the case stands just as it did before our young friend here wet his coat sleeve. Mat Boyle will be back again, but he won't see anything."

Toole was gazing into the aquarium as he spoke. "So I'm One-armed Toole, eh?" he muttered, his good humor falling away.

Bannister and Miss Sire waited eagerly for his next words. The detective's persistent reference to himself as "One-armed" Toole had intrigued them; his two muscular hands were open now and he was clapping them together in a kind of bitter triumph. But no answer to the riddle came. Toole picked up the bits of fur which Bannister had thrown upon the table. "Where's the buckle and belt?" he demanded.

"How did you know about them—the clasp and girdle?" the girl asked faintly.

"Either of you ever heard of the Whipple Syndicate?" Toole parried.

Karen shook her head. "What's their line?" Bannister asked.

"Their line," Toole answered, "is great-grand larceny. The Whipple Syndicate . . . they're supposed to be promoters . . . is out to get this snow leopard robe and the fools attached to it. They didn't get the robe—did they get the other stuff?"

"Who, or what, are the Whipples?" Karen asked.

"Oh, just a pair of international crooks—Big Jeff Whipple and his wife, Brenda. You can help me a lot, young lady, by telling me what you know about the leopard robe and the clasp and girdle."

"No harm in that," Bannister said. "Tell him."

"I won't!" Karen replied decisively, "until he tells us why he calls himself 'One-armed' Toole."

"Matt Boyle hung that name on me," Toole answered sourly. "About a year ago I made the crack that if I ever collared the Whipples I'd lose my right arm before they got away. Well, I collared Jeff, all right, but he got away without doing me any more harm than jamming my derby down over my ears. I've been One-armed Toole ever since around headquarters."

"You have no pictures or fingerprints of them?" Bannister asked.

"They've never been photographed or printed," Toole admitted. "The job I traced to them a year ago was something like this one."

"And you feel," Bannister put in, "that a stigma will attach to you until you collar and hold the Whipples."

"Right!" Toole responded. "Now you understand why I have something in my nose for Matt Boyle—why I intend to quit the department and go after the Whipples on my own."

"I believe in you, Mr. Toole," Karen cried, "and I want to help all I can. Now let me tell you of the leopard robe and the clasp and girdle. My father prized them greatly. They were heirlooms in our family for generations. Of course, the robe, with its barbaric ornaments, wouldn't be possible for a girl of this period, yet Pop often made me put them on—just in the house, you know—



while he stood and looked at me. But he always laughed off my questions about them."

Toole nodded. "When your father comes here," he said, "perhaps we'll find out why he did that."

"Pop won't tell," Karen replied. "I've asked him a hundred times."

"He'll have a reason for telling now," Toole reminded her. "Murder has been done for these things, and they're worth at least a million to some one or the Whipple Syndicate wouldn't be after them."

"So you think," Karen said, addressing Toole, "that the Whipples are in possession of the clasp and girdle? Is that why you put the stiletto back in the aquarium? Do you expect the man who killed the poor little Filipino to come back for it to conceal the evidence of his crime?"

THE detective nodded. "I expect a person to come for it."

"Why do you stress the word person?" Karen asked, "surely, you are not expecting a woman!"

"Ain't it?"

"You expect a woman to come here for

that stiletto?" Bannister demanded. "Do you think anyone would have the hardihood to return here to the twentieth floor, sneak into what now must be known as a carefully guarded house—and do this to recover a weapon that was specially designed to leave no clue?"

"Specially designed," interrupted Toole, "that's what licks 'em all."

Bannister smiled. "You've tried that on the Whipples before, haven't you?"

Toole glared at him, then softened into a grin as he patted his right coat sleeve. "I don't intend to snuff this time," he said. "Matt Boyle was right when he suspected a woman in this case—only he picked the wrong one."

Karen murmured a scarcely audible "Thank you." Her eyes had brightened as she listened to Toole. "You say," she went on, "that the Whipple Syndicate is made up of two persons—"

"Big Jeff Whipple and Brenda," supplied Toole. "It's Brenda I'm expecting this afternoon. She'll want to be around when your Dad comes here."

Karen paled and Toole hastened to add: "No, Brenda won't try any rough stuff. That ain't her part of the work."

Bannister, who had been slowly beginning to believe in Toole, now became sceptical. "Seems to me that you've got a mighty long rope attached to a small dog," he said.

"Nevertheless," thrust in Karen eagerly, "I'd like to be here when he pulls it in. The mystery of it all fascinates me. If father doesn't make it clear I'm going to work with Mr. Toole myself. And if the Whipples escape us both there'll be another one-armed person in the chase!"

"Make it two more," Bannister laughed. "But my part in the game is to bag a snow leopard for you. I'll leave the recovery of the clasp and girdle to the other members of the firm—what'll we call it—the One-Armed Syndicate?"

MYSTERY—murder—a beautiful young woman; the daughter of Maurice Sire involved in a bizarre crime! What a clover patch for the "big story" specialists!

Worse than that—or better, from the reportorial viewpoint—Maurice Sire's plane made a "crash landing" in the fog at Roosevelt Field; he escaped unhurt, and "dashed" for his new town home in a "high-powered car" that had been awaiting him.

Boyle's temper had not improved when he re-entered the room where Miss Sire, Bannister and Toole were seated. "You're relieved, Toole!" he snapped.

He turned to the girl. "I'm a copper, you know," he continued with a touch of conciliation, "and I've got to work on facts as they appear, no matter who's hurt."

"I've invited Mr. Toole to have lunch with us," Miss Sire explained, waving the detective back to a chair from which he had risen. "Sorry that your duties will carry you away, Captain—or, shall I order a fourth service?"

He threw a sour eye at Toole and, bowing to Miss Sire, yielded the field.

With Boyle out of sight, Toole's waistcoat rippled over a silent chuckle.

Karen Sire had been surveying Bannister with curious interest. "So you're Hod Bannister's brother," she said. "Hod plays chess with my father."

Dick welcomed the chance to drop into an off-hand talk. "No," he said soberly, "I'm not Hod's brother—he's mine. That is, if you consider the book 'American Men of Science' a more important index than the Social Register."

Karen caught his mood and seemed to like it. "Oh yes—you're the great Richard Bannister, the geologist," she said.

"The eminent geologist," he amplified blandly, "and also the mighty hunter. I've been up in the Canadian Rockies most of the last two years. I'll be more at home back of the Himalayas, bagging a snow leopard for you. That job was made to order for me."

"My dear man," Karen said, "do you think I'd send you half way around the world on such an errand? It's all very charming, but—"

Toole had picked up the telephone to answer the bell. "All right, send it up," he ordered loftily. Luncheon was ready, he had learned. In a few minutes the private elevator door opened and a silver panoplied service was wheeled into the room under heavy service escort.

"Reminds me of old times," exulted Toole, popping down in a chair while Bannister drew up another for Miss Sire. "When I was a house detective at the old Waldorf this kind of a feed was a regular thing for the boys."

"I'm going to get Jeff and Brenda Whipple on my own," announced Toole.

"Expect an assignment from Miss Sire's father?"

"No—on my own, I said. How do I know where the trail will lead?"

"Perhaps you'll find that Pop planned this robbery and murder himself," Karen thrust in.

"Perhaps." Toole's lips merely framed the word—he did not utter it.

Bannister looked at Karen to see if Toole's implied suspicion of her father had been taken seriously. But she remained serene. "I must go downstairs to meet Pop," she said finally.

In a moment she was on her feet and speeding toward the door leading to the floor below.

TOOLE signalled the serving man to remove the luncheon things. Taking his derby from the aquarium ornament he put in on and gazed into the water.

Bannister strode around the room. He hated to leave. Pausing at the aquarium, he gazed down at the silletto for the tenth time, then moved toward the door leading to the stairway. He had reached the middle landing when a tishian arrested him. The servants were drawn up in the wide foyer below. The butler, motionless for a moment, suddenly stepped forward and swung the heavy door inward.

Bannister heard a delightful little cry. He caught a fleeting glimpse of a tall, slight man, bronzed as deeply as himself and quite as carelessly dressed, yet of singular distinction; then Karen Sire was burrowing into the newcomer's arms.

Maurice Sire had arrived. But he was not alone—a woman of arresting beauty and presence had glided in at his side.

Bannister had heard from Hod that Sire's wife was dead. A picture of this panther-like woman as Karen's possible step-mother rose unbidden before him.

WHATEVER formality attached to Maurice Sire's homecoming was due entirely to the efforts of his Southampton butler, who had drilled his new town staff for the occasion. Sire himself contributed nothing to it; he spoke familiarly to his chief functionary, ignoring the others with the impersonal air of a hotel guest and looking about him in the mild curiosity of one entering a strange suite.

"Like the place, Karen?" he asked.

"Splendid, Daddy dear," she answered, "yet I'm afraid I'll want to be away from it a long time after what has happened."

He became grave. "Bad as that, eh? Well, I'll do whatever is possible for the boy's

parents or dependents. He was a Filipino, they tell me."

"So Myers says." She glanced toward the butler.

"Yes, sir, a Filipino," put in Myers hastily, "not one of my own choosing—the house supplied him temporarily while I was gathering a staff. The boy, we have learned, was a student in a dental college and a casual worker. His folks live in Manila—there will be no obligation—"

HE stopped abruptly at a slight frown from Miss Sire. Her father had turned his attention to the young woman who had entered the apartment with him.

"Karen," he said, "this lady is a newspaper reporter. The house management, it seems, at the suggestion of the police, has excluded the press, and she appealed to me



to take her up in the elevator with me. Met me at the curb when I got out of the car. Enterprising, wasn't it?"

Karen bowed to the reporter, measuring her with a swift but unoffending eye. What she saw was a woman past youth, yet without a mark of her years, which might have been thirty.

"Thank you, so much, Mr. Sire. I hope Miss Sire will forgive the trick."

Karen bowed again, a little coldly.

"Oh, I'm not going to ask for an interview or your picture—just an impression, you know; it's quite unusual for one to have been so close to a remarkable tragedy. And in such a place."

Myers had opened the door in answer to a bell. "Captain Boyle is here, sir," he announced.

"Come in, Captain!" It was Maurice Sire who spoke; he extended his hand as Boyle entered, leading him away from the group.

"I'm from the Morning Record," Karen next heard the woman say—"Helen Calvert—possibly you have seen my by-line or articles written by me."

"Oh, yes!" Karen answered instantly. "Do you mind another little delay? I had intended to return to Poughkeepsie to-day and must telephone my colleague—the dean will want to know, of course."

Karen left the "reporter." A delicious tingle of triumph shot through her when she realized that the woman was a fraud. Young Miss Sire not merely had seen the "by-line" but once had met the genuine Helen Calvert. This woman, then, no doubt, was Brenda Whipple.

Karen pondered. Her father, of course, ought to know first.

"One-Armed" Toole! Yes, he must know immediately. She picked up the private 'phone. It was Bannister who answered.

"I think," she said, with an effort to be cool, "that Mr. Toole's expected guest is in the house. I will bring her up presently. But please be careful—both. She doesn't suspect."

Bannister's voice came back slowly—he probably was taking the words from Toole's mouth. "Tall, slight, about thirty—with black, glossy hair?"

"Yes," she answered.

A pause, then Bannister's voice: "I'll be alone when you bring her up—she probably knows Toole. We've arranged a plan to trap her. Leave her alone with me as soon as you can."

Karen sped from the room and rejoined the pseudo Helen Calvert.

"Your father came out of the library a moment ago with Captain Boyle," the

woman purred. "The Captain promised to give me a story about the murder later. I have your father to thank for that. Splendid to have a friend at court, isn't it?"

"Daddy is always kind," Karen replied, waiting.

"I would like to see the window where this terrible thing happened."

Karen beckoned the woman to the private elevator.

The door closed—closed upon the lamb and the tigress—and the polished mahogany car glided to the second floor at Karen's touch, stopping automatically. The door slid silently open.

Bannister, from his place at the head of the stairs, crossed the room swiftly.

"A reporter," murmured Karen, adding an introduction of Bannister as a witness who had seen the boy's body strike the ground.

The woman's eyes seemed to take on a hard glitter as they fell upon the torn fragments of the leopard robe. She moved to the window, leaned out for a moment and drew back with an exaggerated shiver. "How terrible!" she exclaimed. "And to think that you, Miss Sire, were so near to it all without knowing."

"Napoleon, my chow, heard the noise first and ran out of my room barking," she said with an easy sense of security. "I did not leave the room directly, but when I did it was all over. The dog had his paws on the window sill—I looked down and saw what had happened, then ran downstairs and to the elevator. It was in the courtyard that I met Mr. Bannister. He will be able to give you more of the details. I must join my father again." She bowed and left them together.

Left alone with the woman, Bannister rattled off some comments on the mysterious crime, without giving the faintest hint that he attached any importance to the leopard skin, or that he knew anything of the clasp and girdle. Of course, he did not mention the silletto.

"Perhaps," he said finally, "you'll wish to write some of your impressions before seeing Captain Boyle. Why not do it here?"

"How thoughtful of you," she answered.

"I do want to write."

A MINUTE later Bannister was standing on a chair in an adjoining room, peering through a small aperture in a stained glass window. Toole, already there, whispered "That's the dame, all right." He had taken two small bits of colored glass from the lead lattice and his right eye was glued to one of the peep-holes. The place where the men stood gave them both a perfect view of the room in which Brenda Whipple was now seated, writing.

From her place at the table the woman did not once glance at the aquarium.

After a few minutes she paused, smiled again—this time broadly—thrust the sheets into an envelope, and began to write a superscription. Rising, she drew on her wrap. She was going away without even nibbling at the bait!

A mutter of disappointment escaped Toole's lips. Did the woman suspect that she was being watched?

"Guess she's not the person you expected," whispered Bannister.

"Oh, it's Brenda, all right," snapped Toole. "But she's wise to us—that's all."

The detective stepped off the chair with a disgusted grunt. "I'll nail her anyway." He ran for the stairway and took the treads down two at a time. Hardly a minute had elapsed since the woman had descended; there was still time to catch her.

Bannister re-entered the larger room just as Karen Sire came out of her own.

"We've failed," she said.

"We!" echoed Bannister. "My dear young lady, you carried off your part magnificently. Toole and I bungled it. He left his infernal derby here with the initials in plain sight, and I never noticed it."

"And we thought Mr. Toole so clever!" Karen exclaimed.

"The worst part of the fiasco may be charged to my own stupidity," Bannister



said. "I didn't handle my own departure with enough skill."

"I was peeping, too, and listening," she said. "No one could have acted more cleverly in a difficult situation."

The appearance of a servant checked whatever pleasantry he had intended to add. "A note for Miss Sire," the man said.

Karen ripped open the envelope. Dismissing the servant, she read aloud to Bannister:

"Miss Karen Sire:

"What a sly little mouse you are! Really, you were splendid, but the work of that ignoramus, One-armed Toole, and the yokel, Bannister, was terribly crude."

"Oh, no, I don't mean the celebrated Toole derby on the window sill—that was a pardonable error of haste in getting under cover when you phoned up that I was coming. But the poor idiot showed frightfully bad judgment in the selection of his hide-away."

"Imagine! The sun was streaming through the outside window and diffusing itself over the stained glass window inside. What lovely splashes of color it made on the floor! Only the Toole silhouette, right in the middle of it, spoiled the pattern. Dear me—it was all too funny for anything; what with Bannister joining him on another chair and you peeping out through a crack in the door!"

Karen paused in the reading. Bannister, who had started a laugh checked it when he noticed the sober look on her face. "The note is unsigned," she said, "but the writer says she will call me on the phone within 15 minutes." She thrust the note in the bosom of her dress.

"Not so smart of Brenda," Bannister commented. "That bit of writing can be used as evidence against her."

"I have a curious feeling," Karen said thoughtfully, "that Brenda Whipple did not write this note merely to exit in her own cleverness."

"Stalling for time, maybe," Bannister suggested. "I doubt that she'll call up."

The telephone rang. Karen lifted the receiver and said: "Yes, this is Miss Sire." A half minute elapsed before she spoke again, only to murmur "yes." Again a silence, longer drawn this time. Suddenly she hung up the receiver. "Oh, that creature!" she moaned.

Bannister was at her side in a moment. "What did she say, Karen?" Bannister demanded.

"You will never know—from me," she said.

Bannister saw that she had been stung by a serpent and was hiding a cruel wound.

HE took a step toward her, glowing with compassion, love and indignation. "Miss Sire—Karen—we have condensed a year into a few hours of our acquaintance, and in that time I hope I have given some proof of my willingness to serve you—a poor and bungling service, I

know, yet one that asks no requital except in your confidence."

She smiled a little, perhaps at his stilted speech.

Bannister tried to take her in his arms, but she eluded him. "You had planned to go away to-night," she said. "I was glad when you decided to remain, but now—"

"That trip to Nova Scotia is off!" Bannister shouted. "I am a hunter of wild beasts by choice—why shouldn't I stalk the one that gives you all this pain?"

"You have been splendid," she said, "but you must go. I dare not tell you why."

Karen silently accompanied him downstairs, leading him to the foyer door. The policeman who had summoned him was still on duty there.

"Heard anything from Toole?" Bannister asked.

"One-Armed Toole? He took it on the run out of here about a half hour ago."

"That woman reporter left just before him, didn't she?"

The policeman grinned.

"Now! She went into the library to see Captain Boyle and Mr. Sire. She breezed out in a few minutes—got the raz, I guess. She asked me about Toole, and I told her he took an elevator down. She left a note for Miss Sire and then dusted away behind Toole."

Miss Sire did not permit this episode to serve Bannister in delaying his departure. With a bow to the girl he turned to leave.

"Hey Bannister!"

It was Captain Boyle's voice. The head of the Homicide Squad had emerged from the library with Mr. Sire and both were holding up their hands to restrain Bannister's exit. A moment later he was acknowledging Boyle's introduction to Karen's father.

"Hod Bannister's brother?" Sire was saying cordially. "He's told me a lot about you and I've often envied your roving commission with a kit of tools and a gun. Hod is coming up to-night and I want you to be with him."

Karen turned to Bannister with a faint smile in which he read a revocation of his dismissal. "I understand that a woman walked in on you and Mr. Sire," he said, turning to Boyle.

"Reporter," said Boyle. "Blood and tears, y'know. She wanted an earful about Miss Sire. I gave her the gate."

Brenda had fooled Boyle, too.

Bannister was promising himself the pleasure of a call that night when Myers appeared at the door, silent, but with a convulsed face. Sire lifted interrogating eyes. "Another robbery, sir!" quavered the butler.

"Here!" shouted Boyle.

"No sir—at the Southampton house. It's just been discovered, one of my men tells me over the phone. Happened while I was away, sir, coming to New York. The lock on the wall safe was burned off with a torch."

Boyle turned to Maurice Sire. "What were these people after?" he asked.

Sire shrugged. "Jewels, perhaps, and a lot of old family documents."

"What use could they make of family documents?"

"Families sometimes have a way of becoming divided."

"Oh, this is a family affair, then?"

Sire laughed. "I didn't mean to imply that. But there is a collateral branch of my family that might have some use for certain old parchments I kept in that wall safe. However, I have never seen any of them. In fact, they live in the Orient."

"In the Philippines, maybe?"

"Ridiculous! Please don't associate the murder of a Filipino servant with what I

have told you. The documents relate to a period of family history dating back several hundred years. They were heirlooms. Sorry I sparked off your suspicions along that line."

"You have nothing else to tell me—no lead?"

"Absolutely none!"

"Then," said Boyle impressively, "I'll follow that one." Like a gray wolf he left the apartment.

Maurice Sire turned to his daughter. He forced another laugh, but there was little gaiety in it. "There goes my dream, Karen—mine and yours!"

But Karen did not laugh. Bannister's gaze was fixed upon her with strange intentness.

Clutching at Brenda Whipple's note in her bosom she fled from the room.

BANNISTER was astounded at the inaction of Maurice Sire.

Myers again was at the door. "Mr. Whipple on the telephone, sir."

The echo came from Bannister before Sire had time to speak.

"Know him?" Sire asked, pausing on his way to the telephone.

"A detective working on the murder case mentioned his name," Bannister answered with difficulty.

"Ah!" Sire showed only a polite interest. He bowed pleasantly and walked to the desk. Before picking up the receiver he called back: "See you to-night, then?"

Bannister, bewildered, made his way out of the apartment. Twelve floors below, in Hod's apartment, he found Toole standing near a window, under Bully's somewhat critical survey. He looked tired and blown; defeat was written all over him. "I'm loked," he said. "She got away from me."

"She kept behind you all the way," Dick jeered. "If you walked backward, you'd have stepped on her toes."

"The cards seem to be running your way—what did you find out?"

Dick told him of the note left by Brenda Whipple and her mysterious telephone call to Karen.

"Brenda is getting reckless, ain't she?" was Toole's only comment.

Dick showed his next card—the invasion of the Southampton house and the theft of valuable old parchments.

"Done by the same mob," said Toole.

Bannister yawned. He was preparing to play his ace. "Jeff Whipple had Sire on the phone—old friends, it seems."

Toole leaned over and patted Billy's head. "Huh!" he uttered finally. "Jeff and Brenda must have quarrelled."

Bannister growled. "I'm stating some important facts," he said, "and you're answering me like a gipsy reading cards."

"Yep, that's what I'm doing," Toole admitted. "This robe and girdle job was botched with a murder. When Jeff found out that Brenda had written a note to Miss Sire he made up his mind to give his little playmate the works and save his own pelt. What else, sonny?"

BANNISTER told him of Matt Boyle's return to the house, of Sire's smiling admission that the murder and robberies might have been executed by certain "Oriental relatives" whom he had never seen, and of Boyle's sudden suspicion that the little Filipino himself might have belonged to the crew. He quoted words to his daughter—"There goes my dream, Karen, and yours!"

"So Matt thought the little Filipino might have been one of Sire's relations, hey?" Toole chuckled. "Took the tip hot

off Sire's hat. He looked over the little fellow's body for fifteen minutes without noticing that the nails were manicured and that the fingers were long and delicate—not a serving man's fingers. And Matt never noticed that the Filipino had been used to wearing six rings.

"There were no rings—I saw the body first, you remember."

"The rings had been removed, but not by the killer. They were taken off slowly—probably with warm water and soap—and that only a day or two before the murder."

Bannister became impatient. "How did you find that out?"

"Take off your own ring, son."

Bannister tugged at it vainly. "Hasn't been off for a year," he mumbled.

Toole actually laughed this time. "Get it off to-night with soap and water," he advised. "Then you'll see a worn circle on your finger, lighter than the rest of your hand. This so-called Filipino had six circles of that kind on his fingers and the skin near these circles wasn't scratched or bruised. He took the rings off himself. For what? To conceal the fact that he was not a servant!"

"Who was he then?"

"Some kind of a mixed breed."

"Did he look like a fellow who'd wear a leopard robe with a jewelled clasp and girdle?"

"That's the hook-up."

"Toole," asked Bannister anxiously, "what do you make of the fact that the killer was alone on the same floor with Karen?"

"You might misunderstand my answer to that and sock me on the jaw," the detective laughed. "Honestly, I think he was there all night, but not with Miss Sire's knowledge. Anyway, you're seeing her and her father to-night. Perhaps they'll be able to clear up that point."

"What are you going to do about that stiletto in the aquarium?"

"Leave it there! Some servant will be freshening up the water and will find it. That's the only way it will ever fall into Matt Boyle's hands."

Toole patted Bully's head and left the apartment.

W

HATEVER Geoffrey Whipple told Maurice Sire over the telephone, it left no shadow over the latter's smiling urbanity. Nor did Matt Boyle's suspicions concerning the true identity of the "Filipino." When Karen entered the room a few minutes after Bannister left it, her father noticed her agitation. Without a word she handed Brenda's note to him.

Sire read the scrawl carelessly and put it in his pocket. "Well, what did she say over the telephone?" he asked lightly.

"She said," Karen began slowly, "that you are of Tartar ancestry. She wanted to know how it felt to be a little chink—meaning me. She said that blood would tell and asked me what kind of an affair I was carrying on with the Filipino that made it necessary for me to kill him."

"Blackmail," said Sire simply. "The man whose name she bears—illegally, I'm told—had me on the phone a few minutes ago and advised her arrest. He said that she had been consorting here with an Asiatic prince of some kind. According to Whipple, the fellow has a fantastic scheme which made the possession of the robe and girdle necessary to him."

"Is what she said of you being of Tartar ancestry true?"

Her father shook her hand. "There is

a grain of truth in it," he admitted, "if that can be said of a relationship dating back to the dark ages. My grandfather used to boast of descent from a Tartar king. The snow leopard robe, with its jewelled clasp and girdle, was old in the family, even in his time. He had treasured certain quaint bits of writing bearing out his claim. That was the stuff stolen from the Southampton place."

K

AREN looked relieved. "If the relationship is so remote as that," she said, "what does this woman hope to gain by a threat of exposure?"

"My dear, the fact that I have made a secret of this absurd claim works to the benefit of the blackmailer. The story would be something new, and it wouldn't reach the public in the innocuous form justified by the facts. The present moment is an awkward one to reveal it."

"It would be brought right down to date?"

"By the blackmailer, yes."

"Would you be ashamed if I should call myself a princess of Tartary?" she asked gaily. "Suppose I should go back to the land of your fathers—our fathers—and claim an abandoned throne."

"You would be made welcome."

"Seriously?"

"Karen!" her father exclaimed. "You have set me to dreaming again—dreaming of the unchangeable East. Only this week a Russian explorer found the tomb of Genghis Khan himself. That gave me a thrill, because—"

Karen had found a place on her father's knee. "Because?" she whispered.

"Because at that tomb he found a guard of honor, native priests who had stood in relays through the centuries. The East does not change, nor does it forget."

"Do you know just where your greatest of grandfathers reigned? Do the native priests still hold vigil there? And who are they waiting for?"

"They may be waiting for you," he answered.

"For years I had agents in the territory, mostly on industrial missions. Whipple was one of these. Other phases of the situation have been watched and developed for me by a scholarly monk—Abbe Bergere. He's really the only person alive, so far as I know, who is familiar with the full contents of the old parchments stolen from me to-day. In fact, he had translated most of them into French."

"Did Geoffrey Whipple know him?" Karen asked. "Mr. Toole, the detective, is sure that a Whipple Syndicate is behind this plot."

"One-Armed Toole!" her father laughed. "Captain Boyle told me about him—hare-brained sort of chap, I understand. But I admit that Whipple did know Abbe Bergere. The trouble was that the Abbe knew him better—that's why I dropped Whipple. But I can't conceive of the fellow as a killer. He's a bland, good-natured chap—a clever stock promoter and salesman—and a great favorite with the ladies. This woman Brenda was a recent conquest."

Sire glanced over his daughter's shoulder and saw Myers. "Captain Boyle has returned," the butler announced.

Sire signalled Myers to admit Boyle.

At the butler's bidding the head of the Homeless Squad strode into the room. "Just as I thought," he said abruptly, "that little brown fellow who was stabbed and thrown from the window wasn't a Filipino. He was an Asiatic prince who had been stopping at the Ritz for a month. We found the Filipino whose identity the prince

assumed. The boy had been bribed to make the shift."

"Prince, eh?" said Sire. "What is his name—did he have passports?"

"We thought at first that he was an East Indian, but the British consul has no record of him. He was known at the hotel as Prince Jura-Bai. He arrived in this country from Havre, under some kind of special dispensation from the State Department. You see, he was trying to hide his identity."

Boyle scouted something mysterious. "Did this prince come here to get the leopard robe and why?"

Sire lowered his eyes and met the gimlet gaze of the detective. "I didn't know His Royal Highness, and never heard of him," he said. "The leopard robe, as I have told you, was of Asiatic origin. The parchments stolen from me at Southampton contained a somewhat vague account of their history. Beyond that, Captain, I fear that I can tell you little that might be useful in running down this mystery."

"Oh, yeah?" drawled Boyle. "I suppose your daughter didn't know the prince, either?"

Karen felt a sickening chill. "I did not have that honor," she forced herself to say.

A scuffle was heard at the doorway, and Myers appeared with his necktie awry over his shirt-front. Behind him stood "One-Armed" Toole, pressing his derby back into shape.

"This person tried to enter the room without being announced," Myers complained.

"Huh!" snarled Boyle. "'One-Armed' Toole, hey? What do you want?"

Toole gazed at him imperturbably. "I'm going to turn in my badge to-morrow, Matt," he said, "but I want to give you a break before we cut loose. This job was done by the Whipple Syndicate. Right now, Jeff and Brenda—"

Captain Boyle leaped to his feet in a glowering fury. "Get out of here, you nut," he roared, "or I'll have you stuck in the squirrel ward at Bellevue! I've got this case sewed up, and I don't want any crazy tips from you."

Toole turned to Maurice Sire.

"Captain Boyle is in charge, I understand," was Sire's only comment.

But Karen had seen that look in her "One-Armed" ally's eyes before. Her faith in Toole revived; she glided to his side. "I'm a member of the One-Armed Syndicate. Go!"



D

ICK BANNISTER crawled into an ivory shirt and dinner coat that night for the first time in two years.

"Look here, Hod," Dick confided, "I've always hated to hear you blow about my big game groups at the museum, but to-night I wouldn't mind if you dropped a word here and there about my doings with a gun. Tell Miss Sire, if you like, that I've got enough medals to fill the nose-bag of a horse. You might casually let fall a remark about my income—how much is it, anyway? You handle all my swag. I haven't handled your swag. I just let it stay put in Government bonds. Your

income is about six thousand dollars a year outside of what they pay you for making a bluff as an industrial geologist."

"They pay me ten thousand a year for the bluff," Dick laughed.

Hod had been surveying his brother with suddenly awakened interest. "You haven't fallen in love with Karen Sire, I hope?"

"Why not?"

"I suppose you know that her father is worth at least thirty million, and that she's an only child?"

"Fine! I've got plenty of relatives of my own."

"Of course," Hod said slowly, "our family is as good as the best."

"Bannisters of Virginia, eh?" threw in Dick. "Blood of Pocahontas in our veins!"

"Don't brag about Pocahontas," warned his brother. "Karen may draw the bar sinister on you."

The Sire department wore a somewhat subdued air when Hod and Dick Bannister entered it that evening. A somnolent young policeman, swaying in a chair in the foyer, gave an incongruous touch to the quiet elegance of the place. Myers, the butler, was seeking to lessen the effect by a magnificent pretence of not seeing the official spectre at all.

Sire was in the library. "This show of Karen's," the financier laughed, glancing at the aloof Napoleon, "doesn't seem to be quite satisfied that I'm the master here. Sorry you didn't bring Bully down to teach him another lesson."

"Bully's done enough mischief for one day," said Dick. "I suppose your daughter told you all about it."

"She did. It gave me a thrill when she spoke about your threatening enterprise—how I'd like to be with you! But don't worry about the leopard robe, my boy. I'm going to pack Karen off to school again in the morning."

The girl's voice was heard at the door, and a moment later she entered the room, taking in both guests with a radiant smile of greeting.

"One would think," remarked Hod, when the conversation inevitably turned to the murder, "that ultimate safety had been reached on the twentieth floor of a building like this. Every hazard has been considered, and, presumably, removed. Yet, murder and robbery has been done here in broad daylight. The perpetrators are free—free even to return."

DICK looked at Karen. She smiled back into his anxious face; the sinister prospect did not seem to alarm her. Hod had turned the talk back to the snow leopard and Karen rose to find a picture of herself enveloped in its folds. Dick was out of his chair and at her side in a moment.

"I don't feel right about leaving that silhouette in the aquarium overnight," he whispered.

Karen looked surprised. "It's not in there," she answered. "I looked in the water before I came downstairs. Mr. Toole took it away, didn't he?"

Bannister's uneasiness grew. "Toole hasn't touched it," he replied, drawing her away a little further from her father and Hod. "If one of the servants had found it, Myers would have known. Has Captain Boyle been up there since this afternoon?"

"No. But he seemed to be terribly angry with Mr. Toole about something when he called this evening. He ridiculed the whole idea of the Whipple syndicate having anything to do—"

She paused upon hearing the butler's voice at the door. "A house servant with

a verbal message for Mr. Sire," he announced. "I instructed him to remain in the corridor—Captain Boyle has ordered the policeman to scrutinise every person who enters the apartment."

Dick left Karen's side instantly. "Let me go," he said.

But Sire already had started for the door.

A PORTENTOUS silence fell upon the others when Sire left the room. A light speech that Karen had started fluttered like a struck bird and fell, it seemed, to the carpet. A strange, frightened little cry escaped her lips.

Dick started for the door, but paused almost at the threshold and began to back slowly into the room. An instant later Maurice Sire re-entered, erect, stiffly precise in his gait, but with a face preternaturally pale.

"Gentlemen," he said quietly. "I am going to ask you to leave us immediately. I have something important to say to my daughter."

His bow was unmistakable—it meant instant dismissal.

Maurice Sire had not followed them to the door. When Karen returned to him a moment later, he said: "Little girl, don't be alarmed. Tell Myers we are not to be disturbed, then close the door."

Karen, white with some nameless dread, obeyed.

"Now," he continued, "please call Dr. Laughlin, whose office is on the first floor."

She picked up the telephone. "Ill" was all that she was able to say.

"Not exactly that," he replied coolly. "I've been put on the spot, as the phrase goes these days. Some person threw a dagger at me the moment I stepped into the corridor and turned my back. It was aimed at the left clavicle—nearest approach to the heart, you know. But it stuck in my shoulder blade—it's there now."

HOD BANNISTER took the abrupt dismissal from Maurice Sire's apartment as an old friend should take it—without question and without resentment. With Dick it was different. He saw finally in it all.

The Bannister butler was preparing highballs when the telephone bell rang. "I'll answer," said Hod, waving the man back to his task.

"Maybe it's Karen," said Dick.



"It's Bellevue Hospital," retorted his brother. He listened intently for a minute, his face clouding. "My brother will be over there directly," he said. "Thank you for calling."

Hod hung up the receiver and turned to his brother. "Toole's been blackjacked," he went on perplexedly. "A nurse was talking for him. He hasn't asked for the police—wants to see you alone."

Dick already was headed for the door. "You'll find an automatic in my bag," he flung back. "Take it, Hod, and go up to the Sire apartment. See that no harm comes to Karen while I'm away." He was off.

Myers was down to shirt and trousers when he admitted Hod Bannister to the Sire apartment, an attire identical with that of the policeman, whose feet minus shoes were sprawled across a dainty footstool.

The butler's embarrassment told the story. Maurice Sire and his daughter had left the place for the night.

"Where did they go?" Hod asked curiously.

"Southampton, sir."

"Did they go alone?"

"Dr. Laughlin and Mr. Sire's chauffeur went along. The doorman came up shortly after you left, sir."

Hod remembered Sire's pallor upon re-entering the library after the mysterious call to the hallway. His own foreboding rushed back to him. The message evidently had affected Sire deeply, since he seemed to have required the services of a physician. "I'll call the Southampton house later," he said. "I assume Mr. Sire took his plane from the yacht club basin. Am I right?"

"He didn't wish that to be known, sir," Myers replied reluctantly.

DICK stepped out of a cab at Bellevue. Toole was in a private room with a bandaged head. He explained that his skull was intact, but that a house surgeon had done some tattering on it.

"Well, I collared Jeff Whipple again," the detective said grimly.

"And you're still 'One-Armed' Toole," Dick rejoined.

Toole nodded an unruffled assent. "I picked Jeff up in the grand ballroom of the Ritz," he went on. "My idea was to hold him for the line-up in the morning, figuring that Matt Boyle would need someone to begin on by that time. All he's got so far is a bus-load of the Prince's flunkies. I was on my way down town with Jeff when a car crowded us to the kerb. I was reaching for my rod when Jeff crowed me. The rap made me lose interest for a while. The taxi man drove me here."

"You seem to be made to order for Mr. Whipple," Dick replied. "Did he steal your watch?"

"Go ahead, have your fun," encouraged Toole, "then tell me what happened at Sire's house to-night."

"Don't mind me, old sport," Bannister said, "we'll be together at the next meeting with Big Jeff." He told him as briefly as he could of the mysterious message that had come to Sire, and of the latter's curious behaviour after he had received it.

"He was stiff and pale, you say, when he returned to the room?" Toole asked.

"Like a man on his way to the gallows," "How was Miss Sire acting before that happened?"

"Quite in the ordinary way of a hostess, only she seemed a bit nervous when I told her that it wasn't you who took the silhouette out of the aquarium—she had noticed its absence before coming down stairs."

Toole touched the bell; when an orderly appeared, the detective asked him to buy or borrow a cap from someone in the hospital. "The old derby won't fit over the turban," he remarked, touching the bandage.

"Where now?" Bannister asked as the orderly returned and handed a cap to Toole.

"We'll have a talk with your brother. You sent him back to the Sire apartment, didn't you? Perhaps he knows now why Sire was so pale and stiff when he told you both to leave him."

But Hod Bannister had little information to impart except that he had gone to the Sire apartment only to find that father and daughter, accompanied by Dr. Laughlin, had left suddenly for Southampton.

"We'll go up to Sire's place and look around," Toole decided.

"Not I," said Hod.

Toole and Dick left him and ascended to the twentieth floor. The detective rang the Sire bell, but there was no answer. He tried the door and found it unlocked. The room in which the murder had been done was dark. Toole threw a beam from his pocket-lamp upon the aquarium. "Huh, it ain't there," he muttered.

Bannister touched a switch and flooded the room with light. Together they gazed down into the water. There was no sign of the stiletto. The detective's eyes dropped to the floor. "Still wet," he remarked. "The fellow who took out the dirt must have been here not so long ago. About what time was it when Sire was called to the door?"

"Ye gods!" groaned Bannister, "do you think that's why Sire was so pale and stiff—that he had been knifed at his own door with a policeman stationed there?"

"That's what made it so easy—it threw both the butler and the boss off guard. Matt Boyle instructed the cop to keep an eye on everyone who called. Myers probably was thinking of Sire's comfort when he kept this caller out in the hallway."

"The policeman was asleep even when Hod and I left," Dick returned bitterly. "Let's look around."

BANNISTER did not follow Toole into Karen Sire's room. When the detective emerged he merely said, "Nothing in there."

But the next room, somewhat disordered, yielded something. A large trunk with the lid leaning against the wall caught Toole's eye. It was empty—with the exception of a thermos bottle and a biscuit carton. The detective turned to Bannister. "There's the story," he said.

"Read it," suggested Bannister.

"One-armed" Toole began to "read" while Dick stuffed himself into a chair.

"The guy who killed the fellow came up from Southampton in that trunk," Toole droned. "He stabbed his man and threw him out of the window, then hopped back into the trunk and closed it. He was there all the time Matt Boyle and I were searching the apartment. He was there while I was putting out all that fussy talk about the Whipples. He was there when you and your brother called on Sire."

"And he was there," thrust in Bannister, "while Karen thought she was alone here on the upper level. But how did he get past Myers and the cop to reach the hallway?"

"He could have rolled a string of ashtrays past the cop without waking him up. The killer probably watched from the stairs until Myers got away from the door, then slipped out."

"But he posed as a house servant when he rang the bell," objected Bannister, "and that would imply the need of a uniform." Toole merely shrugged at this. He thrust his lamp down into the trunk and closed the lid.

"Switch off the light," he said.

BANNISTER complied. In the darkened room gleaming little specks could be seen at the side and end of the trunk.

"Gimlet holes for air," Toole elucidated. "This job was carefully planned. The man who came here in this trunk might even have worn a house uniform. That would have helped him in a getaway."

Bannister glanced at his watch. "Fast midnight," he said. "Where will we go now?"

"To the hay," said Toole feebly. "I'm all in."

The detective, indeed, was sagging badly. He and Dick descended the stairs and walked past the sleeping butler and policeman.

Hod Bannister had retired when Dick and Toole returned. With his own hands Dick cleaned and re-dressed the shallow wound on the detective's head and put the grateful fellow to bed. Then he called the desk and ordered first editions of the morning papers.

When the papers were delivered, Bannister was electrified by an eight-column, double-line streamer on the first one that fell under his eye:

Royal Prince Slain in Maurice Sire's Home; Daughter Of Multi-millionaire Disappears.

Scanning the column with feverish haste he learned that the murder victim was "Prince Jura Bai, a royal personage from one of the independent States of India, and a man of fabulous wealth, who had been stopping incognito at the Ritz."

Then followed an account of how the victim at first had been mistaken for a Filipino servant in the Sire household, an admission by Miss Karen Sire that she thought she had been the only other person present on the upper level of the apartment when the prince was killed, a statement by Captain Matthew Boyle of the Homicide Squad that Miss Sire had been tentatively detained as a material witness, but left in her father's custody, and finally that "all efforts to reach Miss Sire have been futile."

Bannister walked into Toole's room and gazed down upon the man's honest face, now relaxed in sleep. Noble work the veteran detective had done that day, even if it had ended in disaster to himself. He would need all his strength for the new day, now dawning. Dick decided not to disturb him.

IT had been a day of furious futility for Bannister.

Again and again he wondered what Brenda Whipple had said to Karen over the phone. What was the message to Sire himself that seemed first to have drained his body of blood and then sent him and his daughter scurrying away from their "guarded" home? Had Sire really been stabbed by the man hidden in the trunk? Why had he made no outcry?

Toole was awake and dressed early. Greeting Dick, he looked somewhat less like a turbaned Turk than upon the night before. The bandage around his head had been replaced by adhesive tape, his fever was gone and a little sleep had restored him to edge and fettle.

"Where's Hod?" Dick asked.

"Went to his office a half hour ago. Sire had him on the phone here. He left some instructions for you."

"Instructions?"

"Requests, if that sets better. Sire regards you as a well-meaning, but somewhat daffy friend, so he tried to make his position clear. To make a short story shorter, he wants you to keep your beak out of this case entirely. He said the killers got what they wanted most—the parchments. Without them, a brand-new leopard robe wouldn't be worth a split nickel to him or his daughter. That let's you out."

"Only that she doesn't expect to see you for a long time, and that she hoped you wouldn't bother any more about the leopard robe."

"What about Brenda?"

"Brenda is a prisoner now, but she doesn't know it. She called for England

this morning. A cable to Scotland Yard will put her in jail when she lands. That is, if we get anything on her by that time. Jeff is still in New York."

"Do you know where Jeff is hiding?"

"You bet I do, and it ain't in a cellar, either. He's just taken a nice, cozy suite at the Park-Victoria up on the top floor. He has all of Central Park for a front yard."

"Why not go over and get him right now?" Dick demanded. "I'll go with you."

Toole shook his head. "I don't intend to arrest Jeff Whipple until I learn more of Sire's game. But I do intend to get the documents and the junk. Then I'll find out who's behind Jeff, in spite of Sire's secrecy."

"How do you intend to work it?"

"I've already hired a suite next to Whipple's. The houseman at the Park-Victoria is helping me. Jeff will probably have lunch served in his rooms, but he won't be able to resist the bright lights



of the dining-room at night. When he's downstairs I intend to get into his place with a pass-key. He won't be expecting me. You read that little piece in the paper, didn't you, about me being in Bellevue after a taxi collision?"

"Look here, Toole, I want to declare myself in on that job!"

"I've taken the rooms in your name," laughed Toole.

"I'll go over right now and take possession."

"If you reach there at five this afternoon it'll be time enough. I'll come along about six disguised as a porter."

DICK was on his way to the Park-Victoria at four. Bully was with him.

The house detective at the hotel was complacent about the dog and managed to smuggle him up to the suite hired by Toole, remarking that a woman who has some kind of a "drag" with the madam-moment had just taken rooms on the same floor, insisting that her dog be permitted to remain with her. So far as he was concerned, he couldn't see why a woman with a chow was any better than a man with an airedale.

"A woman with a chow?" Bannister asked absently.

"Yes, and a man with an airedale."

"A woman with a chow and a man with an airedale," Bannister repeated, with a flicker of interest. "Was it a red chow?"

"Yes, a red chow."

"And was its collar set with green medallions?"

"The collar was green, yes."

"The lady's hair—what color was that?"

"Same color as the chow's—almost matched. Wouldn't those dames knock you stiff?"

Bannister already had been "knocked stiff."

"What is her name?"

The houseman grinned. "She registered as Miss Amy Westcott, of Mammoth, New York."

Bannister's jaw dropped.

"But that ain't her name," the man went on.

"How do you know that?"

"She didn't spell Mammoth right."

"Is she in her rooms now?"

"Yes, but if I were you, I'd wait until

Toole comes along. You may be a bright enough young fellow in your own way, but it looks to me as though you were somewhat of a ham as a detective."

With that, the houseman walked out, leaving Bannister to digest the comment or burst, according to his choice.

Finally he walked to a window and looked out upon the loggia of which Toole had spoken as including the apartment taken by Jeff Whipple. Bully was at his heels, sniffing. Lifting the sash a few inches, Bannister permitted the dog to thrust his muzzle out into the air.

Before him, and fully three hundred feet below, Central Park stretched its green expanse.

Bully clawed at his master's shoes and tried to wriggle his way through the narrow aperture between all and sash. Dick was about to give him the run of the loggia when he made a discovery—another dog was enjoying that privilege. The dog was a chow—a red chow. And it had a collar with green medallions. Then he saw a slim white hand reach from the window next to Whipple's and draw the dog within. More than that, he glimpsed a golden flambeau—Karen Sire's hair!

The thought churned Bannister into a fury that demanded immediate action. He would go to Karen's room at once—he turned and rushed for the door. As he seized the knob a thud sounded outside.

SWINGING the door open, Bannister found the passage blocked by his own rawhide trunk. Toole, in the uniform of a hotel porter, was standing behind it. Dick's energies were racing like an engine off gear. Seizing the trunk, he hauled it into the room. "Come in, Toole!" he snapped. "We're going to work right away. Things are popping like corn on a hot skillet."

Toole lingered with exasperating calm in the hallway.

"Karen Sire is in the room next to Whipple's!" Bannister whispered breathlessly, when Toole had entered and closed the door.

Toole removed his porter's cap, opened the trunk and took out his derby. This he fitted to his head with great precision. "Yes?" he muttered finally.

Toole drew off his porter's coat and tossed it over a chair. Delving again into the trunk, he found his own more familiar garment and pulled it on. "Does she know we're here?" he asked, adjusting the coat sleeves over his cuffs.

"No!" roared Bannister savagely. "Get away from that trunk, or I'll fresco the wall with your brains. Don't you see that Karen is in danger—that she's walked right into the jaws—"

He stopped impotently.

Toole was flicking his shoes with a handkerchief, employing the other hand to pat Bully's head. "Why the panic?" he drawled. "Miss Sire left the rooms just as I came along with the trunk—didn't recognise me, though. She took that Chinese coolie with her—probably going for a walk in the park across the street."

Bannister rushed to the window. "She's down there now near the bathhouse," he said, after a moment's eager scrutiny.

"When she comes back," resumed the detective placidly, "she'll dress for dinner. That'll be in the Rose Room at seven o'clock, according to what she told the maid while she was standing outside Jeff Whipple's door."

"Was the transom open?" Bannister demanded.

Toole nodded. "Miss Sire probably was

talking at him, but he didn't know it. Just as she was getting into the elevator the big lobster stuck his head out of the door to get an eyeful. He'll be in the Rose Room himself at seven."

"Then what?"

"I'll go into his room and take the stuff he stole from Sire. In the meantime, you'd better go down and meet the girl in the park. Tell her, if you like, that I learned that she had come back to New York in her own plane; that I followed her here from the New York Yacht Club."

"Toole, you're a wizard!" Bannister exclaimed. "How did you find out that she was coming back?"

"If the plane came back one of the stewards was to phone me. Well, it did. I don't look so much like a wizard now, do I? Jeff probably phoned Sire from here; that's likely the way his daughter found out that he was in this hotel."

"What plan do you think Miss Sire has in mind?" asked Bannister.

"She doesn't intend to be in the Rose Room at seven, but she expects Jeff Whipple to be there." The detective laughed silently.

TOOLE removed his coat and derby, replacing them with the porter's jacket and cap. Picking up Bannister's bag, he shambled into the corridor.

Bannister was first to emerge from an elevator; he brushed past his co-worker without a sign of recognition and entered the room, leaving a sulphurous trail of mutterings in his wake. He came out



again almost immediately, probably having observed the presence of Toole's derby and coat and the absence of the porter's cap and blouse. The detective, bent slightly, was shuffling toward the elevator shafts.

Dick was about to hail him when a car stopped and Karen Sire (without the chow, this time) stepped out and walked rapidly toward her apartment. Bannister flattened himself within the embrasure of his own door until he heard a bang down the corridor. Peering out, he saw no sign of Toole.

With a savage kick, Bannister hurried back the lid of his trunk. He gazed down at the assortment of rough but useful things that made up his own kit. He was in a mood for violence. A pair of heavy laced boots, with soles fully a half inch thick, caught his eye. They fascinated him; more than once those boots had served him in the sudden execution of a sentence imposed by himself. They had been his law in camp.

Bannister pulled off his shoes and drew on the boots. Bully came nearer to him, wagging his tail but manifesting a truculence that was full of meaning to his master.

He laced the boots deliberately, an occasional chuckle escaping him.

Yes, Jeff Whipple was his meat!

Bannister stood up, his new acquaintance giving him a sense of restored self-respect.

Toole stepped into the room with his finger to his lips. "Jeff is stirrin' around next door," he cautioned.

Bannister waved, swinging his right foot like a pendulum.

"I just left Miss Sire," the detective went on, "and she dropped a few words that ought to give you comfort. You're not in Dutch with her; she has something on her

mind—a secret she can't bear to let us know. It seems that this guy who was killed was a maverick prince of a country in Asia that was scuttled by a cousin of his great grandfather—or something like that. She doesn't know the hook-up between this bird and the leopard robe, or just where the Whipple Syndicate horns in. She wants to learn about that first—see?"

BANNISTER relaxed and began to unlace his boots. "She's willing to work with us, then?" he asked.

"Up to a certain point," Toole explained. "That girl is the deep purple—thinks she'll get the stuff from Jeff's room without our help. If she fails, it's up to us to try."

"It's nearly seven now," said Dick. "If she thinks that Whipple will go down to the Rose Room for dinner, we'll be able to clear up that point soon. If she fails, what then?"

"I'll be on the job when she leaves his room. If she comes out without the goods I'll go in and comb the place down to the paint."

A chime of voices came from the corridor, one unmistakably that of Karen Sire, another that of the maid's.

The detective peered out a little. The voices died away and only the faint frou-frou of skirts could be heard. "She's going down the elevator," said Toole, turning. "When Jeff leaves his room—if he does—I'm to call her up from here. Then she'll come back and make a try for the stuff. Fair enough, ain't it?"

"Oh, all right, all right," Bannister growled. "But we're going to dig holes and fill 'em with dirt, so far as I can see."

Five minutes passed. At last they heard the rattle of keys, followed by the sound of a closing door. Whipple had emerged from his room.

Toole went to the telephone and called. "Miss Westcott?" he asked. Bannister remembered the name; it was the one under which Karen Sire had registered.

The detective's voice was continuing: "Miss Westcott, if I were you I'd stay down there and enjoy my dinner. You can't do a thing if you come back here—our friend has taken the stuff with him."

Toole hung up the receiver and turned. "Jeff's pretty wise," he said. "When he left his room he took a black portfolio with him. Of course, the junk was in it. He'll probably put it in the hotel vault. If he does that I'll have plenty of time to talk over the situation with Miss Sire. You can bet on one thing, Bannister, he won't get twenty feet away from the desk with that bag when he calls for it. I didn't promise to carry on with the girl that far. Down at the bottom I guess I'm a plain honest cop, after all."

"Maybe he'll bring the bag back," said Dick. "Karen has had her trick. It's our turn now."

He was reaching again for the heavy boots when Toole kicked them into a corner. "We'll try felt slippers first," he replied. "But I don't think the little lady has played out her hand."

TOOLE'S friend, the house detective, was not the only person who followed Mr. Geoffrey Whipple with more than a casual eye as the man moved through the gay throng in the rooms below. Karen Sire had taken a table by herself in a conspicuous place in the Rose Room and was pondering her next move. Despite Toole's disappointing message, something told her to await the house detective's signal of Whipple's approach, which her "One-Armed" friend had arranged. Presently the signal came.

Whipple presented an imposing figure. A splendid head, covered with crisp black hair, crowned his shoulders. His dark face wore the flush of health, his eyes were sparkling, his smile disarming. To Karen he became a reality for the first time. She relaxed to meet the ordeal.

Whipple had not turned the portfolio in at the desk for safe-keeping; he had checked it in the most offhand fashion at the parcel room near the door. This Karen had seen herself. The man's smile swept the room, his eyes lingering for a brief moment on the girl with red hair.

As though lifted from her chair by the billowing strains of the music, Karen brought out an indulgent smile from the other diners by rising and floating solo to the harmony. It was all artless and spontaneous. But a fevered madness was sweeping her.

SHE felt a touch on her arm and looked up into a smiling, boyish face. A stranger, yes, but she smiled back and faced with his blazing youth. On they danced together, she left him at another touch—on, on with a new partner. And then a hand stronger than all the others took her own. She was dancing with Geoffrey Whipple!

When he left the portfolio in the parcel room Karen noted that he had dropped the check into the right-hand pocket of his dinner jacket. It was there now. Why should she falter?

Whipple proved to be a master dancer. Without a murmur he yielded the girl's hand to the youth who first had broken the ice. But when he walked smilingly back to his own table the check for the portfolio was not in his pocket!

With the check snugly hidden in her girlish, Karen considered the next move. She waited until the tide of dancers flooded him away with a new partner, then left the room and hurried to a telephone. She heard herself saying into the telephone: "Mr. Richard Bannister's apartment, please!"

But it was Toole who answered. "Please ask Mr. Bannister to come down immediately," she said.

A moment of silence and then Toole's voice: "He's on his way!" Bannister had attended to the little matter of dressing a half-hour earlier, against just such an emergency. Karen saw him emerge from an elevator and hurried to him. "Mr. Bannister," she said, "I must have tried your patience to-day, but I hope you have found some entertainment in the explanation I made to Mr. Toole. If you have, I am going to ask another service of you."

"Tell me what you wish me to do, Miss Sire, and it is done."

She drew the check from her girlish. "This is for Mr. Whipple's portfolio," she said. "I took it from his pocket in much the same way that I relieved you of the stiletto. The attendant probably will give you the portfolio without question."

Bannister took the check and presented it. All astonishingly easy! But the portfolio was in his possession only a moment. Karen relieved him of it with a quiet "Thank you!"

"First the stiletto, now the bag," he said dazedly. "Murder and larceny! Got a match? I feel like burning down the hotel!"

"Please defer that for a while," she laughed. "I'll join you again directly."

He saw her trip lightly up the stairs to the mezzanine floor and disappear. In ten minutes she returned, carrying the portfolio. "I've taken Mr. Whipple's plunder out," she explained, without a touch of ex-

citement, "but I've replaced it with some informative folders on how to go around the world by land, sea and air."

"He'll choose the air when he misses the parchments, don't you think?" Bannister bantered back.

The girl handed him the bag. "May I ask you to return it to the parcel room?" she asked. "I'll wait for the check and put it back in his pocket."



"You're inviting danger," Bannister expostulated. "Let me take the documents. For my word, I won't look at 'em."

The house detective approached them. "Scatter!" he advised, under his breath. "Whipple has missed whatever was taken out of his pocket."

Karen turned and sped for an elevator. Bannister recovered his wits when he heard the detective saying: "I saw Miss Sire make the dip when she was dancing with Jeff. What did she get?"

Dick held up the bag. "She took the check for this bag," he said rapidly. "I got it out of the parcel room for her." The house man seized the portfolio and tossed it to a passing bellhop. "Check the bag," he ordered, "and bring the check to me." He turned again to Bannister. "Do you and Whipple know each other?" he asked.

Dick shook out a negative. The bellboy returned and handed the check to the house detective. At the same instant Whipple emerged from the Rose Room. And his urbanity was gone.

Bannister took him in with one sweeping glance. The house man pretended not to recognise him and called a boy to "page Mr. Whipple." Jeff approached the pair and introduced himself, still glowering. "I've lost a check for a bag," he said.

"This it?" asked the house man, holding up the disc. "It was found on the floor near your table."

Whipple's blandness returned instantly. "Ah, thank you!" he said, taking the check. He surveyed Bannister and the detective with a friendly eye. "House men, I suppose," he added. "I'll leave an envelope for you in the morning."

"No tip," Bannister admonished, as Jeff walked away. The two men saw him pause at the parcel room; then, apparently satisfied that the portfolio was safe, turn and re-enter the Rose Room.

From a remote corner Dick watched Whipple dancing. He felt a nudge at his elbow and turned to see the house detective dropping into a chair beside him.

"The red-haired gal has just checked out," said the man. "She took the check with her. All you've got to do now is nothing. I'm off duty for the night, myself. I've talked with Toole and told him all about it."

DICK was stunned. For the second time that day Karen Sire had exhibited a wholly unaccountable contempt for him. He took an elevator up.

Toole had an automatic in his hand when he opened the door to admit his friend. "Expecting Jeff Whipple?" Dick queried pleasantly.

Toole dropped the gun into his coat pocket. "Just makin' sure," he answered shortly. "That bird has bounced his last blackjack off my dome."

"We might as well fold up and get out of here," Bannister remarked. "Karen's got the stuff she wants and has skipped,

leaving Jeff to hold the bag. Metaphorically, we're in the same boat."

"Not exactly. The house has been instructed not to tell Jeff that she's gone. The little lady is presumed to be in her room right now. It won't be long before Jeff finds out what was done to him. Maybe he'll make a call on her."

"Suppose we shift to her room," Bannister suggested.

"Would you be willing to go into her rooms and stay there all night alone?" Toole asked.

Bannister recoiled. "Not alone," he said. "What if she returned and caught me crouching in there? What would she think?"

"That's all fixed. You won't be disturbed by anybody, except possibly Jeff himself. Take the boots along if you like."

"What will you be doing all this time?"

"There's a squib in the papers says that I'm in Bellevue with injuries sustained in a taxi collision, as I've told you. Jeff may fall for this and he may not. He has underground sources of information just the same as I have. He may even know that I'm in this room. I'll stick right here and watch. If he enters Miss Sire's room and mixes it with you, I'll be on the job right away."

Toole silently handed over a key to the suite just vacated by Karen Sire. Bannister picked up his boots, whispered to Bully, and together they stepped out into the corridor, leaving Toole alone. Opening the door of the darkened apartment, Dick entered and switched on a light, revealing a suite more richly and daintily furnished than the one he had just quitted.

BULLY looked up at him and whimpered. His master felt queer, almost ridiculous. He drew out a small pistol, examined it and thrust it back into his hip pocket.

Bannister next kicked off his shoes, then he turned off the lights.

But hours were yet to pass before Jeff Whipple returned to his room. Bannister spent them in tortured inactivity. Bully had curled up on the bathroom mat and gone to sleep long before Dick heard a sound at Whipple's door. Presently a flood of light fell across the loggia—the man was inside.

Five minutes more passed. Dick thought he heard the rumble of a muffled curse.

Bannister went to the window and lifted it cautiously.

The night had become moonless, starless and murky. The light in Whipple's room went out.

Bannister stepped behind the heavy draperies and waited. He did not have long to wait—Jeff had chosen the window.

Dick heard a faint scraping as from the cautious raising of a sash. Soon a figure loomed through the murk. It was a huge form, yet in an enveloping robe and hood of pale grey, it wore the aspect of a phantom.

Within a yard of Bannister the apparition stooped and lifted the window with a pressure so carefully exerted that it seemed to rise under some unseen force. Spectral and silent, it bent over until the hood was fairly within.

Bannister drew the draperies about him and held his breath. Slowly a gray leg was thrust across the sill; presently the entire figure was in the room. The watcher saw it move noiselessly across the carpet and pause at the bed. Suddenly a sword of light flashed the darkness; the gray invader was using a flashlight.

Thrusting the little revolver back into his pocket, Bannister leaped across the room

like a puma, landing squarely upon the ghostly intruder's back. Instantly the illusion was gone. He was at grips with a man muscled and thwired like a bull.

ALMOST without sound the men slid to the floor, the robed figure underneath. In silent ferocity the combatants rolled across the floor, one to hold the other to gain the advantage. The grey bulk writhed and strained; from within the hood a glitter of teeth and eyes flicked the darkness. Presently the robed bulk relaxed and settled inertly to the floor.

"Let him up, Bannister!" It was Toole's voice calling from the open window. He stepped down from the sill, lumbered across the room and threw on a light, revealing what looked like a sack of potatoes along across his shoulder.

Bannister rose, drew his revolver and eyed the still prostrate figure of the man he had subdued. Toole relieved himself of his burden by casting it upon a lounge. Dick's late antagonist heaved up into a sitting position and pulled off his hood.

"Hello, Jeff!" greeted the detective. Whipple got on his feet. "Ah, good morning, Mr. Toole!" he returned. "My voice is a bit hoarse, I fear. Your young friend has been quite rough with me." He rubbed the livid marks where Bannister had laced his fingers about his neck.

"It was a mistake to let you live," Dick retorted. He tapped his prisoner for a weapon, but found nothing.

"I never carry firearms," Whipple explained.

"Not when you're calling on ladies," Bannister sneered. "I've a good mind to toss you over the balcony, ghost robe and all. That rig is enough to scare the average girl to death."

"But I wasn't calling on an average girl," the man replied.

"Right!" said Bannister.

Toole raised his hand. "No more chatter, Jeff! I've got your little playmate here and we're going to have a private line-up. The best you can expect is a smack from this if you duck my questions or lie." He was dangling a blackjack in his right hand.

Bannister turned to inspect the squirming thing that Toole had thrown to the lounge. It was a whiffet of a man dressed in a grey knit suit, with sox and cap of the same material. He was doubled up and hog-tied; a handkerchief bound tightly across his mouth accounted for his silence.

"My valet," Whipple volunteered.

"Valet, hell!" Toole snarled. "He's your



killer. Carry him around in a trunk, hey?" Bannister whistled. "So this is the wazool who killed the Prince and stabbed Maurice Sire!"

Toole made no answer to this reasonable conjecture.

"Where did you scotch that snake?" Bannister inquired.

"Oh, I caught him by the leg when he was following Jeff through the window." Toole drew a tri-cornered dagger from his pocket. "I had a hunch," he resumed, "that if we left this little instrument in the aquarium it would turn up sometime in the hands of its owner. Now we've got enough to burn 'em both, and maybe Brenda, too."

Whipple smiled. "Mr. Toole," he said suavely, "you must know by this time that Brenda and I have not been working to-

gether recently. Without wishing that lady any harm, I fear that she has been indiscreet enough to cause the death of the Prince and the attempted assassination of my much esteemed friend, Maurice Sire." He calmly removed his robe and tossed it across a chair.

BANNISTER and Toole eyed him loathingly, but allowed him to continue. "I had hoped to recover my property without violence," he went on coolly. "The lady in the Rose Room used great finesse in separating me from it and I merely wished to reciprocate in the same considerate manner."

Dick picked up the gray robe and pulled a small rubber bag out of one of the pockets. From the bag he extracted a sodden handkerchief which permeated the air with chloroform. "You were going to drug a sleeping girl," he grinned.

Toole had untied a length of window cord that held his own prisoner's knees together. The man unrolled his legs with a grunt of relief. Bannister gazed at him. He was small and slight, but lithe as a serpent. He skinned his teeth and snarled at Bannister.

"Look here, Whipple," Dick said suddenly. "Why have you gone to all this trouble to get that snow leopard robe and the old parchments?"

A gleam of triumph came into Whipple's eyes and Toole looked chagrined at the question. The creature on the lounge writhed and a gargle of satisfaction escaped him.

"We haven't examined the documents yet," Toole mumbled, casting a pained glance at his co-worker.

"You haven't got them!" Whipple shot back. "I see that we're both holding empty bags. Miss Sire worked with you two only long enough to get hold of my portfolio, then she doublecrossed you. But I don't blame her for trying to keep the contents of those documents a secret. Any young woman in her place would do the same."

"Why?" Bannister thrust in.

"You'll never learn that from me," Whipple replied easily.

Toole had put on his derby and taken a seat; now he permitted the blackjack to swing like a pendulum between his knees.

Dick stood up and pawed the carpet to secure a more perfect adjustment of the heavy boot. "You dirty pooch!" he growled savagely. "You sneaked into Miss Sire's room with chloroform, bent on robbery and possibly murder. A minute ago you tried to betray your own accomplice, and followed that with an innuendo against a school-girl. You're going to turn up the information that Toole wants or I'm going to kick you, not once, but as often as necessary, to bring out the yellow streak in you. And now that I look at you closely, there is a yellow streak. You're some kind of a half-breed or quail!"

It was Whipple's very pallor that brought out this sudden observation. With the blood drained from his face, a slight but unmistakable tinge of yellow had come over it; not the swart brown of a southern European, but yellow-the color of the Orient.

GIVE it to him, Bannister!" snarled Toole.

Bannister seized the man by the shoulders and twisted him around. The heavy boot shot out and found its mark. "Now yelp, you yellow hound!" he grated out. He stopped suddenly, wheeled and jerked the little revolver from his hip pocket, firing almost instantly. But the shot was not for Jeff Whipple. It was aimed at the snake-

like figure of his accomplice, who had squirmed free from the cords and was reaching for the light switch.

A click followed the bark of the revolver, then, instant, impenetrable darkness. Bannister heard a crashing fall to the floor; in a split second a bolt hit him on the head and passed like an electric shock to his heels.

When Bannister regained consciousness his head was churning like a motor. Something warm and wet lapped his hand; through glazed eyes he saw Bully crouching on the floor beside him. Paint amber streaks of light were touching the windows and sounds of traffic came up from the street.

Bringing himself to a sitting posture he gazed giddily about him. Toole was sprawled on a divan, his face a fish-belly white, his jaws loose and drooling.

"What happened?" Bannister demanded. Toole stared and lifted his head. "Jeff got me with the chloroform and then crowned you with the blackjack," he managed to gasp.

Bannister dragged himself to a lounge and drew himself up.

"We're a fine pair of boxes," the detective growled.

Dick looked at the clock. "We've been out about an hour. It's after five. Wonder why Jeff let me live? Funny nobody in the hotel heard the ruckus."

Toole staggered to his feet. "You nicked his little playmate with that shot," he said. "There's blood on the switch. There wasn't enough noise at that to wake anybody." He picked up the telephone. Bannister heard him mumbling but did not catch the words. In a little while the detective turned. "They've checked out—made a clean getaway," he continued gloomily.

DICK'S head was throbbing wearily from Jeff's terrific blow, while the after-effects of the drug had left Toole little better off. In a half hour they were receiving treatment at a private hospital. Bannister's skull had resisted a feared fracture, and Toole's excellent physical condition helped him to a speedy recovery. When they left the hospital they felt almost fit.

"Suppose you get the Sire place on the phone," Bannister suggested. "Karen must be warned against Whipple."

Emerging from a telephone booth, Toole gazed into his friend's woebegone face. "Miss Sire is sailing this morning at ten o'clock for Alexandria, Egypt," he announced. "She's on board the Thessalonica now."

Karen Sire on her way to Egypt! And from Egypt where? To the land of the snow leopard? To the country of the slatin prince, Jura Bai? Why this desperate haste?

He hailed a taxicab. "We'll talk on the way to the pier," he said hurriedly. "The Thessalonica sails in less than an hour; you may have a chance of seeing Karen before she goes."

"We probably have a better reason than that for catching the boat," Toole answered uneasily. "She isn't the only person in New York who's in a hurry to get away. Alexandria is Jeff's own stamping grounds. Besides, he knows that Miss Sire has the documents. Whatever use they are to her on the other side of the world they are of the same use to him."

The cab was heading westward through the traffic jam. Bannister picked up Toole's conjectures and began to amplify them.

The cab was two blocks from the pier when a deep bawl came from the river. The Thessalonica was in mid-stream, riding

down the tide toward the bay. Bannister gulped back his heart. Karen Sire was aboard that ship, with the shadow of death, or a terror even worse, stalking her as she moved seaward. He felt sure that Jeff Whipple was aboard the same ship and that somewhere across the wide expanse Brenda would be waiting. He began to feel a contempt for Maurice Sire for letting his daughter get into this desperate plight.

Too! tightened his belt. "Are you game for it?" he asked.

Bannister knew what he meant. "Yes, we'll follow them," he said quietly. "Perhaps we can hop aboard a ship that will beat the Thessalonika to the other side. Anyway, you can order Whipple's detention and warn the captain to keep him away from Karen."

THEY stopped at the pier and picked up a sailing list of the Thessalonika. Karen Sire had used her own name—an obvious necessity in securing a passport. Big Jeff, for the same reason, had done the same. The entry read: "Geoffrey Whipple and man-servant." The little brown assassin was aboard with him.

"We'll try to get one of the big four-day boats for Southampton or Havre," said Bannister. "Then we can go by plane to Alexandria or even board the Thessalonika at Gibraltar. What do you say?"

Upon further inquiry they learned that the Albanic, a faster ship than the Thessalonika, would leave for Alexandria the next morning. They were assured that she would beat the Thessalonika into the Egyptian port by at least a day.

"That's our best bet," said Bannister. "Suppose we stop in at Rod's office and make arrangements for passage, passports and funds?"

"You're on," assented Too!.

"I'll turn in the tip on Whipple and leave this end of it to Matt Boyle. But he'll probably put his foot in it, bad sex to 'em!"

Bannister smiled at this. The detective was on his way to a telephone when he stopped suddenly and engaged a pier official in conversation. A moment later he hurried back to Bannister. "Say," he said excitedly. "I just heard that Maurice Sire owns the Thessalonika."



CAPTAIN ANDERSON of the Thessalonika was in no great state of elation over the fact that Karen Sire was aboard. His ship had scarcely begun to flirt her daily skirts of spume in green water before the wireless started to harass him. Maurice Sire, owner of the line, or at least its most powerful individual factor, wanted to know about his daughter. This brought on a long aerial palaver that ended when Sire gave certain instructions to his sailing master which rather astonished him.

Anderson, of course, had read of the murder of Prince Jura Bal. He had understood that Karen Sire was to stay in New York as a possible witness and he had been a little chagrined when she came aboard with no less a person than Police Captain Matthew Boyle, who told him officially that there was no objection to her sailing. But now her father had come via radio into the scene with so much evident agitation that Anderson feared he had blundered in taking her away.

The next day the Albanic more than 20

hours' run astern, began to goad him with queries concerning Miss Sire and Geoffrey Whipple. A few hours later he received orders from Washington to keep Whipple and his man-servant under close surveillance until they reached Alexandria where the British authorities would take them in custody. The charge was stated as being "in connection with the murder of Prince Jura Bal."

Karen Sire, of course, had been assigned to the captain's table. Anderson asked her about it all.

"Oh, I'm a runaway," she admitted naively. "Daddy didn't want me to go so I persuaded Captain Boyle to clear the way. I hope he won't feel that I have deceived him."

"My orders are to put you ashore at Gibraltar in charge of our agent there."

"But I'm booked for Alexandria!"

"Can't help it Miss Sire. You're a runaway and a minor under control of your father. You'll have to go ashore—a New York bound ship will pick you up."

"At Gibraltar? I could get a plane there, couldn't I, and proceed to Alexandria?"

"I said you were to be placed on board a New York bound ship—why talk of planes? Bless your heart, child, don't think of scaring your father to death by diving into the Near East at such a time as this! There's a chance to pay over there just now. Wild men are coming out of the desert, agitators and desperadoes are gibbering and whirling."

"What a lovely little Good Night story you can tell!"

Captain Anderson nibbled at the celery until her mood changed. "It seems," he resumed, "that one of those periodic, fanatical, semi-religious upheavals is spitting toward a general blow-up. Some prophet has come along with a story of a new deliverance."

"WHAT is this gentleman's plan?"

"Oh, you're beginning to believe me now! Well, he's going to lead his fellows to an earthly paradise. A fable, of course. The promised land is somewhere back of the Himalayas, along the southern edge of Tibet—a desert."

"Who is the man leading these people?" she asked eagerly.

"If I told you the whole story, you'd laugh at me. This fellow isn't really the leader, he's a sort of bally-hooer or whipper-in. His job is to get the poor dummies saturated with an idea. Then he'll start 'em marching to the new paradise where they'll meet their queen, a glorified demi-goddess who's going to rule over 'em. Fact! You can start a thing like that any old time in the Near East—or the Far East, for that matter."

"What is the big idea?"

"Not a bad one, perhaps. You see there are thousands of Eurasians in the Near East—half caste, yellow, brown and white. Hybrids of infinite gradations are plentiful, all branded with the same curse. They form a parish race by themselves, scorned by straight-breeds."

"What is this prophet's rallying cry?" she managed to ask.

"A homeland for the disinherited! That's his slogan—a sweet rag to chew on, isn't it?"

Karen sprang to her feet, her little young body quivering.

"A homeland for the disinherited!" she cried. "A hope for the hopeless! Do you laugh at that?"

The captain's mouth fell open; the outburst bewildered him.

"Isn't it usual for these prophets to fix

a certain date for fulfillment—say, for example, the time when these poor people will meet their queen?" Karen persisted.

"Oh, that's all fixed! It's about the first of October by our calendar, less than a month away. That's why I'm telling you Alexandria won't be a safe place for a young lady from now on."

"Where is Mr. Whipple?" Karen asked abruptly. "He hasn't shown himself since we started."

"And he won't until we reach Alexandria," Anderson replied. "He's a prisoner by request of two Governments—British and American."

In a stroll about the deck Karen Sire encountered Kinnaird Clark, the first officer. During their stay in the roadstead he had lingered below decks, keeping a look-out on three Greek deportees. "You can't tell when these fellows will pop overboard and swim for it," he explained. "Fugitives from justice naturally have no fear of repatriation."

He found Miss Sire only mildly interested in this. "Wonder if I couldn't have Mr. Whipple for dinner?" she asked.

"How will you have him—boiled or roasted?" Clark laughed. "That fellow is in my charge, too—he's an international racketeer. I wouldn't permit him to sit at a table with you even if he had leg-irons on him."

"Yet he seemed to enjoy complete liberty in New York."

Clark became mysterious. "They got something on him since he boarded this ship," he said cautiously. "His valet is under observation with him."

A shadow fell between them. A little brown man, with his right arm in a sling, was standing a few feet away. From the look on his face he might have been a fiend paroled from perdition for some mission that no mortal man could be found to undertake.

"Back aft and stay there!" snapped Clark.

The little man started away, his head turning as if on a pivot to survey Karen Sire. Even in the bright sunlight some dark terror seemed to radiate from him.

"Whipple's valet," said Clark when the fellow had disappeared.

KAREN SIRE had been ready to make any reasonable concession to Whipple if only he would satisfy her curiosity regarding the scrolls she had taken from his portfolio, and why the unfortunate Prince sacrificed his life in an effort to get the leopard robe and the girdle.

A partial translation of the documents had been made in French—with all its fine-spun nuances, never an easy tongue for her to master. Aided by a bilingual dictionary she had managed to get the gist of some passages.

In her locked and guarded room Karen picked up the written results of her labored efforts. She found some meaning and coherence in this:

"And the abscending king did flee from the wrath of those who yet had blue eyes and hair of gold and he did become a free-booter of the desert beyond the Sira Valley, making strong the passes to the domain and plundering all caravans that sought to make a peaceful trade with the kingdom he had betrayed. They named him 'the Scourge of Tibet' and did call down upon his head the wrath of God. But in His Eternal Eye the time was not ripe for the men and women with blue eyes and golden hair, 'the Scourge of Tibet' did engulf them and take their herds and with fire and sword did make of their land a desert."

Who was this abscending king? Was the

desert scourge the man of whom her great-grandfather had boasted? She turned to a parchment sheet that showed the least sign of age, but which remained untranscribed. This scroll was abundantly decorated with curious figures, among them (and most frequently recurring) a snow leopard, colored in faded pigments.

Here, Karen felt sure, lay the prophecy. Somewhere within this baffling scroll dwelt the secret of her own ancestry. Whatever it contained was known to Brenda Whipple; it was known to Geoffrey Whipple; it had been known to Jura Bai; it was known to the fanatical rabble now gathering from the four corners of the earth to occupy the Sira Valley. But it was not known to her. Did her father know? Was he ashamed of it?

Yes, she must go on now—on, on to the Sira Valley.

Karen was out on deck again when Captain Anderson came upon her like a blue-and-gold whirlwind.

"You're free to go on to Alexandria, Miss Sire!" he shouted. "Your father has changed his mind. I wired him that your temperament was interfering with the compass and making the barometer behave like a tub of liquid monkeys. He's arranged to take care of you at Alexandria."

FAR back in the wake of "Karen Sire's family greyhound," the Albanian was making her run across the Atlantic, gliding through glassy seas at maximum speed. Bannister and Toole were aboard, bent on overtaking and passing the *Thessalonika*.

From a sheet of newspapers bought at the pier they learned the latest developments in the murder of Prince Jura Bai. His own secretary had been placed under arrest on a homicide charge made by Police Captain Boyle. It seemed that the man could neither produce an alibi nor give any acceptable reason for going into hiding after the murder. He had been arrested (drunk) in a night club. Toole fairly roared at this.

Toole had learned much about Alexandria where he expected to have his next encounter with "Big Jeff" Whipple and his murderous v-jet. On the second day out he and Bannister had a talk with the Albanian's captain.

"There's going to be the devil to pay in Alexandria," the captain told them. "Something like a new religious cult is forming among the half-breed pariahs of the Near East. They're trying to get together and develop a nation of their own. It seems that they have obtained concessions to occupy a desert part of Tibet. In addition they assert territorial rights from remote days and claim to have documents to prove them."

"Is there any date fixed for this heira to the Promised Land?" inquired Bannister. "There is a fixed date in a prophecy made centuries ago. The whole affair is full of Jura to the Oriental imagination. It's the mystic that always catches 'em."

From the deck level far below came tinkling strains from a mandolin. Presently a melodious voice arose, singing "O Sole Mio." The captain walked away and joined another group at the rail.

THE *Thessalonika* had left the broad Atlantic behind her and was only a few hours' run from Gibraltar before Karen Sire could draw Captain Anderson into another conversation. "To avoid her he had been taking his meals in his cabin. But the sight of land seemed to

throw him out a little; she found him at the dinner-table in his place.

Anderson started the talk himself. "Whatever else may be said of that fellow Whipple," he remarked, "no one can accuse him of being a piker. He offered my first officer a thousand dollars if he would arrange a meeting with you for only ten minutes. Clark turned him down, of course, and Whipple raised the ante to five thousand. He's got ten times that sum in the purser's safe."

Karen raised one eyebrow and dropped the other. "How much does Mr. Clark want—ten thousand?" she asked. "I'd give the other five thousand myself for the privilege of talking to Mr. Whipple."

"Yes, I suppose you would," Anderson replied, "and that's the very reason Whipple is not going to see you. Neither of you has



told me why this little palaver is so important. Incidentally, that valet of his has been in the brig ever since I heard that he approached you on the deck. Whipple is going to be placed there, too, before we reach Gibraltar. I'm not taking any chances with either of those birds while we're in port or near it."

Karen asked him why Whipple's valet was wearing his arm in a sling.

"He's been shot through the hand," Anderson answered. "He refused to let our doctor examine the wound, but just after he approached you on deck, Clark went to his quarters and searched him. What do you think he found?"

"A jewelled clasp and girdle!" Karen remarked.

"No. He found a note from Whipple addressed to you concealed in the bandage. I've confiscated it."

"You must give me that note!"

"I'll give it to the British authorities at Alexandria after they lock Whipple up."

"Did the valet tell Mr. Clark who shot him?"

"No. But Whipple told us an hotel thief did it."

"Did he mention a Mr. Toole or a Mr. Bannister?"

"No, he didn't. But some crazy galoot aboard the Albanian named Toole has been pestering me over the wireless about you and Whipple. I'm giving him the silent treatment."

Captain Anderson seemed to feel that he had told Miss Sire about all that he could without overstepping discretion. She failed to get any more out of him.

So the run to Gibraltar continued. A stay of twelve hours was made in that port, with Whipple, his valet, and the three Greek deportees kept in close confinement for the period.

THE *Thessalonika* had passed the Pillars of Hercules, outer gateway to the Near East, and was gliding along the shore of Andalusia. Hours sped away. Through the softened air of a Spanish summer night passengers lounged at the rail and looked out upon a scene of repose. Harmonies of mandolins and bits of song floated up from the decks below.

Suddenly, without any warning, the placid air was split with a shriek—another—and still another. It was as though three lost souls had tottered over the brink of eternity. The sounds had come from the lower

deck aft where Whipple and his man, together with the deportees, were quartered.

Karen was in the crowd that scrambled below. They found Clark, the first officer, flanked by a few seamen and a half dozen stewards, in the large, improvised brig. A sea-door had been left open for air and a heavy wooden lattice that replaced it had been wrenched away. In a patch of moonlight lay a litter of clothing—coats, caps, and shoes. Geoffrey Whipple, calmly puffing a cigar, was leaning against a stanchion, his valet crouching near him.

The *Thessalonika* had stopped and was already moving astern.

"Fools!" yelled Clark. "they've gone overboard—the three of 'em. We're ten miles off shore and they'll never be able to swim it. Three less 'Reds' in the world, anyway."

The shadow of a boat swung past the open port. A splash, a cracking of oarlocks—a rescue crew was circling the water.

Whipple's little brown valet turned to Clark with an evil smile. "They get away, eh?" he asked. "No like police back home, maybe. Jump over all together, Mr. Whipple, he try stop them."

Whipple picked Karen out of the white-faced crowd.

Karen drew her gaze away from him, conscious of a powerful will at work against her own.

Clark turned to the seamen, "Put these two men in irons," he ordered, indicating Whipple and the valet. His eyes swept the crowd. "Passengers will return to their own quarters at once."

Karen was the first to wrench herself away from the forbidding scene. The others were soon above decks and hanging over the rails, watching the moves of the lifeboat. In a half hour it returned, with its crew only.

The *Thessalonika* shifted her course seaward, there was no further need for a call at the Greek port.

THE two ships were now practically neck and neck, with three miles of seaway between them, the Albanian having a meagre advantage of "position" in relation to Alexandria.

Jeff Whipple was aboard the *Thessalonika* on his way to possible liberty at the same moment that Karen Sire would step ashore. What would happen then? The question rasped at Bannister's taut nerves.

Whipple would be in his own backyard at Alexandria. What might not happen if the *Thessalonika* discharged her passengers first?

Big ships always give each other plenty of leeway, particularly near a harbor. It would be necessary for the Albanian to establish a good lead on her rival to ensure an earlier landing of passengers. Should the Albanian win, Toole and Bannister could meet Karen aboard the *Thessalonika* and keep her out of harm's way.

"Why are all those little craft buzzing around the *Thessalonika*?" Bannister asked, handing his glasses to Toole.

The detective gazed at what seemed to be a big mosquito fleet swarming about the great vessel. "Reminds me of a big thrush coming up New York Bay with the Prince of Wales aboard," he said finally.

Whistles and bells from the little fleet piped and jangled through the distance, while occasionally the *Thessalonika* moaned out a reply.

The Albanian, by this time, was close enough to her rival to enable the passengers to pick up details with their glasses. The small fleet surrounding the *Thessalonika*'s black bulk was composed of motor boats, sailing craft, and a sprinkling of

barges propelled by oars. All were gaily decorated and the decks showed hundreds of animated figures.

Bannister and Toole felt the clutch of it. Yes, there was a sinister fascination about it all.

The Thessalonica seemed to be acting strangely. Bannister kept the glasses clamped to his eyes.

A roar that sounded like the concerted effort of every bull in North Africa came rumbling across the water. The Thessalonica had raised a voice of protest that was meant to be unmistakable.

A shout sounded from the Albanian's bridge, followed by a rush of feet along the deck. The first officer went panting past them. Bannister caught the few words he jerked over his shoulder:

"Wireless tells us that a parcel of fanatics has boarded the Thessalonica. They've over-run the ship!" With that he plunged below. Bannister made for the wireless-room. He found Toole already there. An officer was relaying messages from the Thessalonica to the bridge of the Albanian, using a telephone. They could hear him distinctly:

"I slowed and stopped to avoid running the little fleet down. All seemed to be in holiday spirit. Biggest craft of the lot came alongside, others hugging close. Seadour at main deck open and they swarmed in on us, singing. About three hundred, all armed. Leader told me they had come to greet their new queen."

The officer set down the telephone and looked up. "What do you know about that?" he demanded hoarsely.

The Albanian churned and trembled. She was coming about and no doubt intended to head for the Thessalonica.

Again the officer picked up the phone. "An explosion!" he yelled suddenly, picking the words from the wireless man's mouth. A pause, then the officer continued to speed information to his chief on the bridge. "They've blown open the purser's safe. They must be pirates!"

Another wait—this time a long one. Presently the man at the telephone was speaking again: "They've taken off three passengers—Geoffrey Whipple, his valet, and Miss Karen Sire. They're aboard a fast powerboat now. Boarders leaving ship. Crew has killed or wounded half a dozen."

THE officer laid down the telephone. "First time anything like this has happened since the war," he puffed. "How do they expect to get away with it?"

The man's comments were lost upon Bannister and Toole. One sentence of the wireless message was burning in their brain—Whipple, his valet, and Karen had been taken off the Thessalonica by the pirates.

"It was a raid to rescue Whipple and his man," Toole managed to say, as they left the wireless-room.

"Karen has been kidnapped!" Bannister groaned.

Toole dared not speak of the fears that were gripping his heart. A little ray of hope came into the detective's eyes. "Everybody in Alexandria knows by this time what has been going on in the harbor," he soothed. "There's a good chance that the whole outfit will be nailed when they get ashore."

The first officer joined them. "Did you ever hear the like of that attack?" he asked. "Yet the Mediterranean has been breeding sea wolves for centuries. These inshore pirates have every trick of the game at their finger ends through natural impulse, tradition, and practice. I watched the whole fleet as it sheered off from the Thessalonica.

It was headed by a huge powerboat that seemed to be acting as a flagship. The big craft made directly to the fairway leading into eastern bay.

"I think the whole crew of 'em got away. What a lovely time the Thessalonica's officers will have explaining that raid! And the worst is yet to come for them."

"What could be worse?" Dick asked.

The first officer showed surprise. "Haven't you heard? Why, the Thessalonica isn't going back to New York. She's under charter to take a colony of homesteaders down through the Red Sea and over to an East Indian port. I hear they're going to make their way through a pass in the Himalayas to some place in Tibet."

"It can't be the outfit that swarmed over the Thessalonica," said Bannister. "If they had the ship under charter, why should they have turned a trick like that?"

"Factional fight, maybe. Quarrel over leadership, religion, land grants, or just plain cussedness. Anyway, I'm glad to be out of it."

He walked away, grinning.

"And the Thessalonica," said Bannister, turning to Toole, "belongs to Maurice Sire! Do you think it possible that Karen left the ship voluntarily with Whipple?"

"Why?" Toole snorted.

Bannister did not know why.

BANNISTER and Toole were preparing to quit the Albanian when they were informed that their presence would be required on board the Thessalonica, where an inspection of the harbor raid was in progress. The summons suited them perfectly.

"This will give us a springboard for our next plunge," said Bannister hopefully.

"Into the air," Toole responded.

"Well, I'm a licensed flier, and you've had some experience with planes. Let's go."

When Bannister and Toole boarded the Thessalonica they found that the vessel had virtually been taken over by British and native officials. Two of these functionaries were seated on one side of a table; across it were Captain Anderson and Clark supporting their chins with hands and elbows, both pictures of despair.

"This examination is informal," the British official explained. "We have just received verbal reports from the officers. Perhaps Captain Anderson and Mr. Clark will repeat what has gone before so that you may have a better understanding of what is required of you."

Anderson recounted in detail all that had happened aboard the Thessalonica, including the murder of the deportees, the ironing of Whipple and his valet, and the amazing raid on the ship only a few miles out of the harbor. "The pirates," he added, "blew open the purser's safe and took everything that Whipple and Miss Sire had deposited there."

"Did Miss Sire leave the ship willingly with Whipple?" Toole inquired.

Anderson smiled grimly. "She left the ship," he said, "just one pace ahead of that dirty little weasel, Whipple's valet, and he had the point of a dagger touching her back."

"Well," the British official remarked, "Whipple and his prisoner, along with the mob that took them off the ship, have melted like the poet's snowflakes on the desert's dusty face. We haven't been able to find hide nor hair of them."

Bannister and Toole had been called. It was explained, because of Toole's insistent radio messages to Captain Anderson regarding Miss Sire and Whipple. What they had to tell was of little apparent value to the inquisitors.

"But," the British official said, "we've cleared up one point. When Miss Sire was thrust aboard the powerboat as a prisoner, she cried out an appeal to have you gentlemen warned. She mentioned Mr. Bannister's name in particular."

"Oh, we'll follow them," Bannister said. "Did you learn anything regarding Whipple's accomplice—the woman Brenda?"

"She's being held in England at the request of the American authorities."

"Any more light on the murder of Prince Juri Bai?"

"They've released his secretary in New York. The case is at a standstill."

"Have you heard anything from Maurice Sire?" Bannister asked.

"He's in Paris—on his way to Asia. I understand. He left New York three days after the Albanian's departure and made the run across in new record time. Now that his daughter has been kidnapped, and taken into the desert, he'll come here, I suppose."

"Always a full jump behind!" sneered Bannister.

"Same as us," Toole reminded him briefly. He turned to Captain Anderson. "Are you going to take Sire's homesteaders to the East?" he asked.

"I've been relieved of command," Anderson replied sourly. "My first officer's in the same boat. New officers are handling the Thessalonica for that trip."

TOOLE and Bannister were leaving the room where the inquiry was held when a radio message was handed to Dick. It was from Maurice Sire. He read it aloud to Toole:

"Offer ransom any amount for Karen's safe return. Unlimited credit Alexandria Bank. Follow all clues, using ships or planes. Have learned Whipple started three hundred fighting men for Sire Depression three weeks ago. All outlaws. Probably moving overland across desert by caravan. Remain in Alexandria three days awaiting result ransom offer. If that fails take commercial plane to Maura, India, where you will find special plane which burns either gas or alcohol. Proceed in this to mountain called Our Lady in White at gate of Sire Depression where you will find my agent, Abbe Bergere, who will give further instructions."

Bannister stared at Toole, his heart



standing still, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth. He handed the message to Toole.

Toole went over it carefully. "We've taken Sire into camp at last," he said. "He's wise to the Whipple syndicate."

"But perhaps too late," Bannister rejoined. "Do you notice, Toole, that he issues mandates, not requests?"

"He knows you'd do anything to help for his daughter," the detective answered. "You'll follow through, won't you?"

Bannister already had him by the arm and was dragging him along.

At the bank they learned that the credit placed at their disposal was one million dollars. In addition, a dozen accredited Sire agents were ready to take orders. So the ransom offer was launched and broadcast, with a tentative 100,000dol. as a reward.

But neither Bannister nor Toole had any hope of negotiating with Whipple. What-

ever scheme the man had in mind had gone too far for that. But who had supplied the funds for the Whipple army of mercenaries? Did they make up the vanguard of the outfit that boarded the Thessalonica?

"Whipple got the money from the Prince, then had him killed," was Toole's conjecture. "He tried to do the same with Sire. I'm sure now that he put something over on Brenda, too. Big Jeff is playing a lone hand."

"Lone hand?" Bannister echoed. "Why did he have Karen taken off the Thessalonica with him?"

Toole had no answer for that.

NIGHT was falling upon a city of sinister shadows, of strange fascinations, of mystery and lurking death. It was through all this that Bannister and Toole watched the Sire homelander march from their quarters at the old Alexandria race track to board the Thessalonica. The motley outfit was unarmed and there were many women . . . what route would they take to Sire Depression? What would happen if they encountered Jeff Whipple's brigade of outlaws? Would Karen Sire



be there to witness the massacre? And then what?

Mr. Geoffrey Whipple took a seat at a respectful distance from Karen Sire in the powerboat in which she had been kidnapped from the Thessalonica.

"The boys had a good day for it, didn't they?" he began, making proffers of friendship to Napoleon, the chow.

"Perfect," Karen admitted. "May I thank you for ordering your valet to put away his dagger? It looks unpleasantly like the one I saw drawn out of my father's back. Is it the same one that was used in the murder of Prince Jura and the three deportees?"

"Possibly," Whipple answered. "Am I to be killed?" Karen asked abruptly.

"My dear Miss Sire! What thrust that preposterous idea into your head?"

"Why was I dragged off the ship—is it for ransom?"

"Kidnapping for ransom is a hazardous and often unprofitable form of enterprise," he replied. "I have other plans, and I hope to persuade you to join me in them. The way you abstracted that portfolio cheque from my pocket at the hotel fills me with admiration. Why not be one of us?"

Karen did not answer. The powerboat, which had been moving at top speed toward one of the far reaches of the bay, had turned and was proceeding more cautiously into an inlet. "Where are you taking me?" she asked.

"Our immediate destination is an island in the midst of a marsh."

"How were you able to make all these arrangements with the wireless closed against you?"

"Resource, Miss Sire, resource! I had foreseen the possibility of arrest aboard ship and had therefore had my New York agent attend to the raid on the Thessalonica. He used the cable and wireless."

"FATHER will give a ransom in any amount for me," Karen reminded him.

Whipple waved the suggestion away. "I am beyond persuasion on that score," he rejoined loftily. "In short, there is no

place of refuge for me now except the one I create for myself with an armed force. That I have already done, and it is to this place that you are going with me."

"Where is that place?"

"The very spot for which you are heading, only not exactly by the same route—the Land of the Snow Leopard!"

"I have read all about it in the parchments we stole from each other. I had merely intended to call on Abbe Bergere."

Whipple nodded pleasantly. "Our missions are identical," he said. "Why not effect a merger? Your father must have told you something about me."

"He told me that you were once in his employ. He also told me of your—your—"

"Associate? Ah, you refer to Brenda. That unhappy woman has caused me much anxiety. I admit an alliance once existed between us—it is broken now."

"You tried to put her in the electric chair for the murder of the Prince—did you smile at her then as you are smiling at me now?"

"Did you know your grandfather, Miss Sire?" he asked suddenly.

"He died before I was born."

"He was killed before you were born—killed in the Jameson raid in South Africa. Your grandfather was a filibuster. He made and executed his plans with his own hands. Your father is the same, only they call him a financier. Please try to regard me as one of the type."

Karen flared through her restraint. "My father was not a thief and assassin. He never did what you tried to do to your woman accomplice."

"You are too near the inception of my career to see events in their proper perspective," he said smoothly.

KAREN began to feel a creeping horror of the man. He told her that he was preparing to protect himself with an armed force in the Sire Depression. She knew that her father was to send a large contingent of homelander there, and she knew that they would travel there openly on board the Thessalonica to some port in India, probably to pass through that country on the way to the Sire Depression. Such an enterprise, of course, would preclude the carrying of arms. What would happen to these homelander—would they be waylaid in the desert by Whipple's freebooters and massacred?

Whipple seemed to know what was going on in her mind. "Your father's contingent will have the choice of joining with me peacefully or being turned back into the desert without provisions or means of transportation," he explained coolly. "My men will meet them about ten miles from Abbe Bergere's mountain. 'Our Lady in White.' I tell you this to account for my haste in trying to reach the Depression. My persuasion probably would be enough to make the homelander fall in line with me."

Something more than a shadowy outline of Whipple's vast scheme began to unfold itself before Karen's eyes. "Of what use will such toys as a leopard robe with a jeweled clasp and girdle be to you?" she asked.

Whipple laughed. "Very little now," he admitted. "You see, China is supposed to exercise control over Tibet, in which the Sire Depression lies. The leopard robe and the girdle are symbols of a previous sovereignty never relinquished. They might have been useful, say, if the League of Nations took cognizance of the dispute. But just now, with China fighting

for her very existence, we'll probably have a clear path to possession. My own idea is much the same as your father's—to establish a sort of buffer state in the Depression—another Switzerland."

"Where did you get the funds for this prodigious project?"

PRINCE JURA BAI supplied me with the first million. He was to be the ruler, you know. But it seems that he became suspicious of my integrity and determined to go it alone. That is why he undertook the theft of the leopard robe and the clasp and girdle. Brenda helped him in this—an act of treason to me—so I turned her in to your father. She managed to escape, and heaven only knows when and where she'll turn up next. Is everything clear to you now?"

"Perfectly," Karen answered. "But just where do I fit into your plan?"

Whipple stood up and came close to her. "You are to wear the robe and girdle in the Prince's place," he said. "They are rightfully yours, and it was your father's intention to have it so. You know that the Sire Valley is the snow leopard's habitat, and that all the clasp and girdle gems were dug out of the hills surrounding it. Personally, I am concerned with the gems. There are enough precious stones in the territory to fill a ship, not to speak of the vast deposits of jade and chrysolite. To be utterly frank, yours is to be the glory, mine the gain!"

Karen became faint. "You are a fugitive," she said. "All Egypt will be scourged for you—and for me. How do you expect to reach the Sire Depression from an island in the marsh thousands of miles away from Tibet?"

"Part of the way to night flights by plane, and about four hundred miles overland across the desert outside the Depression," he answered. "You are to go with me."

"You are even a greater scoundrel than Detective Toole suspected."

"Please omit the compliments. But I like Toole—One-Armed Toole, as Captain Boyle calls him. Although the one thing I fear in this whole enterprise is that Toole may recover his phantom arm. Odd that idea, isn't it?"

The ghoul-like face of Whipple's valet peered out from the engine-room. An instant later a shrill blast from the boat's whistle split the air. The man stepped into the cockpit with drawn dagger and took a place at the girl's side. The chow snarled, but was restrained by a touch of Karen's hand. Presently a pontoon raft, punctured by an evil-looking pair of brown men, drew alongside.

Whipple glanced at his valet and turned to Karen. "Be good enough to step aboard," he said, the black cloud on his face lifting.

WHEN Bannister and Toole and Bully stepped into a big commercial plane at the Alexandria airport, Dick winked at the pilot and said off-handedly, "Mauri, India, please!"

"Just like that, hey?" grinned the pilot. "Well, old man, you're going to take exactly three bounces before we hit that berg."

"Get started, buddy," Dick snarled back.

Toole and Bannister had been right in their conjectures—Whipple had not risen to the hundred thousand dollar bait for the safe return of Karen Sire. It was obvious to them that his haste to reach Alexandria merely meant that he was in a hurry to be on his way to the Sire De-

president, whether he already had despatched his "army." Still, they had observed Sire's instructions to the letter, only to be rewarded by the efforts of Levantine crooks to horn in on the ransom offer with phoney tips.

Furthermore, Sire had wired them from Constantinople that he was on the way to the Depression himself, feeling confident that Whipple was headed thither in a plane with Karen. They also had learned that Brenda Whipple had chartered a plane in England, and was moving in the same general direction. Evidently she had been released from detention.

"We're all hooked if Whipple's fighting men reach 'Our Lady in White' before us," said Bannister.

"Mules and camels are slow," Toole commented. "They have about four hundred miles to make through the sand. We can knock off that distance in less than four hours."

So they sped on.

DAWN was lifting its brilliant curtain upon the green scene below them when the plane reached Maure. Their coming had been heralded by telegraph, thence through various primitive channels to tribal chiefs far into the hills.

The airplanes they were to use in their fight to the mountain, "Our Lady in White," had reached Maure only the day before. Bannister busied himself examining the motor and other essential parts of the machine. Toole also had some knowledge of engines, dating back to 1917-18 and service in the U.S. air corps ground school. He took readily enough to Dick's hurried instructions.

An expected message from Abbe Bergere reached them just as they were becoming impatient. It contained an air map of the territory they were about to traverse. The message itself was a warning which would have been meaningless to them without the aid of a local interpreter, who made something like this out of it:

Beware the black burial! "He tells you to avoid sandstorms. The sand will get into your bearings and grind them out like a lathe."

Beware the dunes that ripple! "Don't land in the desert where the sand is heaped in piles. These dunes move like the billows of the ocean, and may cover you up."

Beware the earth! "This is a fibrous yellow grass. If you land in a patch of earth it will hold you like a bird in a mesh trap."

"Lots of wisdom in what that old cock has told you," the interpreter, who was an Englishman, admonished them. "Best of luck—you're heading for a territory new to white men."

Toole stepped in, and Bannister took his place at the controls. The propeller whirled, shooting a score of turbans and straw hats back in the wake of the plane as it taxied over the hard sand. An hour later they had passed the last sul (tent village) and were flying high above a naked desert. A white-hot sun quivered in the burnt blue ether, unflinched by a single cloudbank.

Below them lay a wide sweep of desolation—sand, dried clay and sepulchral silence.

Suddenly an inlaid black cloud loomed like an evil, threatening head. Mustering at the crest, the cloud assumed the shape of a battered funnel; then, with a rocking, swirling dip, it headed directly toward them.

"A tornado!" Bannister shouted. "I'd better climb."

Bannister was reducing the gap between the plane and the spinning cloud at a speed of a hundred miles an hour, while the storm was approaching at a rate equal, if not greater, yet it was fully ten minutes before the plane rode high above the disturbance.

In a few minutes more they passed the vortex. The plane moved steadily, and Bannister began to descend. He changed his mind in an instant when a spray of grits lashed his face and a howl rose from behind. Sending the machine upward at a sharp angle, he turned just in time to see a look of relief flash across Toole's face.

Far beneath them the storm had roared past, close to the face of the desert. A fascination stronger than discretion laid a mastering touch on Bannister's hand. He turned the plane and swept downward in a wide arc.

In the wake of that terrific wind the sand was settling back. In another five minutes the air had cleared entirely. Under the abrasive action of sand and wind, long ridges of red stone had been swept bare and polished like onyx-topped tables. With the light touch of a beetle the little craft taxied over one of these surfaces and came to a halt. Just in time to witness—far off—a desert tragedy.

TOOLE and Bannister leaped from the machine. Bully seemed to prefer the shelter and remained within. They were at an elevation of at least one hundred feet from the general level of the desert, their view encompassing an area bounded only by the horizon. Not a grain of sand was stirring in the still, hot air, but the great dunes were billowing uneasily as they found new adjustment after the upheaval.

At a distance of less than half a mile they discerned a curious formation. Two high ridges of sand, running laterally and apparently drawn up to a tent-like acute angle by the suction of the wind, were



gradually settling inward, as though pouring into some invisible maw of the desert. In the space between these deadly slides, scores of huge, swaying things seemed to be intent upon climbing the sloping and ever-shifting walls—to escape threatened suffocation when the whirling mountain-sides of sand filled the wind-swept hollow. Unmistakably, the objects were living creatures. Occasionally, one would find a firm foothold beneath the treacherous sand and free itself, showing a hulking body, only to be drawn back again as if by some pitiless, unseen hand. Then from the wretched victim of the shifting quicksands would issue a soul-wrenching wail of despair.

"Camels and mules and horses and men," observed Bannister grimly.

"May the Lord have mercy on 'em!" prayed Toole.

With emotions strange to both, they gazed at the struggling, shrieking creatures, brought close to their eyes by powerful glasses. For another ten minutes they stood upon their own secure shelf of rock, silent, helpless and with eyes fastened upon that terrible spectacle.

The cries grew fainter. One by one,

camels, horses, mules and men were engulfed until at last a motionless yellow pall lay over them all. The desert had claimed its sacrifice; gorged, it had fallen asleep.

Toole had lowered his glasses and taken off his hat.

"Big Jeff's men," Bannister remarked finally.

The detective nodded soberly, uttered what sounded like a sigh, and said, putting on his hat:

"Let's go!"

Neither had dreamed of such an end of Whipple's "mob."

Dick and the veteran detective climbed back into their plane. After a gingerly ascent Bannister found the crisp structure of the machine was holding fast, although an occasional crackle and spit would send Toole's eyes rolling skyward. They had been flying another hour when an outline of faint blue foothills began to pencil the horizon.

Bannister was beginning to worry over his fuel supply when he heard a shout from the detective. He seized his own glasses. Deep in the distance he could see a mighty white pyramid—alone, majestic, like a ghostly sentinel at the gateway to a new world. Their goal was in sight. The spectral mountain must be "Our Lady in White!"

"We'll land on the lady's shoulder!" Dick shouted back.

Yet it was fully an hour before the plane was circling the stark peak, white and cold in the upper reaches, but wearing skirts of pale yellow and green.

"She's in evening dress to greet us!" cried Bannister.

THE near slope of the mountain, an outpost of the great Himalayas that fling themselves over such a tremendous area, presented a sheer declivity, but a segment of the far side descended into the valley by a series of abrupt terraces—deep angular clefts, stepped like a giant's stairway. This, they knew from the map, was the western approach to the Sire Depression. Bannister began to manoeuvre for landing on one of these ramps, but found them sprayed with boulders and split with deep crevasses. He dropped nearer and saw a clearing, wide and long enough to afford a landing.

Instantly a human figure appeared—at least it walked erect and wore clothing.

Bannister shut off the motor, and a distinctly human voice permeated the dying hum of the blades.

The figure darted out from the shelter of a hut with wildly-waving arms. It was that of a dwarf—the head and face large, the apparent size of both being greatly augmented by a tremendous effusion of hair. The shoulders were abnormally broad, the chest deep and (as Toole later commented) the "legs were hardly long enough to reach the ground!"

The Americans sprang from the machine and heard a voice, sonorous and pleasant speaking in their own tongue.

"Welcome, gentlemen!"

The dwarf was a white man, and a hearty, well-spoken one at that.

"Abbe Bergere?" Bannister asked. The strange little fellow nodded, took Dick's extended hand in a grip even more powerful than his own, releasing it to grasp Toole's with his steel-like fingers.

"Mr. Bannister and Mr. Toole!" he boomed. "I hardly expected you so soon. But that makes you doubly welcome!"

Abbe Bergere led Bannister and Toole to his hut.

Bannister told the Abbe of the storm in the desert and the fate of the caravan.

"Whipple's army of freebooters," said the Abbe. "God's hand seems to have reached down and prevented the slaughter of Sire's homelander. Yet it was a marvellous death for the mercenaries."

THE raid on the Thessalonian, Whipple's escape and the kidnapping of Karen Sire already were known to the Abbe.

"Knowing Whipple's ambitions and his methods better than either of you," he said, "I am inclined to think Miss Sire is safe for a time."

"How have you been able to keep in touch with all these things?" Bannister asked, relieved at this sanguine opinion.

"You have just come from the heart of civilisation," the Abbe answered, "yet you will find it difficult to believe that Sire is able to communicate with me by wireless. I have a receiving set, but as yet I have no radio sender. All Sire's messages come to me in a broadcast from Shanghai, where Sire has agents."

"How did you manage to send that warning to us at Maura?"

"There is a caravan route centuries old along the north rim of the valley below. With glasses I can pick up the infrequent travellers. I get my supplies from them. I had accumulated quite a number of messages from Sire before I was able to send any back to him by this means. The note to Maura was included among them."

He stepped into a small rear room, and presently reappeared with a jug and three glasses. These he set upon a table. "You've dropped down from the sky on the tenth anniversary of my exile here," he explained amiably.

"From the time I was 25," the Abbe rumbled on, "I have been a member of a monastic order pledged to human service and the spread of Christian teachings. My physical peculiarities, as you might imagine, were accompanied by certain inhibitions. So I assumed tasks that kept me out of the sight of men. That is how I met Maurice Sire 12 years ago."

Toole and Bannister listened eagerly as the Abbe continued:

"Sire had heard of me through the curator of the British Museum, for whom I had done some work deciphering ancient scripts. He came to our monastery in the south of France with parchments that had been in his family for hundreds of years. In the mass were writings indicating that an effort had been made to give continuity to a legal claim upon the great valley that lies below this mountain."

BANNISTER thrust in a word. "That was the grant of land made by Genghis Khan to his loyal white paladins, wasn't it?"

"Exactly. And this grant had subsequently been approved by Kublai Khan and a number of his successors. At a much later date it had been ratified. Peking was the old Tartar regime passed out."

"Were you able to make a good case for Sire?" Bannister asked.

The Abbe laughed. "That wasn't what he wanted. At that time he didn't care about the Sire Depression. It was, and still is, a parched strip of deep lowland about 100 miles long and 40 wide. Just how any considerable number of white men managed to live there he couldn't understand."

"What did he want, then?" Toole interjected.

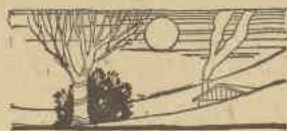
"Well, the documents told about a con-

tinued warfare between the white settlers in the valley and the upland Tartars. The yellow men finally drove the whites out, but after a few years the invaders couldn't find grazing for a goat. It seems that the whites had changed the course of the mountain stream so that it ran underground and disappeared in the bowels of the earth. Without water the valley became sterile. But even that significant fact didn't interest Sire at the time."

"Where did his interest lie?" Bannister asked.

The Abbe laughed silently.

"Sire had become obsessed with the notion that his own ancestors were not the original white settlers who had won the land by their services for Genghis



Khan. He had an idea that his stock was that of the conquering Tartar and that, therefore, he was not a pure white man. And he's not sure of it yet."

"Tut!" ejaculated Toole. "I thought so, but what of it?"

Bannister did not take the statement so lightly. "At that time, 12 years ago," said Dick slowly, "Karen Sire was eight years old. Her father probably was thinking of her. He wanted to be in a position to give her a clean bill in case any question arose affecting her ancestry."

"You've hit upon it," admitted Abbe Bergere.

"Do you, personally, know Geoffrey Whipple?" Bannister inquired.

"I do—and Brenda. I was in Alexandria—my single extended absence from this place—trying to clear up some mystifying details of these old parchments when I met them. Fine people, I thought at the time. But I have learned since that they are adventurers of the most dangerous type. They made every effort to gain possession of the documents on the pretence of helping me, and would have succeeded but for one fact—I had only one of the parchments with me. They managed to get that."

TOOLE and Bannister spent the next day threading the natural paths made by the stone slides that connected the plateau upon which the hut stood with those of the lower elevation. Bleakness and desolation were everywhere.

The Abbe busied himself gathering handfuls of berries and seeds far below them. At night he browsed maul for the still to make fuel for the plane motor—Karen's car, they were calling it now.

In this way days sped by with Bannister's agony of suspense over the fate of Karen Sire growing hourly.

It was close to midnight on the tenth day after their arrival that Bannister felt an acute intuition that something was stirring. He acted upon it.

Toole and the Abbe were asleep, but Bully was alert the moment his master's feet touched the floor. Stepping outside, Dick gathered up his outfit and withdrew from the hut to dress. Bully knew his own part and kept silent.

The moon was full. About 300 yards from the hut a tall shelf of rock flared outward from the face of the plateau. It had occurred to Bannister that this great wall diverted sounds from the ravine in

the mountain-side below. He had made up his mind to keep vigil there nightly until he heard the cry of a wild beast.

For an hour he sat in silence, his back to the cliff, and his eyes roaming over the ghostly landscape. With ears at the alert angle and muzzle turned upward, Bully ranged the precipice, pausing occasionally, making a silhouette as motionless as that of a stone dog. From one of these silent tableaux Bannister at length heard a low growl. Then another, more intense, more insistent.

Bully ran to him in a tremor of eagerness.

Bannister cupped his ears and listened. Some to his senses on a hardly perceptible breeze came something like a distant scream. Bully barked, not too loudly. Again the listener heard the cry—this time nearer and more unmistakable.

"A snow leopard!" Dick picked up his gun and tore down the pass that led to the levels below. Bully trailed at first and then took the lead. The cry was repeated at intervals, each time growing nearer.

"He's out stalking," Bannister guessed aloud. "Hope he'll pick up Bully's scent and come after him."

And that, apparently, is what happened. Dick and his dog had reached a wide bulge in the natural path where a high wall of rock formed an amphitheatre. On top of this, on the far side, the hunter saw his quarry. Framed in a golden halo by the moonlight, erect on all fours, and with tail lashing defiance, a magnificent snow leopard confronted him.

Bannister had raised his gun when something happened to stay his hand. It was the plaintive little cry of a leopard kitten, almost under his feet.

"That's the mother upon the ledge," he muttered. "She's trying to steer me away from her bairn. Game creature! I won't shoot her. Anyway, it's the male I'm after."

For an hour he wound down the rocky passes, Bully following what Dick surmised to be the point of the male. Finally the dog came to a baffled halt.

"He's got him!" yelled Bannister. He crouched and moved toward the stridale, gun in readiness for a quick shot. Bully's barking had dwindled to a futile whimper. His tail was erect and bristling as he ran back and forth on the ledge, glaring downward.

Dick crept cautiously to the edge of the rock and peered over. Below him in the darkness his eyes picked up a rippling glint, and he heard the soft sound of water.

"I'm sure the brute's down there," he muttered. "Bully never makes a mistake." He tore up some dried grass and fashioned it into a ball to make a flare. Poising the ball on the edge of the ledge he dropped a lighted match into it and kicked it down.

An instant later Bannister fired.

THE walls of the canyon sent back a hundred swift echoes, pierced by a long wailing cry. Then came a heavy splash in the water, followed by a savage spitting gurgle.

The flare died down to a mesh of red embers.

Bannister groaned. "This infernal stream sucked him down into a cavern. Well, I'm after him." He plunged down into the dark water.

Bannister sank, rose again and found himself in the grip of a strong current. Looking upward he saw what he thought was his last glimpse of the stars. In a moment he was enveloped in stygian darkness, the lashing water roaring in his

ears. Far along in the depths, a wild, gurgling scream split the air.

Something hard scraped his hand; he grasped it while still clinging to his gun. Behind him a patch of light glowed like an amethyst—the small mouth of the cavern through which both he and the snow leopard had been carried by the current. At the point where he was holding fast, the hard rock had diverted the stream to an angle. The wounded leopard, no doubt, had followed the same course.

A bark sounded from the mouth of the cave. Bully had found footing on the slope of the gorge and was on his way to help his master. Another bark—then a plunge. The dog had taken to the water. An instant later a wet hairy mass was flung violently against Bannister's body, and he felt Bully's strained panting.

In that black pit, with a torrent raging past an insecure refuge, the dog stood by. Hours passed. . . .

Like a round window in a crypt, the purple eye of the cavern gradually grew brighter. It was dawn. Again the leopard screeched, this time in the full-throated cadences of an animal no longer in the water.

ACCUSTOMED as they were to Bannister's night prowling with Bully, neither Toole nor Abbe Bergere were alarmed at his absence when they awoke. It had been the Abbe's practice to spend hours on the look-out for caravans, sweeping the vast yellow bowl beneath his hat with glasses. Early that morning Toole heard a shout and rushed to the dwarf's side.

"Something moving around the bend and up toward the valley," the Abbe said. "Look!"

It was a long time before Toole's glasses picked up the thin dark line that the hazy vision of the dwarf had discerned. Through the clear sunlit air he could see a faint, moving thing—long, dark, sinuous. In the total absence of humidity he finally was able to pick up details—the measured tread of four tall camels making the pace for a caravan. To the rear were dimly blurred things, probably horses or pack mules.

"Any way to identify the outfit?" Toole asked.

"I can't identify them," the Abbe answered, "and that's what makes me sure I know who they are. They are taking a path that will lead them right into my little garden patch two thousand feet below."

"Who are they?" Toole demanded impatiently.

"Geoffrey Whipple and a small band of picked men," the Abbe answered calmly. "You're guessing!"

"I never guess," the dwarf answered.

Toole drew a notch in his belt and took off his derby. "There's only one path leading to this shelf of the mountain?" he asked.

The dwarf nodded. "When I bought the yaks from an Armenian trader two years ago it took him two days to get them up here. At some point the road is a steep, rocky chute, easily defended. Besides, Sire's caravan ought to be here inside of a week."

"We'll stay right here," Toole thrust in hastily. "When Bannister comes back we'll fix up some plan to nail Whipple and get Miss Sire out of his hands—if she is still alive."

"As the crow flies—if a crow could exist in this bleak country—the Whipple outfit

is twenty miles away at this moment," the Abbe continued. "The actual travelling distance is twenty-five miles further. While we're waiting for Mr. Bannister we can let boulders loose in the narrow places below. That will make our defence easier."

"How many men do you figure are in that bunch down there?" the detective asked.

"Probably not more than eight or ten. No doubt they had a rendezvous with Whipple's lost army, but, of course, they have no way of knowing what has happened to the men—God pity the lost souls! And now that I think of it, it is extremely likely that the rendezvous would be made at the very spot where these men are in camp. There's a water hole, or possibly a running stream, in that neighborhood. It is always from that direction that I hear night cries—the cries of wild beasts."

"Certainly Whipple would know that a good water supply was necessary for the army he sent on ahead of him," Toole observed.

"Whipple knows this country," the Abbe answered, "and this country knows him." "I must get Whipple before he gets Dick," Toole said, half aloud.

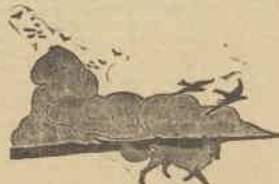
Abbe Bergere looked at him curiously. "Don't do anything rash," he said. "Bannister and Bully will surely be back before nightfall. Besides, anything you do now might imperil Miss Sire. I feel sure that she is with Whipple's caravan, and that it is his intention to bring her to this hut and try to cajole or force her into a marriage. It is his only salvation."

DESPITE the Abbe's prediction, Bannister and Bully did not return by nightfall.

A new and strange sensation began working within "One-Armed" Toole. He felt that his hour had struck, that the time to redeem that "arm" had come. He was going out after Big Jeff Whipple—going alone in Karen Sire's orchid airplane to invade the camp where Jeff Whipple lay sleeping! Or maybe not sleeping!

It took the detective a long time to prepare his kit. He included a big automatic swung from shoulder holster, besides the "rod" thrust into his hip pocket. Then came his parachute pack. Biscuits, water and some dried beef out of a can completed his outfit.

Plucking a feather from the tail of a stuffed red vulture on the Abbe's mantle,



Toole went into the open to catch the direction of the wind and determine his approach to the Whipple camp.

Toole's plan was simple enough; he intended to land about a mile from the camp and make his way to the tents aloft. Banking on Jeff's fastidiousness, he hoped to find the big fellow under a separate shelter.

It was two in the morning when Toole stepped into the plane and laid his hands upon the controls.

The night was brilliant with moon and stars, the air cold and bracing. Toole's plan was to fly high and approach the

camp from the leeward side, to gain whatever advantage there might be in that of lessening the chance of awakening the sleepers. As he ascended, the landmarks that had guided him during the first minutes of his flight disappeared. He dropped lower to pick up if possible, three tall pinnacles of red sandstone that marked the edge of the desert.

In the curling descent, Toole discovered that the plane was fluttering a long, serpentine tail of blue flame. Something had gone wrong with the alcohol motor! He felt the heat creeping through the metal body, heard a querulous spitting from the exhaust, and sensed the nearness of disaster. He must "bail out" . . .

So Toole jumped overboard and pulled the rip-cord without the preliminary count that would insure a safe clearance by the parachute.

The plane lurched, tipped sideways and thrust out a flaming arm. He felt the scorching fingertips on his face, then the bump of the parachute as it jerked open and caught the air. He was clear!

THE orchid-hued plane piloted by Detective Toole had become a whirling ball of blue flame, shooting like a meteor toward the earth and sending out showers of brilliant, vari-colored embers. The detective, his parachute descending more slowly, remained within the plane's wide arc of light, but drifted downward and away on a gentle breeze. A black wall suddenly hid him from the blinding glare and the next instant he heard a terrific explosion. The machine had struck and blown up.

While the echoes were still reverberating, Toole felt himself being dragged and buffeted until the white envelope of the parachute settled over him like a shroud, leaving him prostrate and stationary.

The sensation of having been buried alive moved him to sudden activity; he was out from under in an instant, gazing about his landing place. The darkness surrounding him was absolute, impenetrable. Looking upward, he saw a purple segment of the sky, spangled with stars. He had fallen into a deep ravine!

"I'm somewhere in the cellar of Asia," he observed, freeing himself from the tackle and glancing at a luminous faced watch which Bannister had given him. "Three o'clock!"

The detective began to take stock of his surroundings. He was at the bottom of a tortuous gorge, sunk at least five hundred feet from the levels above. Around him on all sides rose reddish yellow cliffs, touched here and there with sparse vegetation. The air was damp. Daylight barely touched a toe in that deep place, but he knew it was coming swiftly.

"I hope this ain't a blind alley," he mumbled. "If I once get out on top I'll be able to see the old friar's mountain and then it'll be only a matter of tramping back."

Toole meant the hut, of course. One direction meant the same to him as the other, so he plunged along. He noticed that the gorge was becoming narrower as he proceeded and finally he passed under a great arch of rock that cast a gloomy shadow at least a hundred feet ahead. Another patch of daylight and then another arch, this one lower and longer, yet revealing, at the far end, a faint suggestion that the sky was still above.

"I'm walking uphill, yet going underground," he ruminated uneasily. "Anyway, I'll go as far as the next opening before I take the back trail."

The next opening proved to be a vast

funnel, spreading to a wide circle at the top. Beyond him on a straight course nothing but blackness presented itself. The gorge had become a cavern.

He thought he heard a sound. He listened. The soft gurgle of water came to his ears from the dark depths. Looking down he saw that the stone floor of the gorge was more than damp—it was wet and the water was moving.

"Yes, I picked out the wrong direction," he said, turning. Again he paused. Another sound. It was not the pleasant splashing of water this time but a low, unsteady, muffled patter as of some wild beast approaching from the darkness of the cave. His scalp began to prickle.

Toole plucked the big automatic from his holster and dug a smaller weapon from his hip pocket.

The patter stopped abruptly. He walked forward. Far back in that black sink he saw a pair of baleful green eyes glaring at him.

"Come out in the open, come out!" he bellowed.

A snarl answered him. In a moment the creature emerged into the pale light; it was a fearsome, gory, full grown wounded snow leopard.

"Don't shoot, Toole! He's my game." Strange and hollow as the voice came from the black depths, the detective recognised it as Bannister's!

A moment later Bully burst through the darkness and began to harry the wounded brute.

IN an eventful lifetime of forty-six years, "One-Armed" Toole had heard many sounds that fell musically upon his ears. But none of those pleasurable moments equalled in sheer joy the sensation he felt when he heard Bannister's voice.

Dangling an automatic in each hand, Toole waited. The hurried beast, trapped between two men who held death in their fingers, wavered, finally choosing as his antagonist the enemy of whom, as yet, he knew nothing. In a desperate crouch he slithered toward Toole, his mouth open, his eyes ablaze with fury.

Toole had raised his right arm again when Bannister staggered into the dim light. The detective saw his friend lean weakly against the side of the gorge, saw him bring a gun slowly to his shoulder and then—a fusillade! It was only one shot but it seemed to linger on in a hundred echoes. The leopard stiffened on all fours, humped

"The air is better further down the gorge. We can see the sun anyway, before—"

"Oh, we'll get out of this hole, all right," Dick said weakly. "I've been in it long enough to know something about the infernal place. It's a runway for leopards and maybe other beasts. I think it must lead somewhere near the plains below us where they pick up their quarry—wild ass, probably."

Toole glanced at the ghostly carcases of the snow leopard, grim and terrible even in death. "I didn't think you were such a nut as to follow that critter underground," he said disgustedly. "Ain't you got any common sense notion of caution at all?"

"Here I am and there he is," Bannister responded. "And, by the way, how did you happen to drop in on us?"

"Drop in? You said it. I went after Jeff Whipple in Karen Sire's plane and the thing blew up under me."

"I didn't think," Bannister remarked, "that you were much a muttonhead as to attempt anything like that."

Toole grinned. "Well, here I am," he said.

"But where's Jeff Whipple?" Bannister asked.

Toole subsided and drew a package of sandwiches from his pocket. He opened them on a flat rock, placing the flask at an impartial distance between himself and Bannister. For five minutes they ate and drank, while Toole told of Whipple's arrival at the base of the mountain. "Miss Sire is with him and safe, the Abbe thinks," he said.

"I've got to take the pelt of that critter before we shove along," Bannister exclaimed, indicating the dead leopard. "Sorry you haven't got Jeff with you." He threw a piece of meat to Bully.

While Bannister was removing the leopard's skin the two exchanged accounts of their experiences, girding themselves for what they hoped would be the final episodes—the rescue of Karen and the capture of "Big Jeff" Whipple.

Brenda still remained outside of their reckoning.

IT was a full hour before Bannister and Toole began to make their way down the gorge to what they hoped would be some vantage point from which to get their bearings for a return to the hill. It was another hour before they noticed the receding walls and the ever decreasing height of the canyon. Spots of brilliant vegetation, the first they had seen since their arrival at "Our Lady in White," began to appear along the more sloping sides. Once they heard the twitter of a bird. Further along they saw a flock of red vultures.

Bannister showed the resilience of a rubber man when he began to take in a normal supply of oxygen. Occasionally he stopped, tossed the leopard pelt over a jutting rock and stood off, inviting Toole's attention to its great size, the richness of the fur and its beautiful markings. His friend understood all this enthusiasm.

"The Abbe told us that there was a hidden stream near the spot where Jeff and his friends are camping," Toole observed. "Wouldn't it be funny if this little stream at our feet led up right into their camp?"

It was nearing noon and both men were heavy with fatigue and lack of sleep. In one of their pauses, which had been growing more frequent, Toole found that his friend had fallen asleep.

"Come boy!" Toole muttered. After an hour Toole began to hear a slight rumble in the canyon. He placed

his hand on a rock to catch a vibration but felt none. It was not an earth tremor. The rumbling grew more distinct, like the familiar roar of an elevated train in the Bowery. He shook Bannister's shoulder and the hunter leaped to his feet, clutching at his holster.

"What is it, Toole?"

The detective's head was tossed backward and Bannister also gazed toward the sky. High above them flying in a "V" formation, they saw a fleet of airplanes in two squadrons of six each, zooming along as casually as though they were giving an exhibition over roof tops of New York.

"What do you make of that?" yelled Bannister.

"Only one thing," Toole replied. "We have friends in those planes. I feel it in my bones. They belong to Maurice Sire. They're probably flying up to the other end of the valley where the hill people live. The



big caravan of laborers must be there by this time and these fellows are probably engineers that Sire has put on the big job."

The air fleet had passed the belt of sky bordered by the top of the canyon. Bannister looked at his compass. "Maybe you're right, Toole," he said. "They're flying due east."

But Toole had something more than a mere "hunch" when he spoke so confidently. "What color did you say Karen Sire's plane was painted?" he asked.

"Orchid."

"Well, I got a good look at that fleet before you came out of your dreams about this little lady. They looked that same color to me. Sire might have bought a batch of 'em from the same factory."

"Perhaps," admitted Bannister.

Bannister threw the pelt over his shoulder. "Let's move along," he said, "then must be some way out of this out."

A hundred yards farther down they encountered what looked like an impassable barrier. Huge boulders, with shoulders rounded from rolling and centuries of weather, lay like a natural dam across the canyon.

"Hurrah!" yelled Bannister, "there's a crevasse running up to the top."

A HALF hour later two badly spent men were standing on top of a narrow plateau, gazing upward at "Our Lady in White."

Toole was the first to put his glasses to his eyes. From one of those vast shelves of rock he could see a slow pillar of smoke rising. "The friar's house!" he yelled. "We're home, son! That place looks as good as Madison Square!"

Bannister was sweeping the sky in the vain hope of picking up the air squadron. Lowering his glasses finally, he began a long inspection of the rugged mountainside, pivoting slowly to complete a circle.

"More smoke," he observed at length. "Can't you see it down there? We're about half way between the Abbe's hut and Jeff Whipple's camp. Which way shall we go, Toole?"

The "one-armed" detective stared at Dick's fresh discovery, keeping his back turned from the blue plume that wavered



up like a huge cat, sprang into the air and fell fiercely across the thin stream that issued from the cavern.

"Keep away from him, Toole!" warned Bannister. "Back, Bully!"

But the leopard was dead.

Bannister seemed to have put his last ounce of strength into that effort. Drooping the gun, he tottered toward his friend on lanky coupled legs.

The detective put a flask of the dwarf's liquor to the spent man's lips. Bannister sank to a rock and drank deeply. Toole took a convincing swig himself and waited. After a while he said:

near the hut. Bannister saw him take a pinch in his belt and pat the "empty" sleeve.

"Bannister," Toole said quietly, "I let you go out for the leopard three or four nights without me. I said to myself 'Let the boy have his fun.' Now I want you to say the same thing: 'Let the old stiff have his way.' Go back to the hut with Bully. I want to get Jeff Whipple alone!"

Bannister laughed. "Well," he said, "just make a note that we're heading to Whipple's camp. I'll put it in Bully's collar and send him back to the Abbe. That will keep the record to date in case we fail to return."

Toole silently scribbled a few lines in the book, closed it and handed it to his companion. But it took a long time to persuade Bully to start on his mission. A hundred yards up the trail they saw the dog pause with his head in the air, gazing at the plume of smoke that now rose straight and thin above the Abbe's hut. One long, heart-deadened howl escaped the faithful sheldale and he was on his way.

FOR a half-hour Bannister and Toole had been weaving down the boulder-strewn trail leading to the Whipple camp when both paused suddenly and listened.

"Sounds like wolves," said Toole finally. "Wild dogs!" was Bannister's guess.

The yipping, yelping and barking that first assailed their ears grew more distinct. "Hungry pack chasing something—or somebody," he continued.

"Give me a leg up this boulder and I'll see if I can spot them."

Toole helped Dick to reach the top of a staff-like monolith that presented three naked sides about ten feet high and ended with a table having five-foot angles.

"A red chow out in front!" Dick yelled. "And it's wearing a green collar!"

"You're right!" said Toole excitedly, glaring through his own glasses.

"Karen Sire's dog gone native!" sputtered Bannister.

"Good heavens, Toole, where can Karen be?"

He stood up at full height on the shaft and roared: "Napoleon! Napoleon!"

The chow, twenty yards in front of the pack, turned and made for the boulder.

"We can't get 'Nap' up here," said Dick swiftly. "Let's jump down."

Toole leaped from his perch. The thud of Bannister's feet sounded beside him a moment later, just as Napoleon, with tongue hanging, flung himself behind the bodies of the two men.

Toole turned and looked into his friend's face, drawn now and pinched with an anguish that could speak only through his eyes.

"Where is Karen Sire?"

The question did not come from Bannister. It crept out of Toole's chilled heart and entered his brain from within; it came in a dire whisper through the air, it assumed life before his eyes and leered at him. He did not dare to speak.

The detective saw Bannister's gaze wander to the leopard pelt, saw him reach down and pat Napoleon's head; saw him suddenly become erect; only to sink slowly to the ground.

Bannister had cracked.

Toole had taken out his "emergency" flask with the intention of reviving his friend, but paused with the thought that, for the time at least, it would be better to leave Dick sleep off temporary exhaustion. His eyes roved to Napoleon and he clutched at the hope that some message

might have been placed in the chow's collar. The dog was in desperate straits for water and Toole gave him some from his canteen before examining the collar.

One of the larger green medallions proved to be a locket which opened readily at his touch. With his knife Toole pried out an oval picture of a dog's head, hoping to find something beneath. There was nothing.



He turned the picture over and read an inscription written in ink: "To my friend Napoleon, from Bully." Mystified, he stared at the little photograph. It was Bully, sure enough.

The detective instantly recognized the handwriting. It was Karen's. Bannister had not given her that picture of Bully, he felt certain. She probably had borrowed it from Rod's desk back in New York.

Bannister lay like a dog on the rough, sandy ground but his breath was coming in long even sweeps that told of a natural sleep thrust upon him by outraged nature. Toole placed a soft pack under the exhausted man's head, and determined to wait a couple of hours before awakening the sleeper. He was desperately tired and would have flung himself to the ground had not Napoleon, relieved by another drink of water, settled placidly down and gone to sleep. Muddled and distracted, Toole saw something cheerful in this act. If Karen had met a horrible fate before Napoleon's eyes, could her pet dog have taken it so lightly?

The sun had risen high in the bleached sky and the detective rigged a shade for his friend's face.

Another hour passed. Bannister and the chow slept on. Presently Napoleon stirred, thrust his muzzle upward and instantly took to his feet. His sharp nose oscillated like the needle of a compass but kept a general direction true, pointing toward the Whipple camp. Soon his keen eyes remained fixed; he crouched, still as a stuffed dog.

Toole became alert. Taking a position behind the chow he trained his glasses upon the point indicated. He saw a large, dark, loosely formed object about a mile away, moving toward him. Soon it seemed to separate into six parts, each of which assumed the shape of a man on horseback.

Napoleon growled and trembled.

"Whipple and his men on the way to the Abbe's hut," murmured Toole. "I'll have to wake Bannister."

Several times the dog rushed toward the approaching horsemen, only to return, bristling and shaking with uncertainty. Toole was about to arouse Bannister when the chow barked joyfully and darted away again, this time in the long, steady leaps that told of a final resolution. Napoleon was on his way to meet the approaching cavalcade, now more clearly visible.

THE detective's hand was on the sleeping Bannister's shoulder when Toole paused, perplexed at the action of the chow.

Toole shook Dick's shoulder. Awakening slowly, Bannister looked into his friend's face.

"Karen—Karen," he said weakly.

"She's alive, man!" Toole shouted, banking all his optimism upon Napoleon's actions.

BANNISTER sprang to his feet. For a full minute he held his glasses upon the riders, now less than half a mile distant.

Toole told him what had happened in that brief last minute. "What'll we do?" he asked.

Bannister examined his gun. "We will act for Karen's safety," he said instantly. "If she is in that party and a prisoner, it may not be advisable to attack at once. They're heading for the Abbe's hut—well armed, as we can see. Look!"

The horses had stopped and two riders were dismounting. "Only five in the party," Bannister observed. "The sixth is a pack mule."

A shot echoed against the walls around them.

"They've killed a lame horse!" Toole exclaimed.

Bannister nodded, his eyes still fixed upon the group below. "Napoleon has joined them!" he said almost instantly. "He's frisking around one of them—thank God, Toole, it's Karen!"

The little procession was again on the move—one man afoot.

The riders were now near enough to make identification possible. The erect, arrogantly poised frame of "Big Jeff" Whipple was unmistakable, while Karen Sire's trim, leather-clad figure rose from the horse nearest him like the swaying trunk of a young palm tree, her bronze hair fluttering above. The other three were cloaked in some brilliant colored material and hooded in white.

"They're heading for the Abbe's hut," Toole said.

"No doubt of it."

"And the Abbe has a chapel there—"

"Toole—what the devil do you mean?"

"Karen and Jeff seem to be on chummy terms, don't they?"

Bannister dropped his gunstock to the ground, forming a tripod that sustained him against a limp fall. The color that had come back to his cheeks drained away, and his eyes again took on a dead, helpless stare.

Toole made up his mind to go through with it. "Whipple must know his mole has



been lost," he continued. "He must have seen Sire's air fleet overhead. Jeff must have read his finish up there—plainly as though it had been spelled out by a sky-writer."

Bannister nodded dazedly.

"So now," concluded Toole, "Jeff is ready to play the card that he's had up his sleeve ever since the night he danced with a certain young lady in the Plaza-Victoria back in New York. He's going to reform or make out he is. I wouldn't be surprised if we're looking at a wedding procession. Whipple

thinks he's goin' to marry Karen Sire with Abbe Bergere officiatin'!"

Bannister glanced at the breach of his gun. The smile on his face was unlike any that Toole had seen there before—death seemed to lurk behind it.

Riddled of encumbrance, the sinister cavalcade began to pick up speed. Karen Sire's presence among the riders having put an attack out of the question, nothing remained for Bannister and Toole but to keep contact, hoping that something might befall to give them a strategic advantage. In a little while a clear, elliptical cut enabled the Whipple party to pass the watchers.

For an hour they pressed on, struggling to shorten the distance, until a long, deep

way down the other side. Whipple cast away his gun and leaped in the same direction. His force was divided—two on each side of the boulder.

"Karen has taken it on the run!" Bannister yelled. "She's trying to join Abbe Bergere and Bully." Bannister was already streaking up toward the two men who had been left behind, with Toole close beside him.

THE hooded figures were clawing at the rough sides of the boulder, trying to scale it, when Toole brought one of them down with a stone the size of a man's fist. Bannister leaped upon the other, sending a crashing punch to the lean, brown jaw.

"Whipple's valet!" he said grimly, turning the unconscious man over and gazing into his face.

The man whom Toole had bowled over with the rock showed an inclination to fight. Toole cuffed him down to his knees, growling: "Behave!" The fellow was wearing an up-to-date leather belt. With this the detective bound him securely above the elbows.

Bannister, leaving his own prisoner sprawling out at full length, reached the top of the boulder with Toole's aid, just in time to see the girl skim over the third obstruction as though equipped with wings. "Karen!" he shouted. It was too late; she had dropped to the other side. Whipple and his companion had succeeded in climbing the second hurdle where they halted at the crest. Bannister was puzzled. But only for a second. "Bully is coming at them!" he called down. "Toss up my gun!"

He caught the weapon in mid-air and an instant later fired. The man at Whipple's side gave a frightful scream and tumbled backward from his perch. At the same moment "Big Jeff" disappeared over the far side of the jagged rock pile.

"Te up that other fellow and smash the rifle!" Dick yelled. "I'm going to give you a chance to get Jeff Whipple alone!" He leaped off the rock and sped toward the barrier over which the big fellow had disappeared. Stopping at the prostrate figure of the man he had shot, he picked up a gun from the ground, jerked out the shells and crushed the breach against a stone. His own bullet had broken the man's leg, leaving him in a murderous frenzy of pain.

"Bull-ee! Bull-ee!" The long-drawn cry, silvery as the tone of a cornet, was wafted to Bannister's ears. Bully's own familiar bark, mixed with the lighter yippings of

foxes. Like a red bale of animated fury, the chow hurried himself upon the knife-thrower and bore him to the ground.

"Sic! Bully, sic!" roared Dick, thrusting a pointed finger at "Big Jeff" as he raced toward the milee. At the sound of Bannister's voice Whipple turned, dropped to one knee so swiftly that Bully's eager leap carried him clear over the crouching man's head as he aimed his automatic.

Bannister's own pistol was out in the twinkling when something whizzed over his head. He heard a soft thud, then a muffled curse from Whipple who toppled sideways, the pistol dropping from his nerveless fingers.

Toole, 40 feet in the rear, had scooped a jagged rock from the ground as he ran and hurled it at "Big Jeff."

Bannister restrained Bully, but kept his hands off the man. It was Toole who kicked the weapon away from Whipple's clutch and subdued him with raw fists. It was Toole who jerked him to his feet and said: "Geoffrey Whipple, you are my prisoner."

KAREN SIRE, rising painfully, called off the chow, then sank back again in a faint. The detective finished his task of binding Whipple while Bannister knelt at the wounded girl's side, laying her forehead with the last drop of water in his flask. "Look, Toole," he said, "look where the knife struck her."

The horn handle of a tri-cornered dagger protruded from Karen's leather skirt a few inches above the knee, the blade imbedded at least an inch in her leg. Bannister's trembling fingers had reached for it several times only to be withdrawn again as his eyes roamed to the pallid, beautiful face, immobile now for the first time he had looked upon it.

"You do it, Toole," he quavered brokenly. "And you must bind—"

"It's a job for the Abbe," Toole protested. "Here he comes now."

"I must apologise for my man's behavior," Whipple interjected. "Please be assured that I never would have countenanced so barbarous an act. You will observe, however, that he merely intended to disable the fugitive and—"

"Dry up, you yellow hound!" bawled Toole.

Bannister's knuckles whitened like a row of small ivory balls as his fingers curled inward; then his eyes wandered slowly to the heavy boot on his right foot.

At the impending ignominy a greenish pallor spread over Whipple's face. But he was not altogether out of luck.

Abbe Bergere reached the group. Catching Dick's beckoning finger he stooped over Karen. The three men turned their heads away and a pained little gasp brought a twinge to Bannister's face. The Abbe had removed the dagger. After a few minutes they heard him call out: "All right! Nothing serious. I've got it all bound up."

Karen's eyes opened slowly. She turned her head with a little twinge of pain. Bannister and Whipple started toward her, but Toole jerked his prisoner back.

Dick whispered something in the girl's ear and she rose to her feet so quickly that his effort to help her went for nothing. "No, I'll walk—you look pretty well 'done in' yourself." She smiled into his face.

SUNDOWN had come long before the strangely assorted party, prisoners and all—reached the level upon which the hut stood. Bully and Napoleon ran on ahead. The moon made the upward trail less difficult and it was not long be-



rumble, followed by a distant crash, echoed down the mountain. The riders paused and dismounted, one of them going on ahead with an evident purpose of reconnaissance.

"What's happened?" Toole asked.

"The Abbe has spotted them and turned a boulder loose to block the cut," was Bannister's guess.

"Then," said Toole, relieved, "they'll have to quit the horses and climb over these rock piles one by one. Karen may have to go first, if she's a prisoner."

ANOTHER crunching roar sounded above them, followed a minute later by a second. After a brief interval a third and fourth detonation told of swift and determined activity from above to close or impede the approach of the Whipple party.

Dick and Toole were now within 200 yards of the Whipple party which had assembled in conference. After a few minutes they saw the men tethering their horses to shrubs.

"They're going ahead on foot," Bannister said.

Karen was leading the party, the chow at her heels.

Toole had been scanning the upper reaches of the tortuous cut for some time. Now he dropped his glasses and observed: "Two black specks coming this way. Must be the friar and Bully. Perhaps the old fox is coming down for a parley. And I think he's perfectly safe in doing it at that."

Bannister caught the implication, but said nothing.

"No chance for a detour," Dick said finally. "We'll have to keep slopping along in the rear, out of sight. The Abbe doesn't know it, of course, but he's provided a fine little series of defences for Whipple—that is, against any assault that we might make."

Jeff had climbed to the top of the first boulder that blocked the narrow gorge and was now pulling Karen to the top at the end of his rifle. She was first to drop to the other side. They could see the big fellow extending his gun to one of the men and hauling him up. He was about to give similar service to a second robed figure when they heard a shrill cry from the one who stood by his side. This man had dropped to his knees and was pawing his



the chow, came back with the echoes. Like an antelope Karen sped up the cut, Whipple and his remaining companion racing for first place in the chase. Running into a rocky pocket, Karen turned to retrace her steps just as Bully bounded past, separated only by a low stone hummock.

Whipple's confederate, loping like a starved wolf bearing down upon a rabbit, jerked something from his belt and hurled it at the girl. Bannister saw a swift gleam in the air and heard a piteous little cry. Karen had sunk to the ground. A snarl, savage as any that had left the throats of the wild dogs, issued from Napoleon's distorted

fore they heard the animals barking furiously from the top.

"Brenda was out to meet us," chuckled the Abbe, "but she's probably been chased back into the hut."

The learned dwarf refused to be drawn into an explanation concerning Brenda's totally unexpected presence.

Karen herself, falling in with the exasperating reticence of the monk, withheld her own story. "We'll make a symposium of it when we reach the little monastery," she said.

Rebuffed in his eager inquiries, Bannister, on the pretense of shifting his burden, de-



liberately turned the snow leopard pelt inside out, revealing the marvelously beautiful fur. A single cry of delight from Karen, a swift burrowing of her face into the soft richness of the trophy, was his reward for all the perils he had undergone. But after that she clung more closely to his arm and yielded more of her weight to his support. Toole forced the prisoners ahead of him, and, with them, was first to gain the flat surface above. "You're right, Abbe!" he shouted. "The dogs have Brenda corralled in the hut."

IN a few minutes he was knocking at the door, pistol in hand, while the others stood silently about him.

"Who is it?" came a voice from within, clear, resolute and unshaken.

"It is I, Abbe Bergere," the dwarf answered.

The door opened and the woman stood outlined against the pale light. Bannister beat the dogs back.

"Be discreet, Brenda!" Whipple shouted.

"Oh, it's you, Jeff!" she answered mockingly. "And your lovely little brown playmates. What a mess they're in! Miss Sire, One-armed Toole and Bannister, too. A delightful party!"

"Well, Brenda, of death," said Toole joyfully, "the gang's all here."

The woman's mood and attitude changed. Her luminous black eyes, fixed upon Whipple and, glittering with fury, seemed fairly to emit forked darts of fire.

"Beast-dog—berserker!" she shrieked. "You tried to sell me down the river—me! And now they've got you—you and your poison rats!"

The Abbe hurried to the woman with a nerve-alleviating cordial. She drank it in a gulp and turned her gaze upon Karen, who had tossed off her packet, revealing a gorgeous zone of jewels around her waist. "Where did you get that clasp and girdle?" the woman demanded.

"From Mr. Whipple," Karen answered quietly.

"I was to wear that," said Brenda bitterly. "Who killed Prince Jura Bai?" thrust in Toole.

Brenda pointed to Whipple's valet. "He came up from Southampton to New York in one of Sire's trunks only in the morning and was in the apartment, waiting for Miss Sire to go out before searching the place for the leopard robe and girdle. He

came out of hiding too soon, and the Prince caught him with the robe in his hands. The valet killed the Prince and threw him out of the window.

"How did he make his getaway?" Toole demanded.

"Let him tell, if he will," Brenda answered.

The valet turned to Whipple, who shrugged indifferently.

THE killer grinned. "I take off coat," he said, "and walk out just before the police came. I go to the roof and play rubber in the gymnasium. Captain Boyle he talk to me—want to know if I see anybody up there that don't belong. I go down twenty stories in the elevator with him and meet Brenda in the courtyard. I give her the girdle. She says she go back and get the knife maybe, where I put in with the fishes. She says it looks then like accident."

"You weren't in the trunk that night, then?" Bannister interjected.

"No. Mr. Whipple he is not pleased with way Mr. Sire talk with him on the telephone. He tell me go back again that night and kill Mr. Sire. But servant come along when Mr. Sire open door so I hide. Then servant he take elevator and Mr. Sire turns around to go back in room. So I throw knife."

"Loyal villain," remarked Bannister, turning to Whipple.

"Self interest," Jeff replied. "I had promised to make him king in Prince Jura's place."

"In Brenda's place too," Toole put in.

"Last of all in mine," Karen interposed. "I accepted the girdle but made certain mental reservations about our marriage. I staked everything on Mr. Toole and Mr. Bannister. But I must give Mr. Whipple credit for treating me with the utmost courtesy all the time."

"Self interest on his part," said Bannister.

Whipple came out from behind his wall of indifference. "I thought it was the only safe way to play," he admitted. "Everything was going beautifully until Jura Bai took the bit in his teeth and tried to recover the robe and girdle himself. If he hadn't done that there would have been no killing."

"And no 'One-Armed' Toole to deal with," Bannister supplied.

"Where was Jeff when the Prince was killed?" It was Toole again who asked the question.

Brenda broke into a fresh fury. "At the Ritz, to make sure of an alibi!" she screamed, "attending a recital by some opera singer. He kept well out of harm's way. It was his other Indian thieves who robbed the place at Southampton after one of our own mob, who had been hired as a servant, planted Jeff's valet in the trunk. I was fool enough to hand over the girdle to Jeff."

"Why were you all in such a hurry to reach this side?" Bannister asked.

"Jeff had heard about Sire's plans to take possession of the valley, but he didn't know that it was to be a big affair under international protection. He thought we could stake our little million dollars against Sire's game and beat him to it, if we played up the prophecy and backed it up with the robe and girdle. It looked good to me at the time. Jeff knew the sacrifice I made to get that million."

"Do you want me to hear of that?" Karen asked.

"Yes—hear it, if only to know what you

have escaped. Jeff urged me into an association with the Prince and I managed to get the money to back the Whipple Syndicate. Jeff liked such fancy terms as syndicate, but we were merely a band of thieves. Toole knows that. It was this poor fool prince who hired the three hundred men we had planned to take to the Depression."

"The men were killed and covered up in a sandstorm in the desert while attempting to reach this place. Toole and I saw the whole thing from a 'plane,' Bannister explained.

Even this revelation did not stir Jeff Whipple out of the lethargy into which he had fallen. But Brenda continued until the whole sordid tale, with all its treachery and multiplicity of incident, came out.

Karen Sire made nothing tragic, or even romantic, of her experience with "Big Jeff" Whipple. He had played the patient courtier throughout, she explained, but this had not dimmed her vision of his ulterior purpose. So she had played the game.

"Of course," Bannister ventured, "you still have the throne in mind?"

"What! And hold court in one of Pop's steam shovels? But I do hope to wear a snow leopard robe with my girdle, at least once."

"ONE-ARMED" TOOLE'S surmise regarding the fleet of airplanes was correct in a vague way, although it failed to comprehend the whole magnificent truth. The air fleet, indeed, was the property of Maurice Sire and it did, in fact, bear a large party interested in the development. But the detective had caught only the naked structural lines in his conjecture. He and Bannister, playing important parts in the vast drama themselves, did not know that it was approaching a climax which had been foreshadowed in the newspapers of the world for more than a week.

Toole had visualized the scheme in its material aspects alone, while Bannister, recognizing it as a splendid pioneer movement, was primarily interested in its romantic and adventurous sides. Neither dreamed



of it as a vast and dignified economic experiment, embracing nothing short of an international social and political laboratory, a melting pot of Oriental races, a furnace alchemic into which creed and political boundaries—with all their misunderstandings and hatreds—were to be cast, thence to emerge as a model for an ideal civilized state.

Secretly as the scheme had been working out for months, its real meaning finally had become known through the departure of an extra-official commission from Geneva, bound for the Sire Depression. This august body made up the passenger list of the air fleet that had passed over the heads of Toole and Bannister—passed over the heads in more than the obvious sense.

Maurice Sire himself was a member of that commission.

At the very moment that Toole and Bannister gained the top of the gorge the air fleet was circling over a landing place in the desert one hundred miles to the east. It was only by luck or accident that Maurice Sire was first to step from his plane. Like a flock of doves the others settled down near a great white cross of cotton cloth that had been spread out for their guidance.

Yes, Maurice Sire had taken the field. He was not in quest of spoils. It was not gold and silver and platinum, jade and chrysolite that he sought. He had come to give, not take. And his conferees were animated by the same purpose.

At a little distance from the white cross stood a circle of tall poles. Presently, from a huge pyramid of faggots that stood in the centre of the circle, a white-robed figure appeared—a man bent with years. He walked slowly around the pile, completing the circle, only to resume again in a wider arc. The commissioners stood waiting. Round and round the white-robed man of mystery continued until his circumambulation brought him within a few feet of the motionless figures. Suddenly he spoke:

"And they shall come from the east and west, and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."

The men sat down upon the sand.

"And behold, there are last which shall be first, and there are first which shall be last."

The oracle turned and walked to the pile of faggots into which he cast a flaming brand. A pillar of fire arose. Calmly each of the men divested himself of some outer garment which distinguished his nationality and cast it into the flames.

Again the oracle spoke:

"But he shall receive now in this time, houses and brethren, and sisters and mothers, and children and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."

The ceremony, agreed upon before the commission left Geneva, was completed. Almost magically hundreds of men and women appeared from hiding places on all sides, making their way toward the circle of poles.

"They're here to ratify the treaty," Sire volunteered, turning to his companions. "This ceremony may seem like folderol to some of you, but it is important to them. They and their forebears have lived in these hills for five hundred years, scratching a bare living out of the soil, and getting nowhere. My friend, Abbe Bergere, devised the ritual under which we were made welcome. I think he borrowed most of it from Matthew, Mark and Luke. The whole design was to enable us jointly to occupy the valley, irrigate it and otherwise make it habitable for a large population. In the larger scheme, of course, it contemplates more than that—the idea of an experimental state in which all the Oriental nations will have a part."

Perhaps, when the turmoil now pervading the better known parts of the world subsides, more will be heard of the Sire Depression and its development. At present the rattaplan of rock drills and the roar of steam shovels in action are echoed only against the desert hills.

"THERE'S one thing I'm rather dubious about, Karen," said Maurice Sire, after the party had finished an air tour of the valley. "It was splendid of you to permit the sacrifice of all those old docu-

ments in the international fire, but I think we cheated a little in the matter of the royal robe and the clasp and girdle."

Abbe Bergere was instantly alert. "Cheated?" he echoed, before Karen could answer. "Didn't I explain the whole situation to the patriarch of the hill people? Didn't he put it to a vote? Didn't they all agree that it was unnecessary to sacrifice the robe and girdle?"

"True," admitted Sire. "Our young friend Bannister didn't seem to care what happened to those ridiculous old screeds, more than half of which were fiction and forgeries. But I do think his outcry against the destruction of the robe and girdle stimulated your eloquent appeal for their preservation. Anyway, Karen has them."



But if she wants to keep them, I'd prefer that she'd do it in a house of her own."

Maurice Sire smiled. After all, he was merely bantering.

"We both made the sacrifice the hill people demanded," Karen reminded her father. "Didn't I abdicate all rights to the throne after you went through the same ceremony?"

"There's one disturbing thing about the business," Bannister remarked. "Here, Karen, has a dyed-in-the-wool, blown-in-the-bottle genealogy, tracing a white ancestry back nearly five hundred years, while I've got to admit that the blood of Pecos-bonitas is running in my veins. I am practically a buck Indian. And she was afraid I'd call her 'a little Chink'!"

MAURICE SIRE returned to the attack. "How do you expect to get that leopard pelt into the United States?" he asked. "What about the Customs Department?"

"Oh, we'll declare it as a trophy!" Bannister answered carelessly. "Anyway, it's Karen's now and we're not married yet. If you care to pay the duty on my appraisal of the robe and girdle—200,000 dollars—that's your own affair."

Sire chuckled silently. "Where is the final ceremony to take place?" he asked, glancing at the Abbe.

"Right here, in this little chapel," Karen thrust in, "and the robe and girdle will be part of my wedding outfit."

"Then there's another little matter—we couldn't very well have Bully and Napoleon as witnesses to a wedding in the Fifth Avenue church, could we?" asked Dick.

"Even Mr. Toole wouldn't feel very comfortable as a best man in such a place," Karen supplied. "And, thank goodness, he's here now. That man has me distracted ever since he laid hands on Mr. Whipple and the valet. Why should he have insisted upon flying back to Maura alone with the prisoners?"

"Oh, they were snugly trussed up and

crated," Dick assured her. "I helped with that myself. It was the only service he would permit. He's 'Two-Armed' Toole again."

The detective had entered the hut as Bannister spoke. "These Britishers are great people," he said. "They had a warrant for Jeff and the valet on an old jewel robbery, so they took charge of them and guaranteed to deliver them in London. Since a murder charge takes precedence over robbery, we won't have any trouble in extraditing the bunch. Besides, Jeff was born in the United States. That bluff he made about being an Englishman was all hokey."

"Born in the United States?" queried Bannister.

"Yes, near New Orleans. So was Brenda," Toole leaned over and whispered something in Bannister's ear.

"No!" Bannister was incredulous.

"Yep," Toole insisted. "Jeff admitted it himself."

"What's all this?" Maurice Sire demanded.

BANNISTER strolled over and seated himself at his side. A few low spoken words brought a look of amazement to Sire's face. "No wonder the Whipples knew the potency of the bar sinister," he said. "Even the whisper chilled me when they tried to use it against Karen and me. For a time it tied my hands—paralyzed me."

"I'm glad you held out against blackmail," said Bannister, "but it must have cost you a lot of money to put over this big project in the Depression—money that will never come back."

Sire's eyes glowed. "Ten million," he said laconically, adding: "I do not want it back. There is a better spirit abroad in the world these days. The thrill comes now, not from the making and piling up of money, but in getting rid of it intelligently and morally. Foundations of all kinds are acorns from which the great oaks of the future may grow."

The Abbe had joined them on the bench. "A new prophet has come to the mountain," he interjected. "What I have dreamed he has made a reality."

"Where's Brenda?" Toole asked.

The window was open and Karen pointed out toward the distant hills to the east.

"Oh, she decided to stay among the hill people, did she? I gave her the choice of doing that or going back to New York with Jeff as a prisoner. Not such a bad dame at that. Crazy about her own smartness, though. The first quarrel she had with Jeff was over the letter she wrote to Karen, pulling that stuff about the Sires being yellow."

"At any rate," Sire interposed, "Brenda denied that she had any idea that murder was to be done in connection with the Whipple Syndicate enterprise, and I believe her."

Toole had put on his derby and was walking out of the hut, but paused when Bannister called, "Hey, Inspector!"

"Show him the message that the plane relayed to you, daddy," Karen pleaded. "Why wait?"

Toole read the sheaf of slips that Sire handed to him. His eyes dimmed a little as he finished the last one.

"Matt Boyle is a pretty good scout at that," he said.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious. Have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd. Macdonell House, 331 Pitt Street, Sydney.